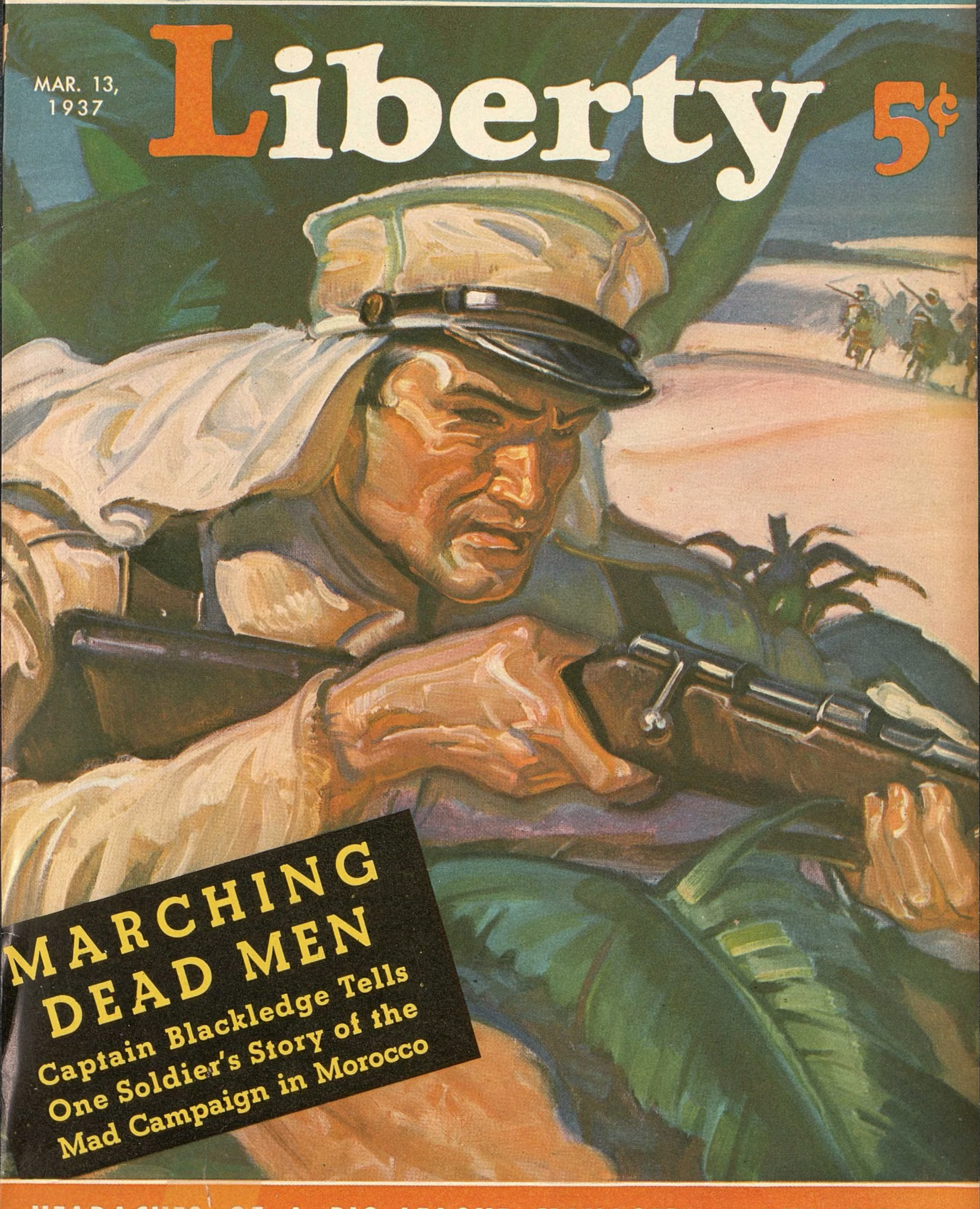
DISCRETION BE DAMNED *A Short Novel of a Dangerous Love* by **ELMER DAVIS**

MAR. 13,
1937

Liberty

5¢



MARCHING DEAD MEN

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HEADACHES OF A BIG-LEAGUE MANAGER by **BILL TERRY**

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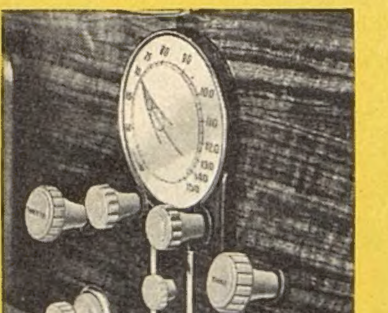

This large, illuminated non-glare dial is conveniently located at the center of instrument panel. It is attractive, easy to read and designed in harmony with the other instruments on the panel.

GENUINE
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ACCESSORIES

HAS DRIVEN PLYMOUTH 102,000 MILES: STILL LOVES TO DRIVE IT

The Car that Stands Up Best— *Look at this record of Oscar Hurless' 1929 Plymouth... never relined brakes—only work on engine was having valves ground once—6 years on same battery—uses original tire as spare!*

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THIS WAS THE FIRST Plymouth in Hastings, Michigan.

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"I'm sure no one ever got off easier on cost, or had more satisfaction with a car than I've had with this Plymouth!"

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Drive a 1937 Plymouth... ride in it... compare *"All Three" low-priced* cars on economy and durability!

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST

TODAY, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest... and offers very convenient payment terms. You can buy a beautiful, big 1937 Plymouth for as low as $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers—terms which you will find fit your budget... and make it exceptionally easy to purchase... and enjoy... a new Plymouth *today*. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

MARCH 13, 1937 **Liberty** VOL. 14, NO. 11

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

'To Hell with Capital!'

BERNARR MACFADDEN

MY sympathies are with the workers. I have been one of them all my life. Their problems are familiar to me. I have had plenty of experience both as employee and employer. As a boy I carried water to the laborers on a railroad. One of my first jobs was that of a farm hand at ten dollars a month and board.

But I am entirely willing to abide by the decision that the majority shall rule. If the people of this country say, "To hell with capital!" that suits me. The empty sham and show associated with wealth is a lot of bunk. Life can be made interesting only through worth-while achievement, doing something you love to do, satisfying accomplishments.

Now the capitalists are howling, and perhaps they have reason to complain. They maintain they are not getting a fair deal. They are compelled to obey the law, while the workers appear to be able to ignore such restrictions.

But why should we care? What need have we for capital?

Members of the capitalistic element have built up great business enterprises. The workers are of the opinion that they are too greedy and have taken too much of the profits, and that those who have done the hard work should have a greater share.

But we will have to admit that capital has given us millions of jobs—financed millions of homes. However, many of the workers believe they should take possession of the plants which they claim they really created.

With the responsibility of guiding business in the hands of employees, some one would have to do the managing; and if an enterprise is not conducted intelligently there is less profit to divide among workers. Wages, in the end, must be measured by the earning power of a business. We cannot evade this; it is self-evident.

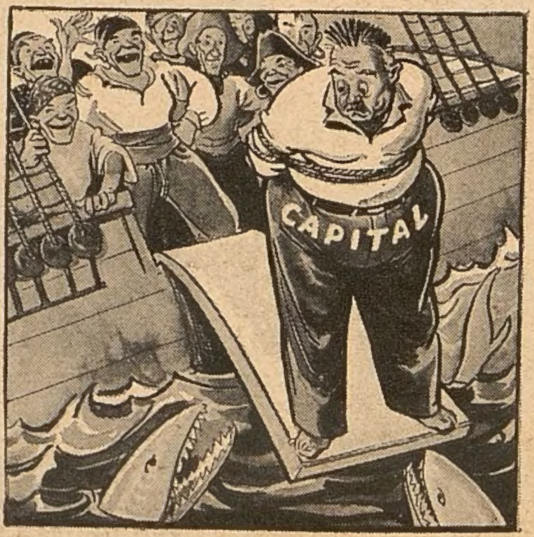
The impression prevails that those who have acquired unusual wealth have obtained it through unfair if not dishonest methods and that we are justified in taking it away from them. But even going so far as to admit this conclusion is tenable, perhaps it would pay in the end to hire the former owners to manage the business they have conducted so profitably. And if they were hired in the open market, meeting competition, they might earn more than they previously obtained from profits.

Anyway, capital is often built upon a very flimsy structure. Suppose, for example, strikers could tie up the business of General Motors for a year. All their competitors would secure the orders they formerly enjoyed and the value of their business would probably shrink 90 per cent or more. If a publication were stopped for a single issue there would be a heavy loss, and if stopped for several issues its capital structure would disappear entirely, although previously it might have been worth millions of dollars.

"To hell with capital!" is an expression that you may hear frequently at this time. But without capital there can be no jobs in mass production. The articles which have been cheapened by this procedure would doubtless have to be sold at ten times their present value. The luxuries of a few years ago have now become necessities through mass production. The lowliest laborers can have electric lights, bathtubs, radios, automobiles, and other conveniences that formerly were available only to the rich.

There can be no objections to driving capital out of existence if we are willing to return to the farm. "Back to the land" is a worth-while slogan. We would all be healthier and happier in the great out-of-doors. But the inclination to huddle together in large cities is deeply embedded in the human race, and we have to admit candidly that this is not possible without the aid of capital. Every job in a business organization of any kind requires financial investment.

And capital is easily scared. If it is given but scant consideration, it soon disappears. And that undoubtedly is what will happen unless we change our present attitude toward the investing public.



Bernarr Macfadden

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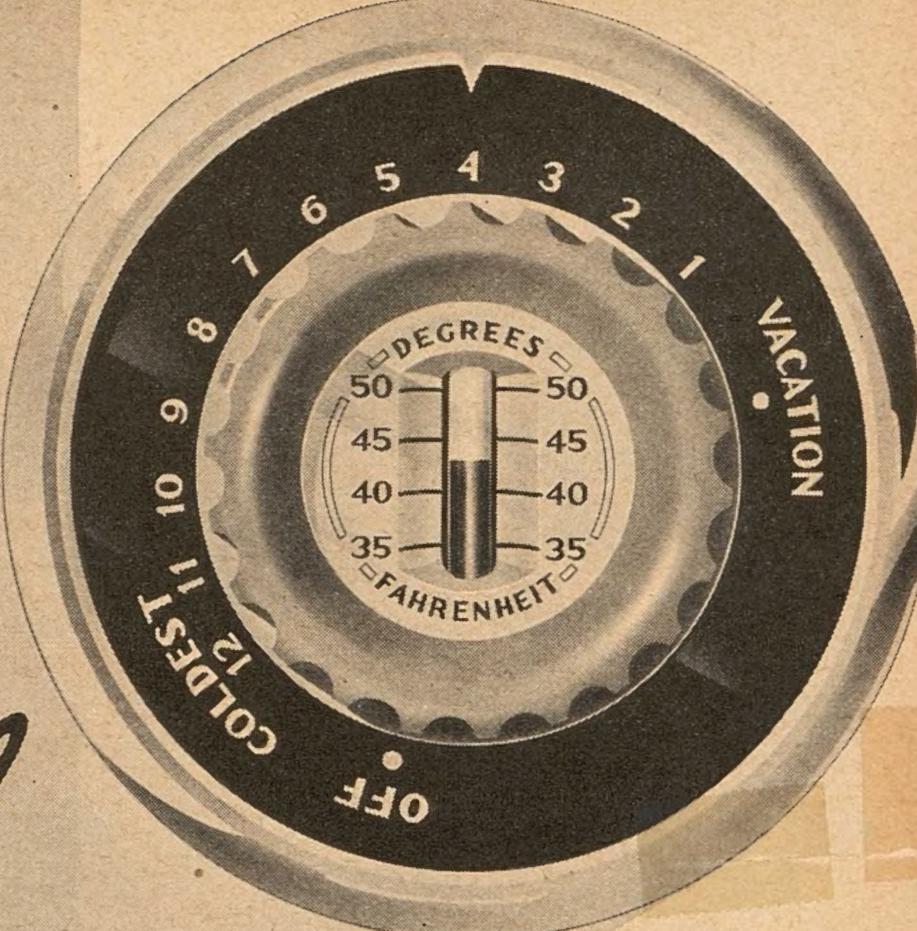
"Tune in" ON THE HIT OF THE YEAR IN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

Leonard now adds another striking exclusive feature—the

Master Dial

that lets you control your Leonard to secure lowest operating costs



Everybody wants more for the money. That's why millions worth of 1936 Leonards were sold. A great refrigerator. It used little current. It was packed with extra values.

But the 1937 Leonard Electric is even greater . . . even better proof of the policy which has made Leonard famous for 56 years . . . to give the public more for its money.

Most important addition is the Leonard Master Dial. With the Master Dial, you get better refrigeration service at less cost. Exclusive with Leonard, it is the year's outstanding development in refrigeration.

You cannot afford to miss seeing the Master Dial . . . or the Len-A-Dor Pedal that opens the door with a touch of your toe . . . or the handy, exclusive service shelf inside the door.

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For Leonard's one dominating objective is to give you more for your money. See the new Leonard with the Master Dial . . . at your nearest Leonard dealer's today. Know everything a modern refrigerator can be . . . all it can do for you!

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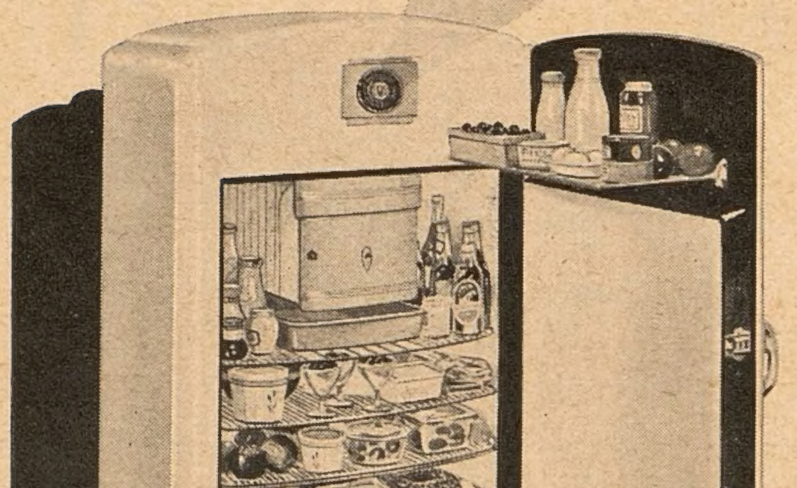
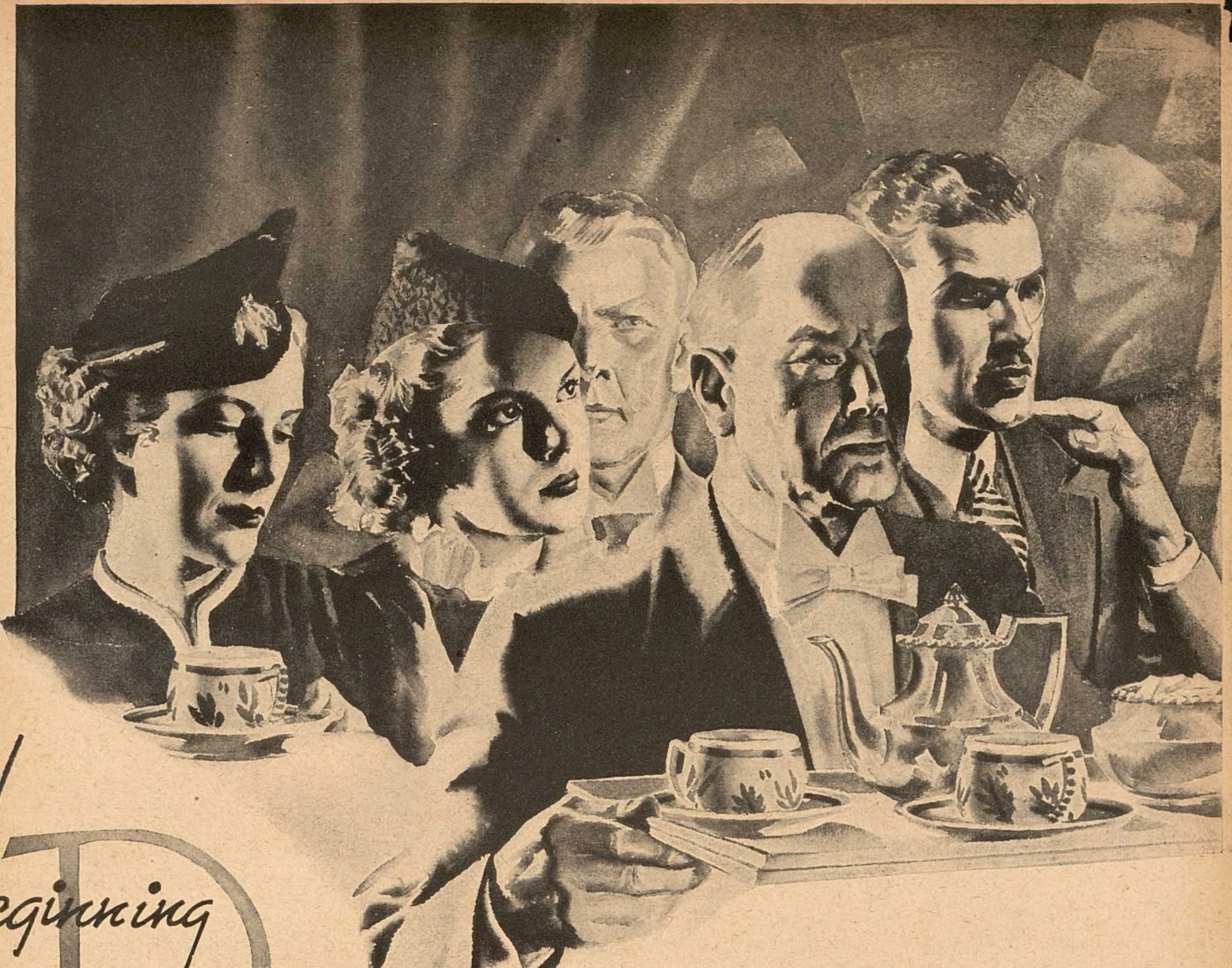


Leonard Electric

WITH THE MASTER DIAL

A LEONARD ELECTRIC CAN BE BOUGHT FOR AS LITTLE AS 90¢ A WEEK ON THE LEONARD REDISCO PLAN



beginning DISCRETION

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ONE—SALLY STEPS OUT

THE first time she ever saw the man with the monocle, she plunged headlong into his arms.

She was coming up the steps of the House of Representatives Office Building, stamping the snow off her galoshes, when he emerged from the revolving door—a tall slim man with a military bearing, a bronzed face, a close-clipped black mustache. His clothes were smart, his hat was jaunty; and there was the monocle—the first monocle Sally Phimister had ever seen. He looked American, but he was staring at her with a cool deliberate intentness that seemed more like a foreigner's. She was worth staring at, she hoped; her smart coat defined a figure that needed no flattery; its fur collar made a perfect frame for clipped waves of blonde hair, cheeks pink with cold, blue eyes bright with eagerness.

They were only a pace apart; her foot was reaching for the top step before she understood the fixity of his stare; the eye behind the monocle was glass. Her foot slipped, she pitched forward— He caught her, steadied her, set her back on her feet with easy dexterity.

"Thanks," she said breathlessly. "I'd have gone flat on my face."

"No trouble," he assured her. "Are you all right?"

She nodded; he lifted his hat; they both went on. But at the door she turned to look back. He was just the sort of man she had hoped she would meet in Washington—a man of the world, the world in which Sally Phimister was going to make a place for herself, now that she had got out of Brushburg.

He had turned, too, for another glance at her. She waved in gay reassurance; he lifted his hat and walked away. And even in Washington, even in these times, it never occurred to either of them that the other might be looking for a job—just any job—on the government pay roll.

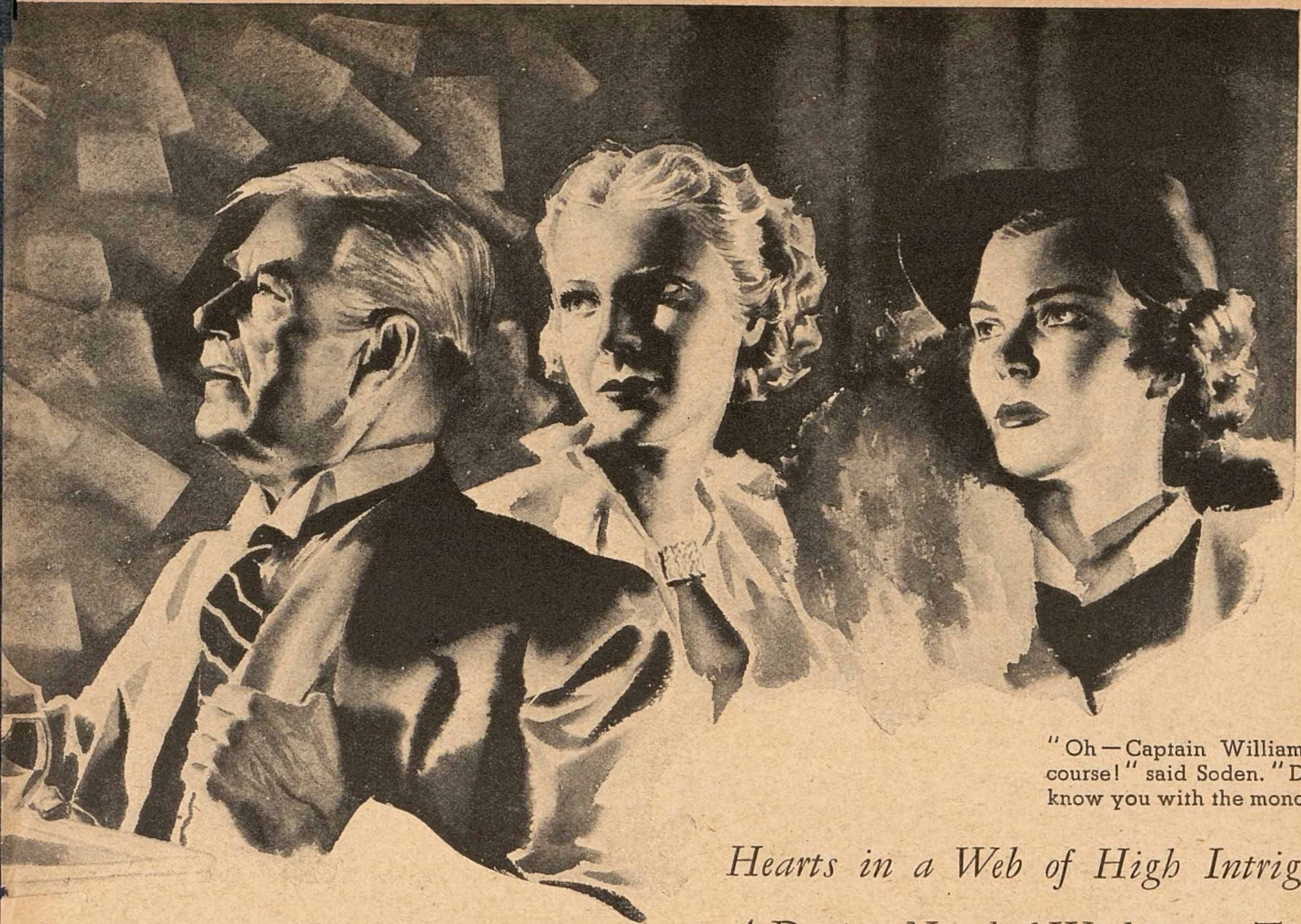
. . . . .

Halfway down a ground-floor corridor, she opened a door labeled ALFRED DIMOCK. Inside, a gray-haired man with spectacles looked up at her across a desk; two women were hammering typewriters behind him.

"Mr. Dimock?" Sally inquired.

"I'm his secretary," said the gray-haired man. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm one of his constituents—or will be next fall, when



"Oh—Captain Williams, of course!" said Soden. "Didn't know you with the monocle."

Hearts in a Web of High Intrigue!

A Daring Novel of Washington Today

Be Damned

by ELMER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

I'm old enough to vote. My name's Phimister—Sally Phimister."

"One of the Brushburg Phimisters?"

"Yes. And—and I'm in Washington to look for a job," she said. "I thought perhaps Mr. Dimock might help me." The gray-haired man smiled without amusement.

"Mr. Dimock is on the floor," he said, and grinned as she glanced down in startled amazement. "On the floor of the House, I mean. Let's see what we can do for you. Have you got clearance?"

"Clearance?" she repeated blankly.

"A letter from your county chairman, certifying that you're O. K. politically. You won't get far without that. However," he said, taking pity on the consternation in her candid face, "you can write for that—I guess you'll have no trouble getting it—and meanwhile we can go ahead. . . . Nettie, hand me a card from the 'Jobs—General' file. . . . Now, Miss Phimister. Date of birth? . . . Mm. Mm. Educated? . . . Two years at the state university, graduate of secretarial school, and six months' experience. Have you got any contacts?"

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Grandison is a second cousin of my mother." He looked blank. "Mrs. James Grandison," she explained, "the ambassador's widow."

"Grandison? He was an ambassador under Taft, wasn't he? I'm afraid that won't help you much at this late date. Anybody else?"

"Well"—she was annoyed at herself for flushing—"Phil Strang of the Washington staff of the New York Record; he's from Brushburg too." Her eyes strayed to the clock; at twelve thirty she was to meet Phil at the Senate restaurant. "And then," she finished, "while I don't know him personally, father gave me a letter to Mr. Soden, who was our congressman before Mr. Dimock. He's still in Washington, isn't he?"

"He certainly is," said the gray-haired man grimly. "I don't know anybody who's deeper in it than Milt Soden. If you can get him pulling for you, you won't need any other influence." The telephone rang; he picked it up. "Mr. Dimock's office. . . . Oh, hello, chief. . . . No, nothing much." He was talking to Mr. Dimock, she realized—and her call was nothing much. "Except," the secretary was going on, "there's a meeting of the Claims

Committee at ten tomorrow: hearing on the bill for compensation for Mrs. Charlton. . . . Yes, I know; we all thought that Charlton case was as dead as the Fugitive Slave Law, but evidently somebody's got behind it at last who knows how to push. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . .” Finally he hung up, turned back to Sally. “If you'll come back here about five this afternoon, Mr. Dimock will be glad to see you.”

“Five?” Her eyes widened. “I'm terribly sorry, but I'm to go to a tea at five.” He seemed amused. “At cousin Adelaide's—Mrs. Grandison's,” she explained. “Please give my apologies to Mr. Dimock, but it seems to be rather important. A reception for somebody—for a Mrs.—”

Was it a Mrs. Charlton?

“Then you'd better be there,” said the gray-haired man. “You might meet some influential people, and maybe Mr. Dimock can find some way to occupy his time. I'll send the letters of introduction to your hotel.”

She thanked him and went out.

. . . . .

The dim-lit corridor outside the Senate restaurant was crowded—people drifting back and forth, darting in and out; but above the crowd Sally saw Phil Strang's face grinning in welcome. A perfectly good face, as faces go; but it looked a little unfinished, almost collegiate, to one who remembered the man with the monocle.

“What a break!” he said, catching her hands. The last time he had seen her—back home in Brushburg, in the fall—he had kissed her good-by; she knew he would kiss her now if it weren't for the crowd around them. With her fingers tingling in his, she wished he would—and at the same time, obscurely, was glad he couldn't. . . . “But why didn't you write and tell me you were coming?” he demanded.

“Oh, I don't know.” She couldn't very well explain that she hadn't wanted him to think she was coming to—get him, to finish what might have finished itself back home last fall if his paper hadn't unexpectedly cut short his vacation. “After all, Phil, I called you up first thing this morning.”

Unwillingly she reddened. Why had she done that before she even began looking for a job, unless— All her emotions seemed to be in conflict.

“Let's find a table,” Phil was saying—“if we can.”

“Good heavens, didn't you reserve one?”

“You can't,” he told her. They managed to seize a cramped little table just vacated by somebody else, still littered with dirty dishes. “Sorry to bring you to this dump,” he apologized as they sat down. “But I've got to be back in the Press Gallery at half past one.”

“That's all right, Phil; it's your job. You're covering the Senate?”

“Only for today. I'm only a freshman in Washington and in the office,” he told her. “I fill in at one job after another on the other men's days off, so as to learn my way around town. Let's order, and then tell me about this hunt for a job.”

HE listened to the report of her morning. “No doubt he'll do what he can for you; so will all your friends. “But”—he scowled—“what I can do won't be much.”

“You? But, Phil, I never expected—”

“You've got every right to expect me to do anything I can that would—would make it possible for you to live where I can see you!”

She sat up, startled. She didn't want him to ask her to marry him now; she wanted a job first; wanted to see what she was good for. Besides, she wasn't in the mood . . .

“But I tell you,” he said, “I'm a freshman in Washington. What counts in this town is acquaintance—knowing big men—a lot of them—so well that they'll tell you things, or will find jobs for your friends. That takes time, and I've been here only three months.”

“Don't worry, Phil. It won't take you long—” She broke off. “Are those senators?” she asked, nodding toward two men just going into the private room. He glanced back over his shoulder.

“The skinny fellow with the white mustache is Senator Medwick. The other—that's the ex-congressman from our district—Milton Soden.”

Sally caught one full-face glimpse of him before he vanished inside—a stocky white-haired man with the bland benevolence of the politician in his face, and eyes that were not benevolent at all. Alert watchful eyes with a glint like sunlight reflected from fields of ice.

“Father gave me a letter to Mr. Soden,” she said. “He's a lawyer here now, isn't he?”

Phil laughed. “A lawyer? He's more than that. Practically an ambassador.”

“But—how could an American be an ambassador from a foreign power?”

“He's an ambassador from domestic powers. Ambassador to the United States government from Transcontinental Oil, and the Colossal Trust Company, and Planetary Power & Light, and the Seven Seas Shipping Lines—powers that count for a good deal more in Washington than France or Germany.”

“Oh, I see. Then if I want a job before my seventy dollars is gone,” she concluded, “I'd better see Mr. Soden.”

“Try your other contacts first,” he advised. “And if he ever does offer you anything, take a long hard look at it before you say yes.”

“Good heavens,” she said indignantly, “are you trying to tell me that an old man like that would make a pass at me?”

PHIL shrugged. “This town's full of old men who'd make a pass at anybody. But I didn't mean that; I never heard that Soden was a woman chaser, and even if he were, he wouldn't bother an old friend's daughter with chasable women so thick around here. But—I don't like him! I never heard of his doing anything for anybody unless there was something in it for Milton Soden too.”

“Well, I'm going to try him anyway—and if you don't like it, that's just too bad!”

They weren't very successful in making small talk after that. Presently he looked at the clock and said it was time for him to get the check and go.

“But you'll dine with me tonight?” he asked her.

“I can't do it. I'm going to a tea that will probably last late, and I might be asked to stay afterward. It's at my cousin's, you see—Mrs. Grandison's. Quite an affair, apparently—a reception for a Mrs. Charlton—”

“Not Mrs. John Charlton,” he asked her, “of the compensation case?”

“Yes, that was the name. Do you know her?”

“No, but I've heard of the case. Her husband was killed in a revolution somewhere in the Caribbean—Cuba or Olorosa, I forget which; and a bill was introduced to pay her fifty thousand dollars compensation. The way they're passing out government money nowadays, you can't blame anybody for trying, but of course they can't afford to set a precedent like that simply because the State Department couldn't get any compensation out of a foreign government. That claim hasn't got a chance on earth.”

“Are you so sure of that?” she asked, rather proud to feel that she knew more than he did. “I—I happened to hear this morning that there's to be a hearing on it tomorrow.”

“That doesn't mean that it will be reported out of committee; they just call a hearing to satisfy Mrs. Charlton's friends. There's been a lot of propaganda for her; a woman named Gertrude Wills has taken her up and gets up these teas for people to meet her. But it doesn't amount to anything—and you don't want to get mixed up with a crowd like that.”

“The crowd I'm mixed up with,” said Sally coldly, “is my cousin, Mrs. James Grandison. I guess you know who she is . . .”

“I just want you to be careful, Sally. A kid like you wouldn't know what she was getting into in this town.”

She wanted to slap him, yet she was sorry for him; she didn't like him, yet she discovered with amazement that she wished he would kiss her good-by. But a feeling like that didn't mean anything, unless you were stupid enough to let it. Just a chemical attraction. And yet, she mused, as she made her way to the back door of the Capitol, that's what lots of people call love; we'd have called it that if he'd stayed two days longer in Brushburg last fall. For no more than that, people spend their lives with the wrong person, and see qualities they don't like coming out in

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CHARLES BRYSON

their children. Well, I've learned something today — done some growing up; passed a milestone.

* * *

She found Mrs. Grandison's big reception rooms already crowded. Newcomers flowed past the hostess and the guest of honor, and on to the tea table, in a stream so steady that you hardly noticed that it was channeled and directed. Sally fell into the current, eagerly looking ahead at cousin Adelaide, white-haired and stately; and the woman beside her—

Sally caught her breath. Mrs. Charlton was young—not more than thirty—but her hair was white—not platinum blonde; thick and fluffy in its shingled waves, but authentic silver white. And her eyes made Sally think of music—motifs from Tristan. Gallantly smiling eyes but wistful, with a hint of stony desperation underneath. . . . The line moved on; now Mrs. Grandison was greeting Sally:

"So happy to see you, child! We must have a long talk. Tonight I'll be tired out; but you might have luncheon with me tomorrow, after the hearing. You're going to the hearing, of course? We want her friends to be well represented. And now—Avis, this is my cousin, Miss Phimister. . . . And Miss Wills, Miss Phimister."

Behind Avis Charlton loomed a dark woman who looked like one of the geometrical solids you study in high school; but Sally barely nodded to her; she wanted to talk to Mrs. Charlton—but what could she say? Before those eyes that had seen the Gorgon she flushed and stammered like a schoolgirl.

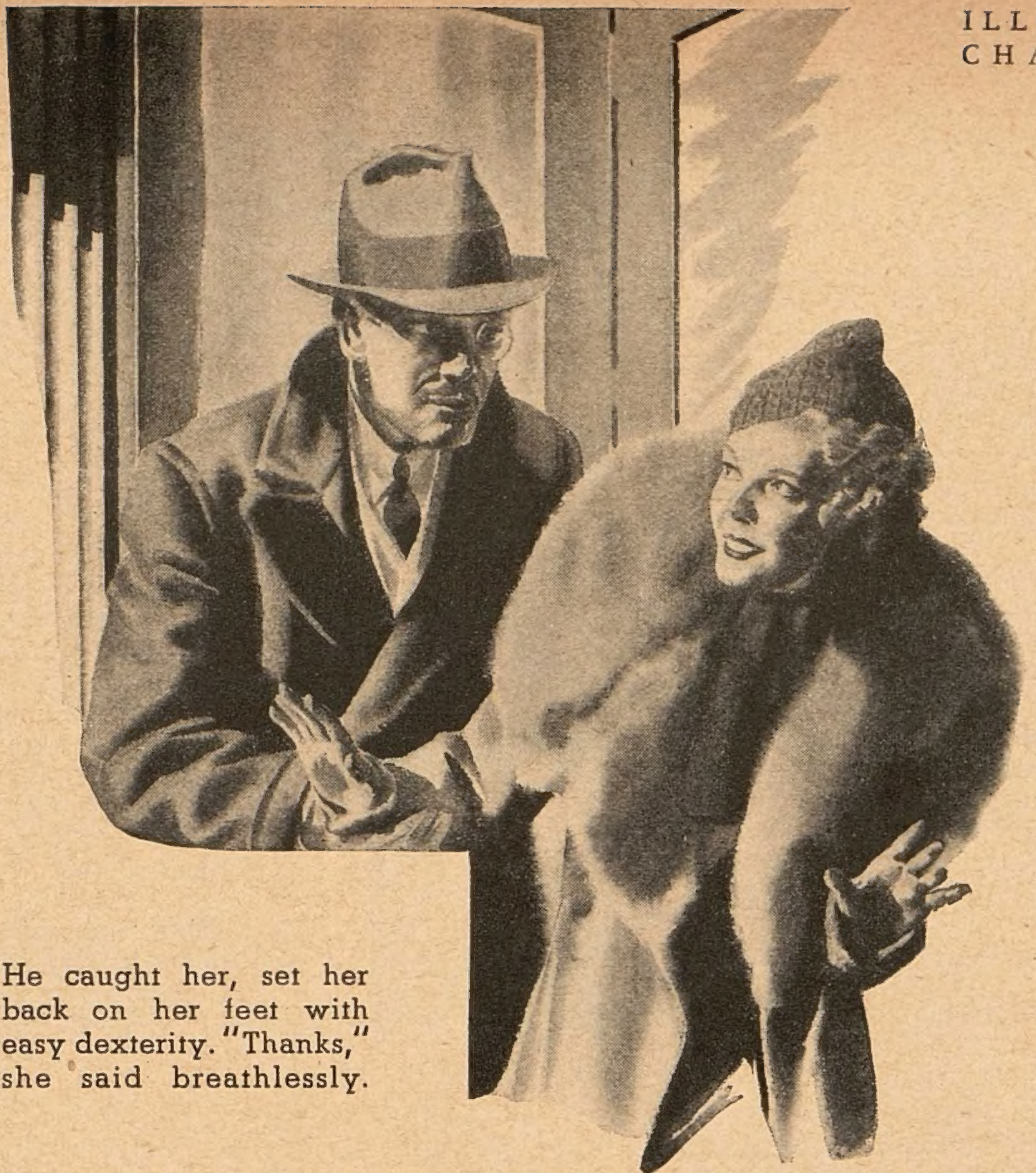
It was a relief when somebody displaced her, and Sally was swept on to the tea table, where a formidable-looking woman behind a silver urn asked her if she took cream or lemon.

She took lemon and stood aside, and nobody paid any further attention to her. She had been introduced to no one; nobody was being introduced.

She edged toward the door, wondering if she dared to walk out so soon on this disappointing party—and she saw the man with the monocle.

HE hesitated on the threshold, stood aside. When Mrs. Grandison had asked him to meet Mrs. Charlton, she hadn't told him it was to be a big party. Here were people who knew him and would ask questions; or, worse, wouldn't ask questions; would take it for granted that he had failed again. Perhaps he'd better slip out before his hostess saw him. There she stood, stately as ever, with the square-jawed implacability of Gertrude Wills behind her (where did Gertrude come in on this?), and at her side—

He caught his breath. A white-haired young woman was always striking; but she— Behind her smile was a desperate weariness—and behind that an undissuadable youthful expectancy, a look that said: Surely this isn't all; surely something else is going to happen. She made him think of music—Bohème, and the Drigo Serenade. . . . He turned away, obscurely apprehensive, and glanced about the crowd. Familiar faces, familiar types—and a pretty blonde smiling at him uncertainly. Now who— But of course! the girl who had stumbled into his arms this morning.



He caught her, set her back on her feet with easy dexterity. "Thanks," she said breathlessly.

"AH, it's you?" he said. "No more accidents, I hope?"

"Oh, no. I don't make a habit of falling." She felt that she ought to regularize their acquaintance. "I'm Sally Phimister—a cousin of Mrs. Grandison."

"My name is Williams—Delevan Williams, commonly known as Duke. I hadn't expected the luck of meeting you here."

"It's thanks to you that I looked fit to come. If I'd slammed my face into a concrete walk this morning—" She realized that she was chattering nervously. "I come from a small town," she said, "so I don't know these people. Do you?"

"Some of them. I haven't been in Washington much of late years, but most of these people are cave dwellers—the Washington that goes right on through all changes of administration. Ex-career diplomats, retired generals and admirals, statesmen's widows—"

"Goodness!" she said. "People as important as all that ought to be able to do something for Mrs. Charlton."

His brows lifted.

"What does she need done for her?"

She told him what little she knew.

"Sounds like a pretty thin claim," he commented. "I knew Jack Charlton in Olorosa; I remember when he was killed. There was shooting in the streets for days after the dictator was thrown out, and any man who chose to go out in it took a chance. . . . Anyhow, these people haven't any influence with Congress. And they live in the District of Columbia and can't even vote."

"Maybe they can do more than you think," Sally countered defiantly.

He shrugged. "Maybe. . . . Will you excuse me? Mrs. Grandison has seen me, and I must speak to her. But you're not leaving, are you? Then I'll see you again."

She wondered if he meant that—but if he didn't it was her own fault. She had flared up at him, as she had at Phil, because he had said something she didn't like; she'd have to cure herself of that habit if she wanted to get on with men—as she certainly did with Duke Williams. . . . Her eyes followed him as he fell into the moving line, and she saw just behind him a man who could do something for Avis Charlton, if he would. A stocky white-haired man with ice blink in his alert eyes—but he had the reputation of never doing anything for anybody unless there was something in it for Milton Soden too.

* * *

Williams nodded to Soden. The icy eyes lit up in recognition.

"Oh—Captain Williams, of course! Didn't know you with the monocle."

"I prefer to be called mister; I've left the army. What's behind the monocle tells you why," said Williams, trying to keep his bitterness in check. "I crashed a few years ago, and had to retire."

"Oh. Sorry. . . . Been abroad since then? I haven't seen you."

"I was with the Universal Bank in Olorosa till the revolutions in '33 put a crimp in foreign investments; after that they brought me back to the home office in New York." (And never mind the latest chapter.)

"Olorosa? Then you know Mrs. Charlton?"

"No, I never met her there. I knew him, but I don't see where she has any claim on the government. He was only a magazine writer, wasn't he?"

"He was an undercover fact finder. Or so Gertrude Wills tells me."

Williams nodded comprehension.

"Our legation had been so close to the dictator," Soden was going on, "that when the old man began to totter, Washington wanted a more disinterested slant. Actually, if not officially, Jack Charlton was a government agent; and he was killed in a foreign country, leaving his young wife with an invalid mother to support—and not a damn thing ever done about it!"

ELMER DAVIS
like many of our best fictioneers, is a Hoosier. After an Indiana education he became a Rhodes scholar. Spent ten years with the New York Times. He is married and has two children. Who can forget his White Pants Willie and Mr. Sweeney?

In the rest of these people, thought Williams, that indignation would be genuine. But Soden—

"But if he was a government agent," he said over his shoulder, "I should think the State Department could get damages from Olorosa."

"Trouble is she can't prove it; he went down on a verbal commission from a man who's died since. The State Department tried," Soden admitted, "but they've never been able to do any business on the Charlton claim with this fellow Gutierrez who finally came out on top."

"Nobody can do business with him," said Williams sourly. "He cost me the best job I ever had. The bank, of course, was all tied up with the dictator; when Gutierrez was in, we were out. . . . So now Mrs. Charlton has to appeal to the generosity of Congress?"

"She's been appealing for three years, but— Hell!" said Soden. "All her friends ask for her is fifty thousand dollars, and who deals in such small change nowadays? If she'd asked for fifty million, she might have got it long ago."

THE long line moved on. . . . Again Williams wondered what was Soden's interest. But anybody might feel like helping Mrs. Charlton; there was something about her— Her eyes met his—brown eyes, strikingly effective with white hair, that opened wide in slow amazement. That might mean only that she was recognizing his glass eye; but he felt a crazy impulse to fall out of line and break away. But it was too late to break away; he was greeting Mrs. Grandison, who had been a friend of his mother. . . . He was being presented to her guest:

"Duke can tell you all about Florida, Avis. He's just back from there. . . . Mrs. Charlton is leaving for Florida tomorrow night," Mrs. Grandison explained; "and, since it's her first visit—"

"Doctor's orders," Avis Charlton broke in nervously. "My mother died last month; I'd taken care of her through a long illness, and I was warned to go away for a rest."

"People can rest in Florida," he said, "though few do. But I haven't seen much of Florida this winter. I've been in New Capri, on the Keys; and the Keys are a different country—more like Cuba."

"But New Capri's where I'm going!" On her elbow she felt a gentle pressure—Gertrude's fingers warning her that she was wasting time on a man who could do nothing for her; but she drew her arm away. "Everybody can tell you about Miami," she said, "but I've never met anybody who'd been to New Capri. All I know about it is that it's warmer and more peaceful—and cheaper. That's why I'm going there."

He grinned. "It used to be peaceful, but not any more. The Relief Administration had to take over the whole town; they've made it a winter resort—"

"Duke speaks with authority on that," said Mrs. Grandison proudly. "He's a member of the New Capri administration himself."

"I was," he corrected. "I resigned last week."

"But tell me about it," Avis Charlton persisted.

"This isn't the place for a travelogue," he said. "But if"—he paused—"if," he plunged on, "you're free for lunch tomorrow—"

Gertrude's fingers were tight on her elbow, but she shook them off.

"Where shall I meet you?" she asked. . . . "All right—the Willard at one."

. . . At that moment, in the House of Representatives Office Building, two congressmen were in conference, their heads close together.

"I tell you, Joe, I don't dare!" one of them insisted. "If I help to vote that bill out of committee, and get in wrong with the administration—"

"The administration doesn't care about this Charlton case one way or the other."

"Maybe not in itself; but the way some people are playing it up is a slap at their Caribbean policy."

AT that moment, too, in the Presidential Palace in Olorosa City, a gray-haired man whose gaunt intense face looked like a portrait by El Greco was facing a dilemma which, he realized now, every President and every Dictator of Olorosa had had to face: Let American capital develop the country, and before long it owned the country. Keep American investment out, as President Gutierrez had been doing, and the country had neither the capital nor the experience to develop itself.

President Gutierrez knew that the people whom he was trying to serve longed for the good old days when business was booming (on loans floated in Wall Street), that they damned the Gutierrez government for trying to economize. . . . There was one place he hadn't dared to economize: the army, lavishly paid; and Gutierrez wondered how many of the soldiers who saluted him so smartly would refuse to sell him out for five dollars cash in hand.

. . . That same question, as it happened, was agitating two men who sat in a spacious paneled office several dozen stories above Wall Street—an American, gray-haired, gray-faced, and a stout olive-skinned Latin.

"I think we could sell a refunding loan now," the American observed. "With stock prices skyrocketing again, a good many investors would be glad to put their money into Olorosa if they could be sure of a friendly administration. If you think some of those generals are open to reason, and that the people—"

"My people love liberty!" the Latin insisted. "They groan under the yoke of the tyrant Gutierrez! Once you put arms in their hands—"

The other man's face congealed.

"You must have misunderstood me, Dr. Matanza. To put arms in your people's hands would be a violation of the neutrality laws of the United States; I and my associates could have nothing to do with that. At the same time, now that we have your guaranties, I wouldn't be surprised if your people woke up some morning and found arms in their hands, somehow."

. . . To all those people it was going to make a considerable difference that Duke Williams was to take Avis Charlton to lunch.

Why will that casual lunch in Washington have such far-flung consequences on financiers in New York and revolutionists in Olorosa? And where does Sally fit in the pattern of foreshadowed events? You must read the next installment in Liberty for further mysterious interweaving of her fate with that of Avis and the monocled Duke.

"Irving cannot be dead. Norma believes he will be on the set with her."

Norma Shearer NOW LOOKS TO THE FUTURE

Revealing the Secret of Why She Has Withdrawn Her Vow to Act No More—A Poignant Postscript to Hollywood's Greatest Love Story

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

UPON the day that her husband, Irving Thalberg, lay dead, Norma Shearer said, "I will never make another motion picture."

Today—five months later—she says, "I am coming back to the screen."

Behind those first words, sincere in the midst of overwhelming grief, lies a great love story—one that the public has understood all too little. But behind the words that contradict her first decision lies a greater one.

For it is to find Irving again that Norma Shearer sheds the sables of her sorrow. She knows that when she goes back on the set—Irving will go with her.

It was easy to understand, if you knew Irving Thalberg, why his wife said, "I will never make another motion picture." If you knew Irving and Norma it was very easy to understand. For they loved each other finely, splendidly, loyally, in a marriage that was as modern as an airplane and as old-fashioned as a one-horse shay.

Without him, without the man who was the other half of her picture making, who was her working companion, her inspiration, her director, producer, and guide, how could she make pictures? As an actress, it didn't seem possible that she could go forward without the vision and wisdom and genius upon which she had grown to depend. As a woman whose heart was torn in two, how could she go on the set and laugh and play and do love scenes again?

In those first hours when death struck away the foundations of her happy home, of her partnership with the man she loved, the very root and heart of her life, the thought of grease paint and bright lights and make-believe must have been unbearable.

She missed him so terribly. She needed him so badly. She sought for him everywhere, as women in grief must do.

And one day Norma Shearer found that on the set she could be closer to him than anywhere else in the world. She's coming back because it's only there—on the set—that she can find Irving Thalberg again.

Somewhere in Hollywood is the final resting place of the slim boyish young man who was Norma Shearer's husband and the greatest genius Hollywood has yet known. And the chair where he sat so many times in conference and changed the face of the motion-picture industry is empty now. The room where he paced up and down, driven by that eternal restless energy of his, is very still.

But Norma Shearer knows now that she will never go on the set without him in the years to come, any more than she ever did in the years gone by.

There will always be an unseen presence on the Norma Shearer set—a spirit and a mind that cannot die as long as the woman he loved so utterly carries on.

There you have the amazing answer to Norma's return to the screen.

There have been monuments built to great men in the past—monuments of stone and of bronze, of marble and of granite. Monuments, too, of paper and ink, of paint and canvas, of gold and silver. For the first time, now, a man will have erected to him a monument of celluloid—created by loving hands that carry on the work he loved better than anything else in the world.

Irving Thalberg loved the art of the motion picture as Wagner loved music, as Rembrandt loved painting, as Shakespeare loved the theater. He believed in it as a great art close to the heart of a people.

With an enormous personal fortune piled up behind him, he quite literally worked himself to death. Twenty-four hours—eighteen hours—pouring out everything he had and could give for this thing which was life to him.

I REMEMBER so well once going into his office and finding him pacing up and down, as he always did. He was a slight young man, with amazing eyes, very good-looking, and with that peculiar quality of boyishness that some men have. But that day he looked haggard and drawn and much too thin, and, having known him for many years, I said, "Irving, you're working too hard. You must take a rest! You'll kill yourself if you go on like this."

He gave me one of those quick shy smiles and immediately began to discuss pictures—the picture he had sent for me to talk about. The secret, I think, of his great power over people—his ability to get the best out of people who worked for and with him—was his own terrible enthusiasm. It poured into you and electrified you, stimulating you beyond your own ability.

He had sent for me to talk about an original story he had bought—an original story about the newspaper business. He wanted me to do the script. I took the story home and read it and then sent a message to him that I did not want to work on it. He could easily find somebody else. Then I got a telephone call that Mr. Thalberg wanted to talk to me, and over I went to the studio. You didn't disregard Mr. Thalberg's invitations.

But somehow I did have enough courage to say that I didn't like the story and that I wouldn't work on it for any price whatsoever. Mr. Thalberg wanted to know why, and I told him that it wasn't a real story—that it wasn't true, it wasn't honest, it couldn't have happened. Suddenly he smiled, said, "O. K. I bought that story. I paid twenty thousand dollars for it. I thought it was good. If you'll write down your explanation of why it won't make an honest picture, I'll pay you two weeks' salary."

I went home and worked for a week on a twenty-page explanation. I did the best job I knew how. When I had finished I took the twenty written pages in to Mr. Thalberg. He read them carefully—and then he threw them and the story into the wastebasket.

That was my only experience in picture making with a man who had the courage to admit his mistake and cancel it then and there.

He was terrific. He could take a picture and cut it so that it was great. He could work days and weeks and months on Romeo and Juliet so that it became something that you and I and everybody would love. He could make stars and directors.

AT twenty-one he was head of the Universal studios. At twenty-five he was head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. That doesn't happen just because somebody is lucky. It happens because a man has something to give.

Then he and Norma Shearer were married.

It wasn't love at first sight. For three years they had been on the same lot. For three years Mr. Thalberg had directed the movie destiny of young Miss Shearer. They worked together, talked together, but it was always business. A friendship sprang up between them.

From that friendship, love came into being.

Let's see these two people who lived a great modern romance. Norma Shearer was born in Canada. As a child she had her own horse, rode in horse shows, skated, gave parties. Her mother was a famous beauty, her father a man of wealth and position. Then the World War came. The family fortune was wiped out. The mansion they had looked upon as home was gone. And the three Shearer children—Douglas and Athole and Norma—were children who had once been rich and were rich no longer.

The first time I met Norma Shearer I couldn't believe that any girl would have enough courage to battle the picture industry with so little ammunition as it seemed to me she had. Of all the girls who ever came to Hollywood seeking fame and fortune, it seemed to me that Norma had the least. She was not beautiful. She had a certain coldness and awkwardness that made me sure she couldn't act. She lacked personality. I registered an indelible picture of this girl with her dignity, her bravery, her determination. But I didn't believe for one minute that she was going anywhere.

It has long been my belief that Norma Shearer is the most intelligent woman in Hollywood. And it was that intelligence, plus courage and sheer determination, that made her learn all the essentials for screen stardom. She worked her way up rung by rung. Learned to act, learned to talk, learned to give out her personality, literally and actually learned to be beautiful.

She had to, because it was necessary that she should take care of her mother and her family.

But she was just an ordinary screen star. In the second bracket. Nobody thought of her as particularly important. And she was not personally popular in Hollywood. There was a coldness in her manner, a sort of hauteur in her personality.

So—in 1928—we have Norma Shearer.

Irving Thalberg had started as stenographer to Carl Laemmle, the president and head of Universal Pictures. And one day—this is the true story—Mr. Laemmle got very, very mad. He thought that nobody in his organization was doing the job they should do. Nobody was making pictures the way they should be made. And in his rage he said, "Why, I've got a kid secretary that could do a better job than you are doing. I pay him thirty dollars a week and he doesn't know a thing about pictures, and I swear I'll put him in charge of the studio and he'll do a better job."

So at twenty-one Irving Thalberg became general manager of the Universal studios.

Now, nobody expected he would do anything about it. Everybody thought he'd be a flop. But Irving Thalberg was a genius. He became the most important man in pictures—in four years. They called him the "boy wonder." They saw him achieve such amazing feats as The Hunchback of Notre Dame.

And then he went over to Louis B. Mayer and eventually was in charge of production when the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer amalgamation took place.

Slim, young, quiet, he went ahead with great plans and great ideas. To work with Thalberg was something that everybody—writers, directors, stars—pleaded for, because he understood as no one else did. He knew what the public wanted. He could give it to them—and still keep picture production at its highest level.

" Sometimes she was afraid the gods would be angry because she had so much ": Norma with Irving Thalberg, Irving, Jr., and Katherine.

When he took over M-G-M there was, on the lot, a young star named Norma Shearer. Once Irving told me how he came to love Norma. It began with friendship and with a terrific admiration. He saw in her the vessel of his art—the woman who had everything necessary to make her the really great star of the screen. He admired her for her courage, her steadfastness, her very reserve.

And so, in 1928, they were married.

Not so very long ago I had a long talk with Norma Shearer. I looked at her with amazement that day, for I found her so tender, so warm, so deeply human. She had the feminine fear, then, of her own happiness. She told me, "I love Irving so much. I love my work. It means everything to me. It seems so utterly incredible that I should love, with all my heart, the one man who could do the most for me in my work. I would have been grateful if he had just liked me—had just thought well enough of my work to go on making pictures with me. But that he should love me! It's almost too wonderful to be true. Sometimes I am afraid that the gods will be angry with me because I have so much."

NORMA and Irving. He found in her the perfect vehicle for the expression of his genius. He built up and up to such masterpieces as The Barretts of Wimpole Street and Romeo and Juliet. Her career was his—and his was hers. Together they achieved the heights.

But, behind all that, they were two people who were completely in love and completely happy. First came Irving, Jr.—a shy, quiet boy with his father's eyes and the most intense love of work, of study, of reading. Then came Katherine, and I must say that in all my life I have never seen so beautiful a little girl.

Norma had a gloriously happy marriage; she was a wonderful mother to two remarkable children; and she went steadily up in her chosen career. Of course Irving gave her the great parts. Why? Because he believed in her. Because he knew she would never let him down. Because he considered her the finest actress in motion pictures. Why, they weren't simply husband and wife, happy at home. They were also the greatest producer and the greatest star.

Then—Irving Thalberg died.

Worn out by his ceaseless work, when pneumonia attacked him he had nothing with which to fight it. He had gone abroad and tried to rest. But he couldn't. He never could. And so, in a few hours, he was dead.

In that death Norma touched the ultimate of tragedy.

"I will never make another motion picture," she said.

All over the world her Juliet was still upon the screen. She was being hailed as the greatest of Juliets. But who had given her the opportunity to play Juliet? Who had sat twenty-four hours a day working on the script? And who had built up story and director so that she could achieve and triumph as the great poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning?

Now he was gone and Norma Shearer could not see herself acting without him.

And then—

ALL Hollywood was in mourning for Irving Thalberg. It wasn't just that we loved him and missed him. It seemed as though we had lost the greatest exponent of our art. The new ideas he had, the new work he saw and did—they were finished. Pictures had suffered an irreplaceable loss.

Norma was retiring from the screen. The loss was doubly tragic.

It was then that Norma Shearer saw what she must do.

What had been the thing Irving loved best? Motion pictures. Who knew all his thoughts, all his ideas, all the things that he conceived? His wife.

I do not know whether Norma Shearer believes that upon the set she will again speak to Irving. But this I do know, absolutely: Norma believes utterly that Irving will be on the set with her. He taught her everything he knew. He talked to her about his visions, his dreams. The habit of his mind was part of their love. That mental beauty and force still belongs to her. It is her heritage from the man who is gone.

When a scene is to be played, she will know how Irving would have wanted it played. When a story is to be written, she will know how he would have had it written. When a director takes over, there will be always the ideal that Irving created.

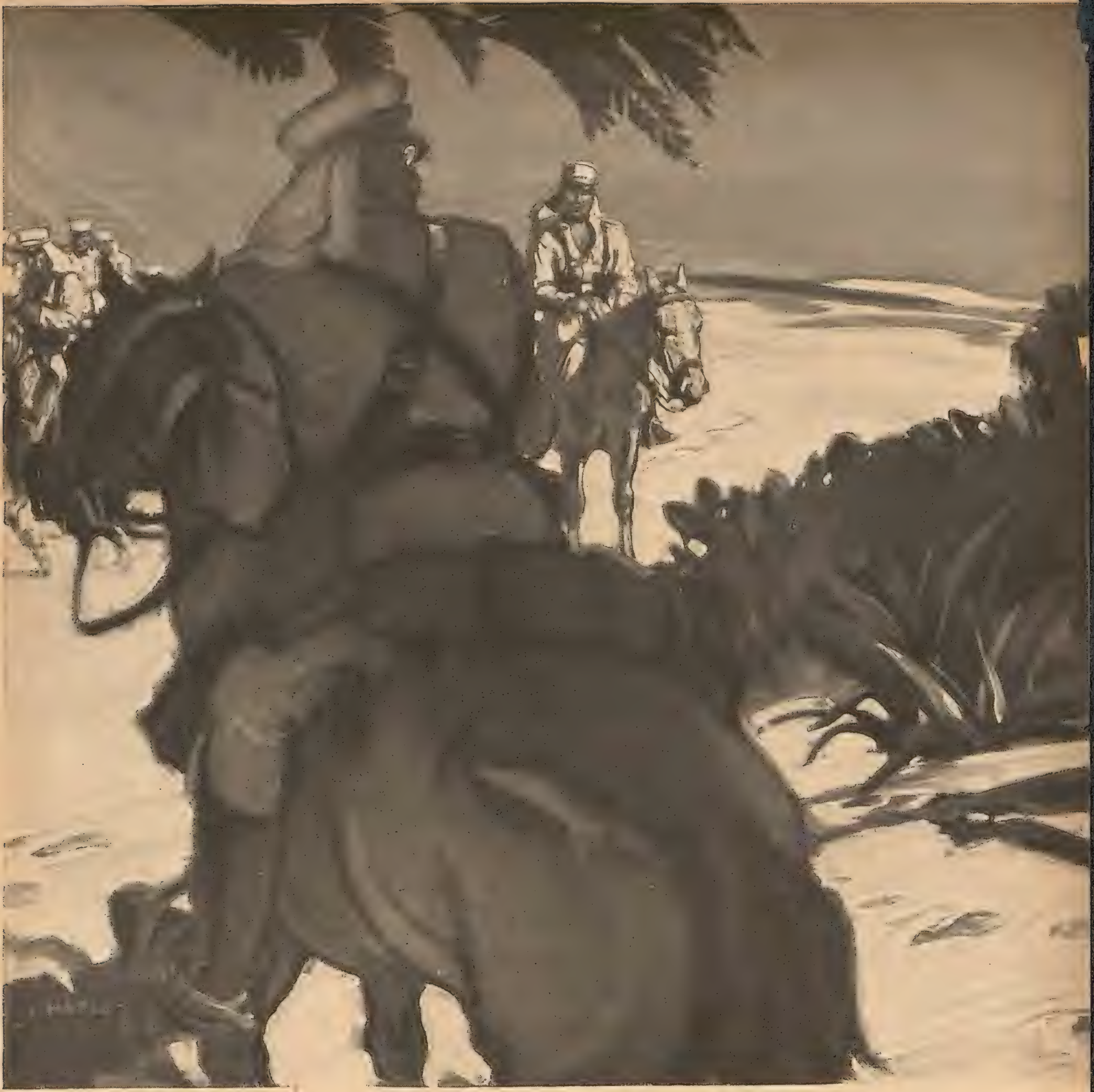
He cannot be dead.

As long as Norma Shearer carries on the work he so deeply loved, Irving Thalberg cannot be dead.

So that is why today Norma Shearer goes back on the set, and with her, a slim and vital young ghost, goes the man who was always the power behind the camera. He still will be. Norma knows—she says—that she will never be alone. To each of us comes that strange conviction of immortality—the ghost director of our lives.

Irving Thalberg carries on—through the woman he loved, and still loves, and whom he will never leave.

THE END

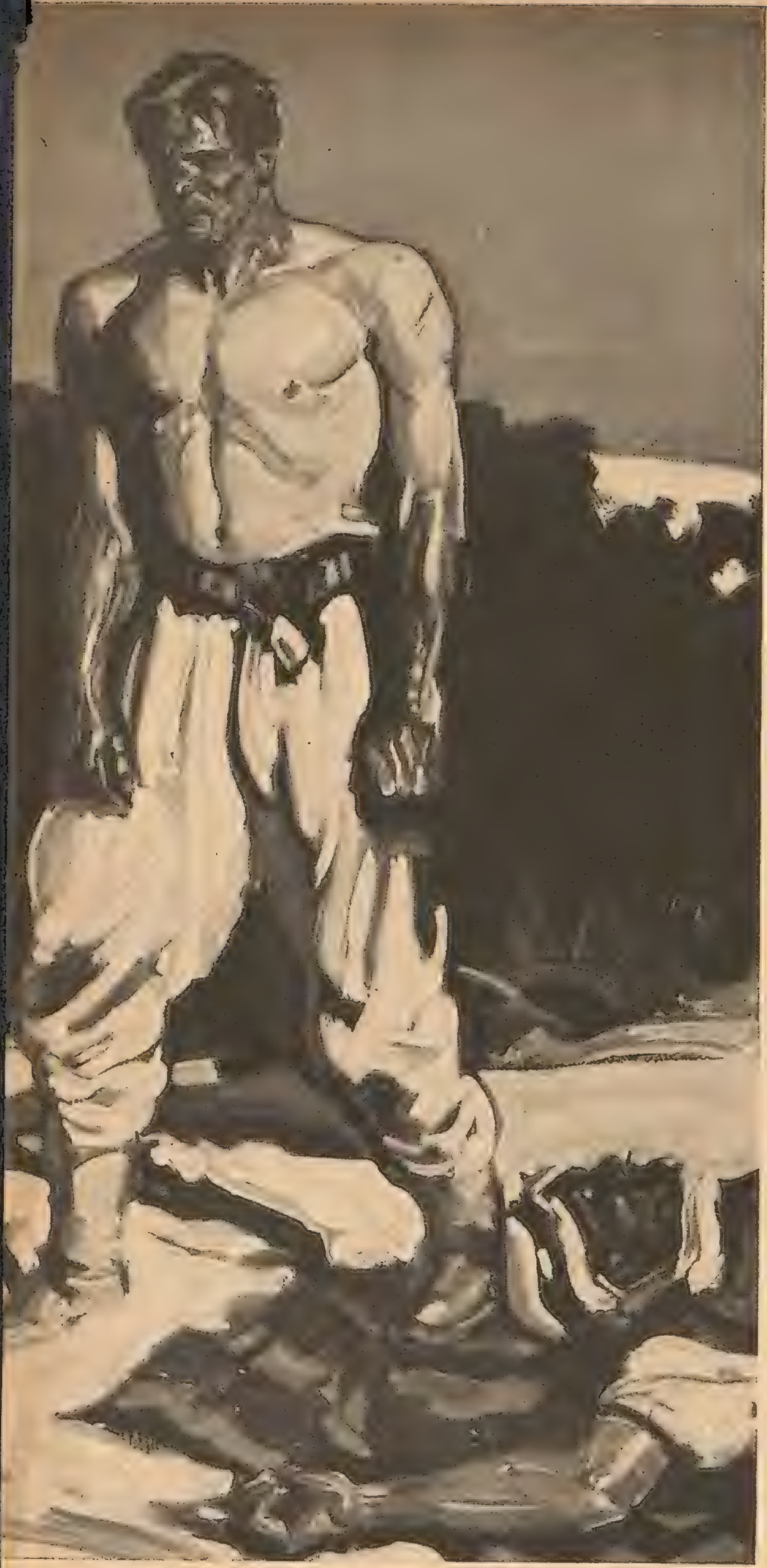


They turned out to be Moroccan cavalry. "You have been busy," said their Spanish officer. I stared at him,

Marching DEAD

BEGINNING an AMERICAN SOLDIER'S VIVID and STARTLING STORY of the MAD REBELLION at the GATES of SPAIN—A SAGA of RED DEATH, FIGHTING WOMEN,

BY TERRY BRENNAN · AS TOLD TO CAPT.



a monocled captain. His eyeglass was like a magnet.

MEN

AMPAIGN in MOROCCO that LAUNCHED
nd HORRORS HITHERTO UNTOLD

V.J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ONE—AN ESCAPE IN THE DESERT

IT was a night that dripped with the soft mellow light of a low-hanging orange-colored moon. Every particle of scattered vegetation stood out in stark relief over that flat sheet of earth. It was a night for dreams, romance. A glorious night.

There was nothing of beauty, however, in that which was being enacted before my eyes. I strained at the cords that bound me—not because I hoped to get free of them; I had to make some move or I should go mad.

There, less than a dozen yards from where I sat bound to a camel pack, was my pal Kelton. We had been buddies through some three years of campaigning with the Spanish Foreign Legion in Morocco. We had become as brothers—only more so.

And now! I had to sit by, trussed like a fowl, while these insane Berbers of the North African hinterland tortured the guts out of my pal. In the beginning I had yelled, screamed, spat every sort of vile imprecation upon the brown devils.

But Kelton had uttered never a sound. Only his face had told of what he endured. Blood trickled from a mouth wried with anguish.

"Kelton!" I screamed.

His eyes turned toward mine. How much more must he stand before losing consciousness?

And there were shrieks of maniacal laughter from the men and women who sat about in a wide circle.

He was being subjected to the slow agonizing torture of the thousand cuts. He had been stripped, bound to a stake. Before him stood a big muscular nomad, black eyes aglitter, stained knife in hand. A yard away a sniggering woman sat on her great haunches in the dirt with a sack containing a thousand pebbles beside her. As each cut was made she took a pebble from the sack and threw it on the ground. The heap of pebbles was still small—pitifully small compared with the sack.

There were roars of laughter as each pebble was tossed out. The more brutal rawboned wenches fingered their own knives, waiting impatiently for their turns.

How long would it go on? I had known Kelton for a regular tough wallah. But, even so, there was something shockingly superhuman about his endurance now.

IT had all come about through our craving for a bath! We had been in a patrol surrounded and captured by hostile tribesmen, and had escaped while being conveyed to the Berbers' stronghold. Thereafter days of trekking in the guise of natives over dry hills and through broken valleys. We knew something of the Arabic dialects, so that we were not greatly concerned when we ran into a band of nomads roaming the countryside. Instead of trying to run away, we stood our ground boldly; told these Berbers we were Moors from the international zone of Tangier who had been into the Atlas trading.

These people of the wilds disliked the Moorish Arabs of Tangier, as they did all city Arabs; but they were ready to accept us as good Moslem brethren and to put us on our way through the hills.

At dusk of our fourth day with them we came to the mouth of the valley, and there before us lay the vast rolling green plains of western Morocco. We gave the Berbers the peace of Allah and continued on our way. It was little more than an hour after we had left their camp that we came upon a pool among some rocks.

It appeared deliciously inviting in the light of that moon! We had not washed for many days, had not dared. We stripped, and were disporting ourselves in the pool when five of the women from the band we had left came stealing up on us.

No good Moslems ever had such white skins as ours. The mahogany of our tan ended at the shoulders. And the women saw it all before we had time to do anything.

What a hullabaloo those dames set up! They turned and raced back to their menfolk, yelling and yodeling like

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO

jackals. Our first instinct was to run. But where could we go? The wenches brought up their men. They were shouting and guffawing. No sooner had we put on our clothes than they were torn off again. Naked as the day we were born, we were dragged back to the Berbers' camp.

Naturally we feigned amazement at this brutal attitude toward two good Moslems from Tangier. We might have saved our breath. The more we protested, the louder the guffaws.

Naturally they attempted to find out who and what we were, and how we came to be in that part of Morocco. Then one of the mob accused us of being deserters from the Spanish Foreign Legion.

"May you be reincarnated in the belly of a pig for such an insult!" snorted Kelton in true Arabic fashion.

But it was no good. They had made up their minds to have fun. And they did.

The end of Kelton, God rest his soul, was damnably slow and fraught with horror. He remained conscious after more than the first hundred cuts. He was still alive to all that was happening when the women approached him. He spat his contempt upon them, spat it in a warm gush of blood. In his eyes was that icy glare that I had noted more than once during the heat of battle. He was fighting then, fighting for his sanity. And I? By that time I was reduced to a croaking fool, a gibbering helpless dumbhead.

I saw the dawn pierce the heavens. And then, quite suddenly, it was over. He could endure no more. An awful shriek was wrenched from his vitals—and I flopped out. For the first time in my life, I had fainted.

Six feet two of brawn and muscle, and I had fainted. I, Terry Brennan*, world wanderer, tough guy, so called, and Spanish Legionnaire, had fainted like a schoolgirl.

So I did not see him die. I think he must have lost consciousness after that heartrending yell. I try to think so, anyhow. . . .

I awoke to the swaying motion of a camel seat. The sun was up. We were on the move, driving pack camels and sheep before us. Clothing had been wrapped about me and I had been secured to the seat of this beast.

Seated beside me, one hand grasping the hair cord that bound me, was one of the brown women.

A miserable awakening in all conscience. A slow remembering. A gradual realization of my position. I stared round at the men, women, and beasts. There must have been forty or fifty in that band. But I had never felt so horribly alone in my life. Crazy notions came into my head. I closed my eyes. I'd seen the knife in the waistband of the woman who shared my seat. She must not know that I was awake. My hands lay in front of me, loosely tied. I would be very cunning. I'd snatch the knife suddenly. One slash—it would all be over. Life was no good to me. It could be only a matter of hours anyway before I shared my pal's fate.

OF course I bungled it. The woman grasped my intention before I could reach the knife. She snapped, grinned, dug me playfully in the belly. Amazingly, she was not perturbed. She was amused.

There was friendliness in her black eyes as she stared into mine. She pointed to the sky and then at my eyes. Apparently they were about the same color. She told me she was my friend. I wondered what new move this was. I knew she could be as treacherous as the rest of them.

Just the same, I talked to her. Her responses were unmistakably friendly. But she would tell me nothing of what had happened during my unconsciousness. It was finished, she reiterated. I must forget it. Finished. The very word echoed with horror. But there could be no doubt about her attitude.

She was young, this new companion of mine. She had soft dark eyes and knew how to use them. Her brown hands, grasping mine, were small and plump. She was undeniably attractive. Sharing the same seat for hours, I could hardly fail to observe these things.

She told me I was like the Riffians—for, contrary to popular belief, the Riffians are descendants of a white race, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and nearly all of them topping six feet. In brief, she was being as flattering as one of her kind could be.

That might be useful. I began to think out ways and means of escape. As the day advanced I became fixed in my resolve to make a dash at dusk. Even during the halts for meals and prayers, I rehearsed every little move in my mind. Two things filled me with confidence: the attitude of this girl and the fact that we were riding a dromedary—a far swifter beast than the lumbering pack camels.

I played with the girl as men have played with women since the beginning of time. We rode at the head of the band. I gathered she was a person of importance in this clan. She was anxious for me to meet her father, who was chieftain. It was at her bidding that the band was conveying me to his abode in the hills. We should ride for two days and two nights.

But not if I could prevent it! Before darkness descended we must be on such intimate terms that she would release my hands.

It began in late afternoon, when I tried to take her hands in mine. The cords would not reach. She smiled. Vision of ripe lips. Flash of white even teeth. I drew as near as I could, prodding the dromedary with a surreptitious heel and making it go a trifle faster. She glanced at the cords, hesitated. I made no further move. We rode in closer contact for a space.

I HAD a whole lot of patience. There was time yet. The sun was just beginning to dip. All the same, I was as excited as the devil. Everything depended on the whim of this girl. She was proud. But she was also young and impressionable. No doubt it was a great lark for her to be riding thus with the strange white man who had eyes like the bold Riffians'.

She held her head up like a young horse. She kindled with the warmth of the situation. With a swift impulse she groped for my hands, clasped them in her own for a moment, then drew her knife and cut the cords. Instantly I played my part by grasping her hands.

We rode that way for miles, handfast, body to body.

The sun had gone. Now! Nip and tuck in the sudden blackness of that valley! Our speed was increasing every minute—I saw to that. I let go her hands only in order to clasp mine about her ample waist.

The band were yelling to us to stop. It was time for prayers and the evening meal. But I dug with my heels and the beast leaped like one possessed. Then some one was speeding after us. The race was on. I had not the faintest notion as to direction. All I wanted for the moment was speed.

For several moments my companion did not realize just what was happening. When she did, I held on while she struggled and yelled herself hoarse. Her yells warned all the others. The racket of their pursuing yelps was in my ears, but I never relaxed that viselike grip about her waist. Why I should have held on to her like that, I do not know. It would have been wiser to push her off the dromedary.

The cool night air whistled past as we flew through the gloom. After a while most of my pursuers seemed to have given up the chase, but for a long time I could hear the padding of one camel and the cries of its rider, which were answered by cries from the helpless girl. Betweentimes she raved like one demented, striving to reach me with her teeth.

Her ferocity was attractive too! Her black eyes were magnificent in her blazing wrath. She had the mouth of some great jungle cat at bay.

I held on. The pursuer kept close. But we had the faster camel. And it didn't matter, anyway. I had decided to hang on until ours ran itself out. If he caught up with us—well, it would be just too bad for him, to say nothing of this wench in my arms.

Gradually the sounds of pursuit grew fainter. He was falling behind. I sensed this as much by the last desperate howls of the girl in my arms. She grew more and more violent. The wench felt we should soon be alone in the night. There was fear in her cries now—terror. She started to scream.

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*Obviously not my real name.

I had the instinct to let go and knock her on the head. That had to wait. There were still faint sounds of thudding pads. We went on in that fashion for a mile or two. She screamed until exhausted, and ended with gulping sobs. In that comparative silence I was aware that we had lost our pursuer. Another hour or so and the dromedary began to show signs of tiring. I let him fall into a lope. He was blowing hard.

And I was thinking hard. Suddenly I let go with one arm and clutched her knife. We rode easy for a space. She had calmed down then. The night was deathly still. There was little spirit left in the camel, and none at all in the wench.

A fitful moon gave no aid as to direction. I had not the mistiest notion as to what I should do next. Why didn't I rid myself of this baggage? Maybe I was too weary and beaten to bother.

We rode in silence, eying each other. She was strong as a bullock, and I guessed there was still a lot of fight left in her. Which of us would tire first? I had been none too fresh when this crazy stunt had begun. The weird stillness, the drowsy lope of the camel, the watching black eyes, all combined to get me down. I was beginning to feel drowsy. For a while caution kept me alert. Once the wench got the knife back—

I tried to break the spell by talking. Had she any idea where we were? But she kept silent.

“What,” I asked, “is to prevent me from sticking you and then shoving you off this seat?”

No response. She just kept on eying me. Now that the hysterics had all died away, her face was absolutely composed. It might have been marble but for her eyes.

Whose move? It was torture. It seemed as if she knew all about it, as if she were merely biding her time. For a breathless second I lost my self-control. It was entirely instinctive—the movement on my part that flashed the knife. I don't know to this day what made me draw back.

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10.30 P. M. Each Weekday Night and Saturday

She spat an ejaculation, a vile Spanish oath—and then the spell was broken. We railed at each other in bastard Arabic and Spanish, spitting like a couple of tiger cats.

It ought to have been funny. It appears that way now. But the relief of that wild outburst was immeasurable.

We spat till exhausted. We were loping at a snail pace. There was nowhere to go, no need for hurry. I wanted the dawn and a sense of direction. We drifted in silence. Suddenly sounds broke on my ears. The girl's head shot up, snuffling, peering through the gloom. I pulled the beast up and we waited.

THOSE sounds were coming nearer. It might be that our pursuer was still around. I could feel the straining alertness in her body. On her face was a tense look.

I drew the dromedary into the shelter of a giant cactus bush, and held the knife in front of the girl's breast, indicating that I'd plunge it in if she attempted a call. We waited a thousand years, or so it seemed. She sat still as a stone, black eyes alight, full-lipped mouth half open. If that fellow found us, I thought, I'd have to cut her, not to kill but to keep her out of action while I attended to him.

Quite suddenly, without any sort of warning, she jerked her whole body toward me. I have still the horrible sensation of blade scraping bone. Her action was deliberate, calculated to the second. As God is my judge, I did not plunge that knife!

I was taken unaware, rocked out of my seat as she tumbled into the dirt. We fell together. Her last action was to grasp at my hands over the hilt of the knife, as if she would drive it further home. Nor had she attempted to cry out.

Mechanically I wrenched out the blade. The blood gushed from her bosom. Choking sob. Brown face turned a dirty gray. She was dead.

As I remember it, I was stupefied for several long moments. Long afterward I realized that, during the hours on end when we had been eying each other, it wasn't that *she* had wanted the knife. She had watched me like that because of her fear that I might use it on her at any moment!

She had felt that her compatriot was drawing nearer. She may have believed my end had come. What other explanation is there for her crazy act? I may have got it all wrong, but I can find no other reason for that deliberate thrust at the blade.

Not that I had much time to ponder just then. The pursuer had heard us crash into the cactus. I heard him padding toward it and jumped to my feet, knife in hand. Naturally it appeared to him that I'd just risen from murdering his chieftain's daughter.

He stared, bellowed, lunged. My foot shot up and cracked his wrist—the knife went hurtling through the air. We closed, stumbled over the girl's body, went down in a heap. Then we went to it, tooth and claw. He was a powerful wallah and threw me with ease. But I had a bent knee, thrusting and prodding at his belly. It prevented him from getting too close.

HE strove to reach up to my throat with his fingers. If I could secure his thumbs I could keep him off my neck. I guessed that might be one he didn't know.

We scuffled and lunged about in the dirt. He was intent upon breaking my knee; he didn't like its effect. I shoved, pressed with all I had. He grunted. His scrub of black beard brushed close. I had a distorted vision of baleful eyes, twisted features, bared teeth.

Over and over we rolled—till the girl's body stopped us. But my knee was still bent, thrusting. I got a thumb. I shoved against it with all my weight, back and back. He snarled. I heaved. His thumb was bent nearly double before it cracked.

He yelped with the sudden pain. If there was to be any neck twisting he'd have to do it with one hand. I tore at the broken thumb while he snapped like a mad dog. We tumbled about like a pair of gorillas. But I did not lose my hold on that thumb.

Now my foot found the knife in the sand. I fought on desperately, striving to work around so I might reach it.

Suddenly he clamped his powerful legs about me, heaved. I seemed to rise in the air. I dropped a yard from him, my skull crashing against that of the dead girl. The whole of my face went numb from the impact; but I was a long way from being out.

He could not have bettered my position. My fingers closed over the knife. My head was in the girl's lap and it was wet. The Berber approached cautiously. He couldn't be sure whether I was senseless.

The black shape of him hovered. A brown claw reached for my throat. On the instant that I felt the touch of his fingers I struck upward, ripping his belly. He grunted like a stuck pig, teetered on his knees, then slumped sideways into the dirt.

It was all over and I was all in. After that final effort I hadn't strength enough left to shift my head from its gory pillow. I was incredibly weary and sick as a dog.

Dawn broke over my eyes in a wide splash of brilliant colors. A brassy sky, a fire burning me up. Then everything went black.

I must have slept for about five hours. When I woke I was one solid ache. The sun was blazing down on two camels munching camel's-thorn, on a giant dust-laden cactus bush, on the gory shapes of a man and a woman.

Two camels. Maybe those beasts would find water. That was as far ahead as I could think just then.

I unlimbered myself with difficulty, stood swaying on shaky legs, my hair matted with dried blood—her blood. Water. That was all I needed. A mug or two of water, and I'd be as fit as an ox.

I walked over to the camels—and croaked with joy. There was a canvas water bag hanging from the seat on the Berber's mount. Astonishing what a drop of water will do for a man! And there were a fistful of raisins and some flat bread in the saddle pouch. As a breakfast they revived my drooping spirits.

And then! *Nombre de Dios!* I saw a cloud of dust on the skyline. It grew bigger; rolled on to the plain. A band of horsemen! Soon I could distinguish the riders, their flying cloaks. They were advancing in extended formation. They had seen me.

They turned out to be a squadron of Moroccan cavalry, with a Spanish officer and an Italian sergeant.

"You have been busy," said the officer.

I stared at him, a monocled captain. He was typical of his kind. Most Spanish officers are both arrogant and brave. Nearly all of them are aristocrats, descendants of noble families, fearless by tradition—though too often more reckless than wise. This captain was a big fellow, massive as to chest, which at the moment was uncovered and streaming with sweat. He had a heavy sensual face, and his rimless eyeglass seemed to be embedded in the thick flesh above the cheekbone. I remember I could scarcely take my eyes off it. It was like a magnet.

He gathered from appearances that I had been fighting the Berber for the woman, and he was curious to know how I had come to lose the woman after all, since I had obviously won the fight.

My adventures of the past two or three weeks took a lot of explaining to that monocled grandee. He appeared to think I was spinning a yarn. I began to sweat. He fixed me with his damned monocle until he had me wondering, myself, how I had managed to do all I said I'd done! In his view I was a swine of a deserter, and if I was—well, it would be just too bad for me.

I protested with some vehemence. I did more. I lost my temper; started to tell the one-eyed window what I thought of him—and that tore everything.

I was placed under arrest. The captain rapped out an order. The Italian sergeant dragged me toward his mount. My left wrist was secured to his bridle. I found myself trotting alongside his horse.

The squadron, two hundred and fifty Moorish Arabs, rode in front of me with the captain—and two riderless camels!—and I trotted, coughing and spitting in the cloud of dust.

It was my first taste of this kind of punishment—though I had seen it before. I was dragged along for hour after hour through the scorching heat, while the sweat poured down my body in muddy rivulets and the choking dust filled eyes, nostrils, lungs.

THAT sergeant was greatly amused by my antics. It was nothing to him that a fellow white man was being tortured and humiliated in the sight of Arabs. He, too, was typical of his kind. Of late we had been plagued by an increasing number of Italian sergeants in the Spanish Foreign Legion. They seemed to have flocked in after the Ethiopian War had ended, and to have become noncoms without any training or experience in the Legion. We were to learn the significance of this later.

I don't know how long I stumbled and staggered alongside his mount. I know that when the order was given to gallop I pitched headlong, and was aware that I was being dragged by one arm even as I passed out.

When I opened my eyes again I was sitting up against the wall of a blockhouse and cold water was being thrown at me. It was delightfully refreshing. The sergeant was about to swing one more bucketful when I jumped to my feet and dodged out of his line of fire. He dropped the bucket and lifted his foot. I dodged that. Then he ordered me to march, which I did, up and down the parade: "March! Left turn! About turn! Right turn!" And so on until I couldn't tell whether I was going or coming, and until he grew tired of bawling. Then I was thrown into a cell. There I slept.

I had three days of the cell, but as I slept most of the time between meals, I felt fit enough when I turned out again. I was supplied with a ragged uniform and thrown out into the square on my ear.

One-Eyed Window informed me I was to be returned to my unit under escort. I was given a mount, and accompanied by the sergeant and six of the native cavalry. This was about five in the morning. With steady riding we should reach my unit well before noon. Some four hours later we came to a halt in the shade of a patch of wood and dismounted.

The sergeant had been particularly quiet throughout the ride, and now seemed content just to keep an eye on me. He was not nearly so conscious of his superior rank as he had been. He doubtless realized that in the sight of these half-dozen Moors I was as good as he.

The situation amused me intensely. I was at no pains to hide my amusement. When I chatted in Arabic with the Moors he seemed considerably disturbed. When one of them offered me a cigarette he ordered us to mount and get going. I retorted that we had dismounted but a few moments ago and now preferred to rest a while.

We stared at each other. It was a battle of wills, with the Moors looking on. He tried loud-voiced bluff and bluster. That didn't work either. We just smoked and eyed him in silence. He was beaten and he knew it. In those moments I was adequately revenged for the humiliations and brutalities he had bestowed upon me.

Here we are, thought I, two white men behaving like children for the benefit of these "uncivilized" Moors. Something ought to happen. This was too tame for words.

SOMETHING did. It wasn't the sergeant's doing, though. It came from a wandering band of Berbers, about a score of them, mounted, out for game. We were as good game as any.

When they hove in sight the Italian and I forgot all about our differences. They had seen us and were coming at the gallop. We turned our horses into the trees and secured them, crouched at the wood's edge, and waited.

I was a prisoner and unarmed. The sergeant snatched his rifle and handed it to me. He had his Mauser pistol. We were eight against a score, but we had the advantage of the rising ground and the shelter of the trees. Their only shelters were scattered bunches of scrub and boulders.

"Don't shoot till I give the command!" snapped the sergeant.

I doubt if there is anything in life more thrilling than being keyed up like that, waiting for your meat to get breast-high, sighting on a native cummerbund—

"Now!"

He himself opened with a neat one to midriff. A Berber toppled out of the saddle. A riderless horse started careering and kicking, causing confusion among the advancing natives. The quiet morning air was suddenly filled with their yells, the crackle of fire, and the screech of wounded horses.

The bunch pulled up sharply, dropped wherever they could for cover. A couple of their number were retreating with the mounts. The fight was on. Before our eyes shimmered the deceptive heat haze. The Berber, in spite of his distinctive clothing, somehow contrives to fade into the landscape. It was astonishing how they were able to use those clumps of bush and stone for cover.

But occasionally one would sight the flutter of a burnoose. Then *ping-oong* in the still morning air, a yelp, and another had gone to Paradise. Then a long, long wait. The Berber is the most patient of animals. He can stay put for hours, snuggled in the gray dust.

We had eight valuable horses. They wanted them. These fearless devils counted their wealth in horses. And what were eight Christian dogs, anyway? Our demise would assure them of seats on the right hand of Allah.

Eight against a score, and the score cunning fiends—yet Brennan lives to tell of it! How so? Well, a moon-drenched night's vigil, with sniping; a hand-to-hand fight to the death in the dust; two left for dead; a desperate trek and a miraculous rescue . . . then presently the July, '36, pronunciamento of revolt, and a battle with she-devils in the streets of Larache! Let Terry Brennan and Captain Blackledge give you the spellbinding details next week.

America's Amazing Woman Rebel in China

Agnes Smedley. "If her cause fails she will be beheaded and forgotten."

Who Is This Little-Known Iowa Schoolteacher Who Has Leaped into Sudden Fame as a Fighting Leader? —Here, from One Who Knows Her Well, Are the Facts

by

UPTON SINCLAIR

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

NEWSPAPER dispatches bring up a strange tale from the province of Shensi in the remote northwestern part of China. An American woman, a schoolteacher said to be from Iowa, has become one of the leaders of the radicals of that disturbed and dangerous part of the world. She is organizing a "student propaganda corps" in Sian-fu; she is broadcasting several times a day to a million kindred spirits; when the American military attaché wishes to evacuate Americans from the fighting district, it is this middle-aged Middle-Western schoolteacher who makes the arrangements for him.

Who is this Agnes Smedley, and what is she, and how did she get that way? I answer these questions from personal acquaintance, from a correspondence extending over many years, and from the extraordinarily frank and revealing books which she has written. When I first met her, she was a young schoolteacher, very pretty, and happy over meeting an author to whose ideas she was sympathetic. If any one had told me that twenty-one years later she would be leading an army of Celestial revolutionaries, I should have been much surprised.

How does it happen that a child born of old American parentage, and living in Missouri, in Colorado, Iowa, California, New York, and in fact most of the states of the Union, becomes a partisan of races with skins darker than her own? Why does she take up the people first of India and then of China, making their cause her own, even to starvation, imprisonment, and the imminence of death? How does she win their confidence, so that they prefer her teaching to anything of their own?

She was born into a large family on a tenant farm in northern Missouri. Sex she saw early, and saw it as a hideous and brutal thing which brought unwanted babies into the world and riveted tighter chains upon a woman. Ideas of love and marriage were poisoned for Agnes Smedley in childhood, and the horror which she acquired affected her whole life.

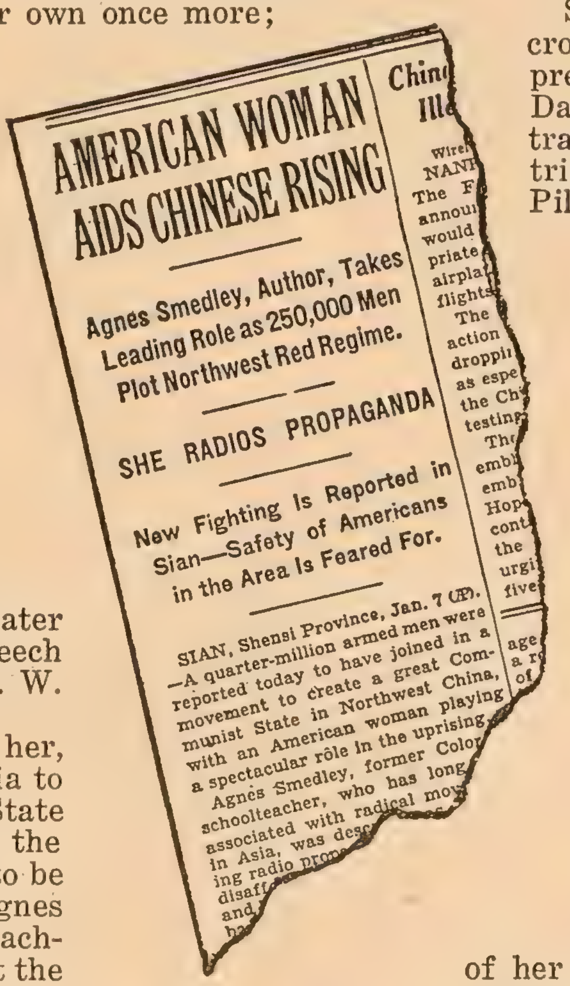
The father took his family in a wagon to Colorado; and little Agnes saw the life of Trinidad, a mining town. The father, a miner, was cheated and abused, and hope died in him. Later there was a strike, with beatings and shootings of men and abuse of girls by the militia. At last the tent in which the family lived was swept away by a flood.

At sixteen Agnes was told that it was possible to earn a living teaching school. Because she could speak "a little Mexican" she got a chance to teach in a remote mountain cabin in New Mexico, her pupils being Mexicans, Indian half-breeds, and a few children of ranchers.

She aspired to a better job; but she could never get ahead because there was a sick mother, and so many half-starved brothers and sisters calling for help.

She was determined to make her own way and be her own mistress; she would never be bought by a man, nor yet beaten by one. She tried making her living by taking magazine subscriptions all over the Southwest. She carried a pistol and a dagger, and more than once she had use for them in self-defense.

She came very near to starving. An old cowman helped her, and treated her decently. Her strength came back, and she studied at schools here and there, and finally went to the University of California. There a student overcame her dread of marriage; but she was never happy with this youth, because of her old fears. Marriage meant babies, and babies meant slavery. Finally she left her husband and was a woman on her own once more; first a stenographer, then a magazine writer and newspaper reporter on a Socialist paper in New York.



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Ill

AMERICAN WOMAN AIDS CHINESE RISING

Agnes Smedley, Author, Takes Leading Role as 250,000 Men Plot Northwest Red Regime.

SHE RADIOS PROPAGANDA

New Fighting Is Reported in Sian—Safety of Americans in the Area Is Feared For.

SIAN, Shensi Province, Jan. 7 (UP).—A quarter-million armed men were reported today to have joined in a movement to create a great Communist State in Northwest China, with an American woman playing a spectacular rôle in the uprising.
Agnes Smedley, former Color
schoolteacher, who has long
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How did she get her first political ideas? In southern California Emma Goldman had been scheduled to give a lecture, and the authorities prevented it. Agnes hadn't known anything about Emma and her ideas; but when Emma was suppressed, Agnes sought to know why. If Emma had spoken, and some competent person had answered her, Agnes might have been convinced by a better argument; but, as it was, she accepted Emma's view that there was no free speech in America. Later she took part in the San Diego free-speech fight, and met a number of the I. W. W. boys, and accepted their ideas.

It was at this point that I first met her, early in 1916. I had come to California to live, and a group of teachers at the State Normal School invited me to talk to the pupils about poverty and how it came to be in a land so wealthy as our own. Agnes Smedley was the most active of these teachers, and she told me a lively story about the struggle to get me a hearing. I have before me a letter, written by her from Shanghai thirteen years later, saying: "I lost my job later, that being one cause. I was young and ignorant then, but I had sense enough to be discharged from that school."

THE decision to which Agnes had come was that human beings were wolves, and that organized society was a device by the big wolves to hold down and devour the small ones. She heard a Hindu lecture at the University of California; in New York she met others, and they appealed to her because they loved truth for its own sake, and because they did not make compromises, and were used to suffering, and not afraid. The World War came. Even before we entered it, she found that our American government was helping the British to jail the friends of Indian freedom. After the war began, she was arrested and given the "third degree" by federal agents.

I know this story not merely from her but from Gilbert E. Roe, the lawyer who came forward in her defense. She was kept in the Tombs for six months without any sort of legal warrant; and the Tombs is not conducive to the pacifist spirit—I know, because I had been kept there for a couple of days for peaceful protest against the killing of women and children in a strike of coal miners in Colorado.

This American girl came out of prison a full-fledged revolutionist. Nobody could ever persuade her that there was either freedom or justice in her country; and nobody could ever again make her afraid: she had found herself, and knew what she meant to do. Her friends were the oppressed of the whole earth, and the more oppressed they were, the better she understood them, the more completely she trusted them.

In 1920 she worked her passage to England as stewardess on a steamer. She spent six months in the Soviet Union, and then lived in Germany, helping the Indian revolutionary movement, and meeting all the Asiatic radicals. In 1928 the Frankfurter Zeitung, then a liberal newspaper, sent her as its correspondent to China.

The Chinese revolution had followed the Russian pattern. But Sun Yat-sen, the great Socialist leader, died, and other leaders changed their views and set out to make China into a republic. Chiang Kai-shek became dictator, and the friends of Agnes Smedley became outlaws. She wrote that there were times when she thought she would lose her sanity. "Not only workers and peasants captured in battle were killed like animals in the streets, but intellectuals of every kind in the cities were tortured and beheaded in the streets."

She wrote to me about events in that crowded and poverty-stricken land. I expressed my admiration for her fine book, Daughter of Earth, and offered to help find translators and publishers in other countries. She told me that my novel, Love's Pilgrimage, was being translated by a young Chinese "political" who had been sentenced to prison for a long term. "He is permitted no social or other literature; they permitted him to have Love's Pilgrimage, thinking it is only a love story. So he is translating it in prison into the Chinese language. He sits in a cell, always chained." Later on I learned that this young Chinese, Liu Chien-chu, did not live to finish his long task; he was shot. I hoped this was not because the jailers had read his translation.

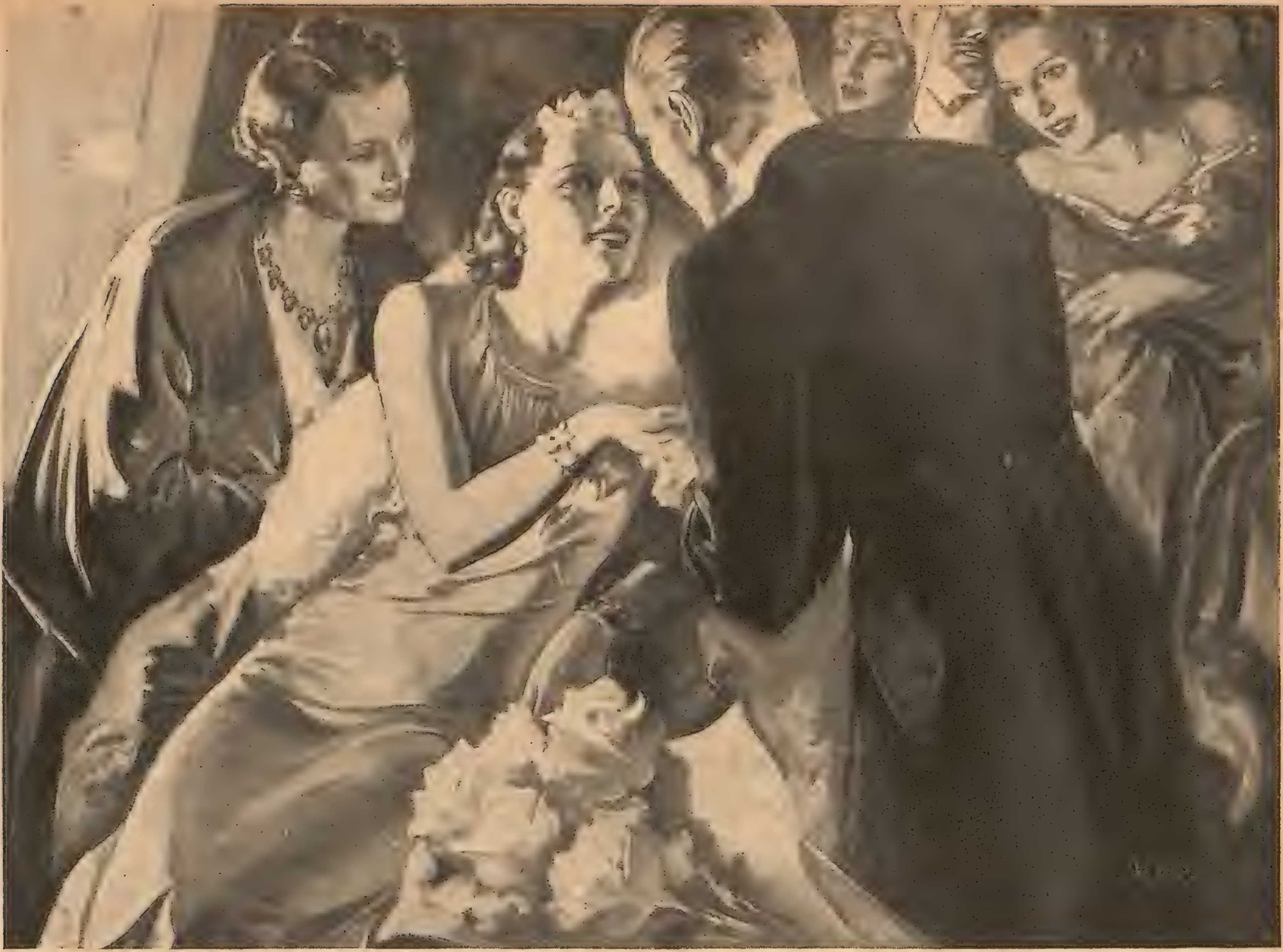
RESISTING bribes offered by the Nanking government, Agnes Smedley traveled all over China, often on foot, living with peasants and workers and reporting to the papers of Europe and America what she saw. British consuls made repeated efforts to have her deprived of her American passports. Fortunately her friends in America were able to prevent this. The American officials in China looked upon her idea of China for the Chinese as a form of race treason.

For two or three years she lived the life of a pariah. Her mail was opened and seized; a headquarters for spies and gangsters was set up across the street from her lodgings in Shanghai, and for weeks she never went into or out of her house alone. The Nazis came into power in Germany and the Frankfurter Zeitung dismissed her. The climax came when the great Chinese economist Yang-chien was murdered and the widow of Sun Yat-sen was driven into hiding. The health of Agnes Smedley broke under the strain. She developed heart trouble and went to a sanatorium in the Caucasus.

She had collected a volume of sketches of these terrible scenes, and this was published under the title Chinese Destinies. Believe me, she had learned to write. While supposed to be resting in the Caucasus she wrote a second volume, China's Red Army Marches. Now she is back in Shensi, to which that army marched—a march of fifteen hundred miles to a cold and mountainous province where their foes find it harder to get at them.

No one can foretell how these mighty struggles of hungry and oppressed peoples will turn out. If George Washington had failed, you would have read of him, in British-printed history books, as a person something like Guy Fawkes, who plotted to blow up the House of Parliament. If Agnes Smedley's cause fails, she will be beheaded and forgotten, or perhaps written of as a sort of female Jesse James or Al Capone of China. On the other hand, if she wins, this schoolteacher from the American Far West will be remembered as we remember Lafayette and as the French remember Joan of Arc.

THE END



Into her dressing room crowded the customary first-night visitors. The women embraced her. The men squeezed her hands.

If you really want me..

A Story of Fame and Deeper Things—and How a Glamorous Woman Chose 'Twixt Hollywood, Broadway, and Love

by

RITA WEIMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HER head lifted. Her eyes closed. Her lips parted. Such an eager, breathless moment this was, as if she waited for a lover's kiss.

A musty dusty smell, sweeter than all the perfumes of Araby, filled her nostrils. She stood quite still. For the first time in four years she was backstage in a New York theater. Home again!

To Neville Hastings it meant something more than a return to Broadway. The theater was her bone, blood, sinew, the solid trunk of her family tree. From great-grandfather Gregory Neville, whose blustering genius Old Vic's in London had relinquished to old Wallack's in New York, down to Neville's mother, Gay Hastings, witty and popular comedienne of prewar days, this young actress's roots were planted in the tradition of Thespis.

Softly she closed the stage door. George Clifford, author and director of the play already in the throes of rehearsal, hurried to the wings to meet her. She was introduced to the company. New faces all of them, faces in which she seemed to read a certain veiled animosity that made her self-conscious. Were they counting the shekels she had piled up in those four Hollywood years of continuous dizzying drive? Or was her embarrassment traceable entirely to her reaction that she was among strangers? The perfunctory greetings accompanied by slow appraisement made her feel actually apologetic for the luxury of her mink coat. Here were men and women seasoned in the art of acting who must play second fiddle to a Hollywood star. How could she expect them to give her a personal welcome?

Neville looked toward the auditorium with its rows of seats regimented in ghostlike formation. Her glance lifted to the vast dome hung with memories of plays and players. Her high heels clicked against the boards which had vibrated to the tread of the famous. Welcome or no welcome, here was the joy she had desired above everything. No stupendous increase in salary; no fantastic offer of a five-figure stipend per picture with only three pictures a year on her schedule; no bait, however tempting, could alter her fixed determination to run out on Hollywood. Behind her mountains of gold; ahead of her New York pavements which were not even silver-gilt.

A wire from George Clifford had fostered her decision; one of those cryptic messages for which the playwright was famous:

CUT DOWN YOUR INCOME TAX STOP COME BACK TO BROADWAY FOR LEAD IN MY NEW COMEDY OPENING OCTOBER FIFTH DONT STOP

Neville did not stop. George Clifford's direction, his priceless dialogue, the foregone success of anything he wrote—this was opportunity. Despite her background, Neville had left Broadway when little known. Picture scouts buzzing about summer theaters like swarms of mosquitoes had lighted possessively on the amber-eyed brown-haired girl with graceful young legs and a singularly haunting voice. Before slow-moving managers could blink their eyes in recognition of talent, she was whisked out of reach.

In less than two years the magic wand of Hollywood made Neville Hastings a fabulously popular screen personality. That was the point—personality. Neville did not yet know whether in the flesh she could be called an actress worthy of her lineage. Because deep in her soul she was afraid to find out, she determined to take the bull by the horns and attempt to throw it.

That first day, at lunch in the Astor Grill, she confided her doubts to George Clifford:

"How do you know you haven't picked a dud? How do you know I can act?"

"I don't bet on selling platers. Spotted you for a winner at Dennis four years ago. Of course you weren't a dizzy blonde then."

Neville ruefully considered her peroxided curls in the mirror of a gold-and-jade compact.

"Sam Songsmith said my hair photographed too dark. But I'm reverting to type as quickly as the hairdresser can manage."

"You're a rare type, and I don't mean hair and eyes. Takes courage to turn down five grand a week for the uncertainties of the showshop."

Neville smiled.

"Nonsense! If a girl is married to a millionaire she doesn't love and suddenly finds herself able to break loose and go to the boy she's adored since she was a kid, you wouldn't exactly call it sacrifice, would you? That's what I've done—gone back to my first love."

"I'm no Beatrice Fairfax," George vouchsafed crisply. "Hope that you won't ever feel the millionaire was a safer bet."

GEORGE'S morose air of prophecy, the worried look behind his professorial spectacles, did not in the least disturb Neville. She knew his reputation for anticipating disaster every time a play of his went into rehearsal.

"All I want," she said anxiously, "is to have you shed kid gloves. Tell me if I don't belong. Put me on the skids if I don't measure up to what you have the right to expect from your leading woman."

"I never expect anything. Seldom disappointed."

"Encouraging, aren't you?" laughed Neville.

Oddly enough, she did feel encouraged. George's dubious outlook relieved her doubts. He didn't count on her to stop the stars in their courses. He didn't look to her for miracles. The best she had to give, that was what he asked. That was what he should have. His attitude gave her more confidence than any exuberance of praise could have done.

George poured a third cup of coffee.

"Didn't leave your heart in Hollywood, by any chance?" he propounded without warning.

Neville pulled her lips to a grimace before replying lightly: "Not by any chance."

She wished he hadn't asked, wished he hadn't brought up the question every sob sister and interviewer had put to her from the instant of her arrival. It was a question she had faced and fought to a finish. She didn't want to face it again. She was annoyed at George for the mere suggestion. Most certainly she had not left her heart in Hollywood! She had brought her heart with her, full of hope and ambition—and prayer.

But, as she threaded her way between tables whose occupants craned necks for a closer inspection, Neville could not altogether shut out the recollection of the last few hours before her flight East. Jerry MacPherson, grim-faced, belligerent, lashing at her like a man with a whip while she lashed back in self-defense. She had known then that the thongs of fury, sarcasm, defiance cut as deep into Jerry as his tirade against the forces holding her from him left welts on her.

ALL too clearly she recalled the black blot of hair above his high broad forehead, his deep-set black eyes on fire, the determined line of his mouth which could relax into such kindness and humor. His fine hands, sensitive hands of a surgeon whose skill had saved her life when other doctors despaired of it—she tried to forget how they had clenched, that last night, as if ready to strike at an enemy. But the enemies of Dr. Jerome MacPherson were none to whom he could give battle. They were named wealth, fame, ambition.

Up and down, up and down the gracious library of Neville's Beverly Hills home he had stormed. Every detail of the scene flashed before her now.

"Always something to keep us miles apart!" came Jerry's fury. "First, money! A rain of gold they pour over you. I thought when you said you were sick of that game you'd come to me, knowing how much I love you. *Do* you know, Neville? Have you any idea?"

"Yes—yes. But it's selfish of you, Jerry—"

"Selfish?" he broke in. "Selfish? Lord, that's funny! Two years I've wanted you and kept my mouth shut. Two years of watching you play around with other men because I realized I had no right to ask you to give up your job and live on a doctor's pittance. Two long years. Then you tell me you're through with pictures. You're free. Neville, if you love me, why don't you marry me?"

"I will, Jerry, on my terms. You're unreasonable asking anything else."

"I'm to take my wife tonight and let her go tomorrow."

"No. Come East with me. Give yourself a holiday."

"Fine! I hang around a theater while you rehearse. After the show opens, I come back to Los Angeles alone. If it runs through the season, as Clifford's always do, I sit around and wait like faithful Fido. Or I go to New York and let my practice go."

"You're deliberately painting the thing in the worst possible colors."

"I'm not kidding myself. That's what you're doing."

"You want me to give up the chance I've waited for all my life."

"Ask yourself what you've waited for. To see your name in electrics on Broadway. To conquer another world. To satisfy vanity!"

"That's beastly of you. It's my heritage, the stage. My mother—"

"I know. I read all about Gay Hastings in your movie build-up long before I was ass enough to fall like a ton of bricks for her daughter. Gay Hastings, prime favorite prewar comedienne, who in turn was the offspring of Gregory Neville, handsome matinee idol of the '80s, who in turn was son of—"

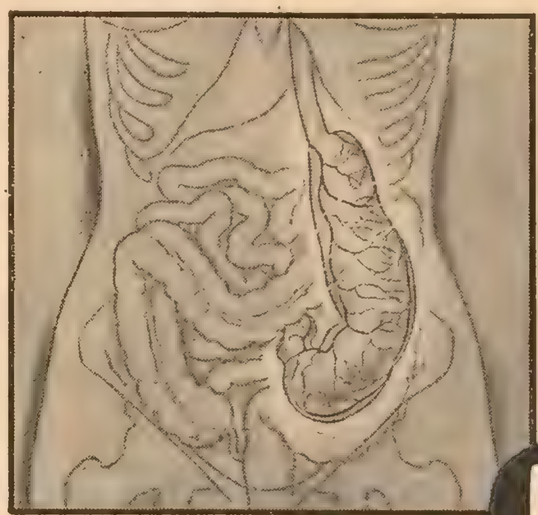
"Stop it! Don't you dare make fun of my family."

"I have no quarrel with your family, Neville. It's this stage-tradition thing I'm fighting. This crazy illusion that nothing else counts but carrying on. What are you carrying on, girl? What that compares with the thing we have to give each other?"

"I said you don't understand. You never will. My mother died in my arms. She was only thirty-five. My father was traveling around the country in a musical comedy because the soubrette *(Continued on page 24)*

Many Diets Short In Vitamins

Few People Realize Whether Their Meals Are Undersupplied with Vitamins Until Ill Health Shows It. But, By Adding One Food to Your Diet, You Can Be Sure of a Regular Supply of These 4 Vitamins

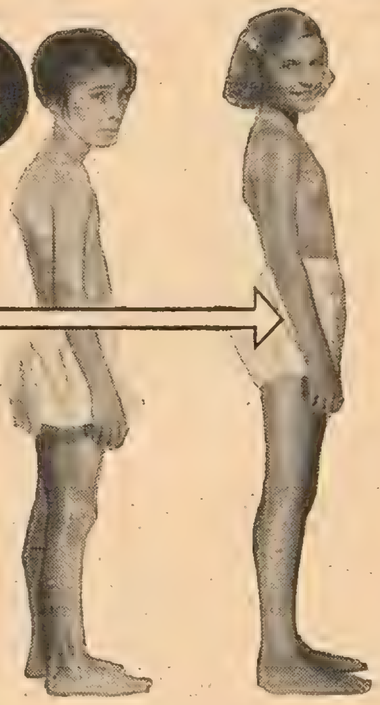


DIET SHORT IN VITAMIN B

SAGGING STOMACH (see above picture), poor digestion, sluggish intestines and many obscure nervous troubles can result from too little Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN.

PLENTY OF VITAMIN B

A STRONG, healthy stomach (as shown above)—the normal functioning of nerves, intestines and bowels—all require ample Vitamin B. Add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet to increase your supply of Vitamin B. It is one of the richest natural food sources of this NERVE VITAMIN.



TOO LITTLE VITAMIN G means poor growth

ABUNDANT VITAMIN G

UNDERNOURISHED, thin, poorly developed children often fail to get enough Vitamin G—the GROWTH VITAMIN—in their diet. Rapidly growing boys and girls should have a generous supply of this essential vitamin to help in building up a sturdy, well-developed body and general good health. Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

NOT ENOUGH VITAMIN A

INCREASED SUSCEPTIBILITY to frequent colds—weakened nose and throat linings—and lowered general resistance—may come from an undersupply of Vitamin A. Tests prove large numbers of people do not get enough of this vitamin. Let Fleischmann's Yeast help to increase *your* daily supply of Vitamin A.

Undersupplied with Vitamin D

Well supplied with Vitamin D

BADLY FORMED teeth (like those shown in top plaster cast) may result from lack of enough Vitamin D—the BONE VITAMIN. To help develop attractive, strong teeth, children, especially, need plenty of Vitamin D. 1 to 2 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily provide a rich supply of this BONE VITAMIN for children from 5 to 12 years old.

MANY PEOPLE today suffer from some degree of vitamin deficiency, because their meals do not provide *enough* of these health-building food elements.

A shortage of even *one* of these important food elements can undermine your vitality and lower your resistance to disease.

The addition of just *one food*—FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST—helps to increase your supply of these vitamins. It assures you an EXTRA daily quota of 4 important vitamins—A, B, D and G—over and above what your ordinary meals provide.

No other one natural *food* gives you such a rich supply of these 4 *combined* vitamins.

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water. Start now to build up your vitamin health! Order 2 or 3 days' supply from your grocer. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps perfectly in the icebox.

LESTER STOEFEN giant California Tennis Star—has the steel-like strength, energy and stamina that show he is well supplied with these 4 essential vitamins—A, B, D and G.

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(Continued from page 22) was his current heart. There'd been lots of others. She knew that. She said, 'I haven't anything to leave you, darling, nothing in all this world but love of the theater. Never let any other love interfere. Other loves fail you—'"

"Do you think mine will? Neville—have you any doubts that you're the one woman for me?"

"I don't know."

"Yes you do."

"How can I—how can any woman be sure?"

"Look at me! I fought death to keep you here. The love we have grew out of that battle—not any surface thing. When you were hollow-eyed, with blue lips and wasted body, that was when I knew I loved you, when if I hadn't saved you part of my life would have gone too. Doesn't that give you any certainty? Don't you realize it goes deeper than your beauty or charm or fascination?"

"If you loved me, you wouldn't torture me."

"Good! Great! I torture you, do I? What you do to me is just a little laugh. Just a side show for your amusement."

"You—you—"

The words were chained in her throat, imprisoned.

"Sweetheart, forgive me." There was the sudden warmth of Jerry's closeness as he held her. "I didn't mean to hurt you. But I love you so, I can't see clearly or fairly anything that takes you from me. It's not your career I'm jealous of. It's not even the fact that you're a rich woman and I'm a comparatively poor man. If only you'd be satisfied with the theater here. They're putting on more and more plays—"

"You know what they're doing here can never be a substitute for Broadway. It's home to me, Jerry. This place, even this house, has never actually been that."

"And you don't love me enough to make a real home together? When I first held you the way I'm holding you now and you whispered, 'This is everything, Jerry. This is all I want'—what did you mean?"

She looked into the fiery demanding eyes above hers. What did she mean? How important was the love of this man and her love for him? How far would she go in putting what they felt for each other first—above every other consideration? All these were questions she had evaded. Now they must be faced. But not with his strength like iron incasing her, not in his arms, when nothing seemed worth while except the passion they sent surging through her veins, the longing to build a life with him, the knowledge that here would be shelter long after the world outside had erased her name from the slate of memory.

She pulled away almost as she might have escaped the unwelcome grasp of a man holding her against her will.

"You ask me to give up everything for you. You're unwilling to give up anything for me. If you can't make up your mind to have me part of the year and let me spend the rest making my own career, then we'd better call it off."

"That's your answer?"

"You don't give me the chance for any other."

"There isn't any other, Neville. I'm afraid you leave no doubt. Well—that's that. Good-by. Happy landing."

He had gone quickly. She had turned to the glow of the firelight as though there she might find a remnant of the warmth that went with him.

SOMETIMES, even after a week's whirl in New York, she felt she must still be standing in the vast room she had called living room, as alone as on a desert island. All that had happened since—her flight East, the crowding reporters at the Newark Airport, her gorgeous suite at a Park Avenue hotel, visits to night clubs—all seemed a haze in which only part of her floated. Until today! Until she met reality in the purposeful routine of rehearsal and hard work.

During the next few weeks Neville coached with Annie Delano, old trouper who knew every trick, every gesture, every device to lure a laugh or jerk a heart pull. At seven each morning she limbered up, with Johnny O'Sullivan as instructor. Johnny held a record as trainer of prizefighters. The mere matter of his pupil's sex made no difference to him. No polite exercise, this.

At first she had to rest aching bones and muscles before putting in an appearance at eleven-o'clock rehearsal. Later, when accustomed to the strenuous routine, she found herself on her toes, energy bubbling like a geyser.

Those morning walks from hotel to theater; the tang in the winter air; the whip of chill wind against her face; the tingling, twirling vitality that was Manhattan's, with its towers seeming to touch the sky, symbol of towering ambition.

"People here are too busy to be lonely," she remarked to George. "No time to look inside themselves and wonder what the rush is all about."

"They don't dare," answered George grimly. "If they took a minute to stop, look, and listen, they'd go berserk."

"You mean they've learned they don't count as individuals? Their emotions and desires and loves and hates don't count?"

She couldn't quite fathom George's expression of cold humor, as if amused by and sorry for her at the same time.

"I mean they've got to keep going or they'll go nerts."

"They seem happy enough and full of interest in other people."

"You're young enough to believe that, kid," was George's sole comment.

NEVILLE did believe it absolutely, with a passion never to disbelieve. This was the world she loved. The isolation of this great metropolis struck a responsive chord in her heart. Not that she was forced into aloneness. Social lights, women who prided themselves on tucking under their arms for exhibition purposes all visiting celebrities, clamored at her door, dangling the bait of cocktail parties and late suppers. But Neville's days and a great part of her nights were given over to study.

Amazing how much sleep one could do without. Rest did not come readily these days. An inner excitement, a surging need always unsatisfied, kept mind and pulses racing. She didn't feel tired. She didn't have time to feel tired.

The dramatic sections of Sunday papers printed columns about the fascinating Neville Hastings, come out of Hollywood to claim her own. George Clifford had been a newspaperman, and Nick Delaney, press agent for his productions, found no difficulty getting space to splash the history of the Neville genius, from old Gregory, stamping the boards, through Neville's grandfather, Gregory the second, down to Gay Hastings whose tragic death followed years of enduring the infidelities of Harry Hastings, handsome leading man. What a panorama to paint as background for an emergent young star! Nick Delaney wallowed in it until demand for opening-night seats was nothing short of a stampede.

Neville suffered a bad case of jitters when the Clifford comedy bowed to its initial audience in Washington, when they played to a house jammed with choice members of diplomatic circles and a gallery packed with film fans. It made no difference that the comedy rolled gaily along on greased wheels. She knew the applause that greeted her was due to her screen popularity. She had still to prove herself.

"Tell me, for heaven's sake," she pleaded with George during the second week's tryout in Philadelphia, "am I any good at all?"

"Going to be a knockout. Only, careful of one thing. Never look out at an audience. To all intents and purposes, the stage is a room. Keep your attention inside its four walls. Remember, you're not facing a camera."

They stayed out of town an extra week, doing New Haven and Hartford, while the playwright pruned, polished, replaced scenes like bits of a jigsaw puzzle. Sallow-faced, haggard, he spared himself no more than the company.

He gave them the night before the New York opening to get some much-needed rest, thus establishing a precedent by doing away with a last-hour dress rehearsal.

For Neville there was no rest. She could not sleep. She refused the bromide that Greta, her rawboned Swedish maid, begged her to take. Nor could she lie still long enough for relaxing massage by those strong hands which so often had helped her through stretches of picture work. A buzz saw whirred inside her.

Finally she got out of bed and went to the window. Greta forced her into the chaise longue and tucked the pink satin comforter around her. She lay gazing at the tops of buildings on a level with her tower bedroom.

The night glittered, purple velvet star-brocaded. After a time its aloof beauty, so indifferent to the turbulent world far below, enclosed Neville in a sort of hypnotic calm.

Of course she must measure up. There could be no compromise. Jerry had offered compromise. Or had he really? Hadn't he rather determined to win her entirely to himself, for himself? She brushed aside the thought of him as one tries to free the eyes from blinding smoke that brings tears.

Yet at noon, when she awoke, it was to the realization that those hazy moments in the dawn before sleep released her had been spent reliving the hurt of their last interview.

It stalked beside her throughout the day, so that, arriving at the theater, she skimmed over the stack of telegrams until she collected those from California. The one she looked for was the last:

MAY TONIGHT BRING YOU ALL YOUR HEART CRAVES JERRY

"All your heart craves." Could one ever have all? Perhaps it was as well that there must be some sacrifice.

Neville's glance wandered to the boxes and baskets of flowers crowding every available space in her dressing room. Chairs, couch, corners were piled high. Well—let Jerry be as far from her in sympathy as there were miles between them, she was still surrounded by friends.

SHE sat down before the dressing table and fitted the telegram into a corner of the mirror. She sat there reading it while Greta was busy unpacking a small suitcase. They had brought a green velvet evening dress; gold sandals; jade necklace, ring, bracelets, and earrings.

"Come prepared for a round of parties," George had told her. "It's your night. They'll want to give you a time even if you have to be carted in an ambulance."

Her night. Tacked on the wall were pictures of her forebears. They smiled down on her, the varied Gregorys and lovely Gay Hastings.

While she made up, Neville kept turning to look into her mother's luminous eyes. Inspiration, dauntless courage here, a spirit not to be broken, a love that must guide to success.

Noises backstage grew to a clatter. Half an hour.

Neville put on the last touches of make-up. Greta helped her into her first-act costume. It matched the soft swirl of her hair the tawny rust of an autumn leaf. She set a brown velvet turban at an acute angle and swung a sable scarf around her shoulders. Ready. The callboy knocked. Fifteen minutes.

Right at the start . . .

hit that COLD two ways:

1. CLEANSE THE INTESTINAL TRACT
2. HELP NATURE COMBAT ACIDITY

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

DON'T TAKE CHANCES. When a cold comes, today's physicians believe in helping the body's natural defense. They recommend two important steps:

1. **Cleanse the intestinal tract.**
2. **Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.**

And Sal Hepatica does BOTH. First, this bubbling mineral salt cleanses the intestinal tract—quickly, gently, thoroughly. Second, it brings about an alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system swing back toward the alkaline reserve so necessary to germ-resistant health.

Ask your doctor—see if he doesn't stress the importance of both a laxative and an anti-acid in treating a cold.

So whenever a cold comes your way, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet—go to bed and call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet. Drink plenty of liquids. It pays to fight a cold the modern way. Get Sal Hepatica today.

Sal Hepatica
Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT HELPS NATURE COMBAT ACIDITY

TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight"—Full hour of music, drama, and fun. Every Wednesday night—N.B.C.—coast to coast.

She fitted a telegram from George Clifford in the corner opposite Jerry's:

THANKS FOR A GREAT PERFORMANCE

Neville grinned. George's way of telling her "make good or the hell with you."

Ten minutes. She closed her eyes without being actually conscious of it, and murmured a silly little prayer just as she had asked for dolls and sweets as a youngster.

Five minutes.

"Am I all right, Greta? Need more rouge? Don't let me look like a ghost. Don't let me get frightened. Slap me in the face if I go shaky."

Then suddenly she was out in a blaze of light, with polite applause cascading over her.

She was glad to be still, to withhold speech for a breathless moment. The welcome died down, and at last she heard herself speaking lines as from a great distance. So far it seemed, she strained to catch the sound.

SOMETHING had happened. Something had stolen over the footlights, as persistent as a whiff of poison gas. What? What was this wave that choked her? Neville felt it hang over her as the applause stopped and silence held the house. Challenged! The challenge of a New York first-night audience, daring this girl who had come to the stage from the screen to satisfy their demands. Let her show them if she had the stuff! Let her exhibit her wares, and they'd soon say whether what she had to sell was worth the price of admission.

Washington had greeted her with eager uncritical friendliness that ran her nervousness to a pitch of emotion. New York froze her. Without any warning the tension binding head, knees, voice clamped bands of steel on her heart itself.

Like a robot she went through the first act. Around her, keeping her always the center of interest, moved the company, seasoned troupers perfectly at ease, perfectly at home even in the rigors of an opening night. They were trying to help her. They were propping her with their strength. They were conscious that something had gone dead and dry, that she could not bring life to speech or movements.

And always those rows upon rows of lifted faces! She must remember not to look out at them. Somebody coughed. It was a signal. All over the house were evidences of sudden attacks of sore throat. To Neville it sounded like pelting hail.

When the curtain dropped on the act, she turned to the woman who held the stage with her.

"Thanks for helping me out," she whispered, and fled to her dressing room.

She stood shivering as if she had just come out of icy cold. She let Greta put her into a white satin gown smooth as a glistening sheath. She dabbed on more rouge, certain that the blood drained from her face must show its ghastly effect across the footlights.

"Vile!" she exclaimed to the girl in the mirror. "Couldn't have been worse."

Then her gaze fastened on the two messages:

"May tonight bring you all your heart craves."

"Thanks for a great performance."

Question and answer, there they were. A great performance—how far away from it she was! She had asked Greta to slap her face if she went shaky. Well, *they* had done it, that great blurred mass known as the public. Given her a beating almost before she began!

"Am I going to let them lick me?" she flung at Gay Hastings. "Not your brat—not much!"

She swept out on the stage, eyes aflame, defiance ringing in her voice. She no longer knew nor felt the audience reaction. A fourth wall of her own building was between her and the bewildering blur of faces. She had accepted their challenge—only this was she sure of—the glove was in the ring.

Good, bad, or indifferent, she could not gauge her performance. But at least it had vitality; it surged with rebellion. There were no coughs, no sounds of impatience. They might not like her, but she must succeed in holding their attention.

Through the last act she carried her determination. Let their smug superiority judge her—she would not admit defeat.

The final curtain fell. It rose, fell again, rose. She found herself bowing alone, stage center. She had no idea whether the curtain calls were an answer to approval or merely to give the semblance of success.

Into her dressing room crowded the customary first-night visitors—a fashion exhibit of ermines and sables, the latest in coiffures and the noblest in jewels. While they measured each other's expensive clothes and extravagant diamonds, the women embraced her murmuring, "Darling, you were heavenly." . . . "Ravishing." . . . "And how divine you looked!" . . . "Not a doubt it's a hit." . . . The men said, "Tops." . . . "Great, Neville." . . . "Swell job." They took the occasion to kiss her. They squeezed her hands. The older ones asserted the famous Neville ancestry would be proud to claim her.

Around her, bubbling, frothing, flowed the stream of Broadway's aristocracy. Around her and out of the door, an incessant gurgle of pat phrases.

George Clifford came in, looking done up and dirty. He stole one glance at the multitude and ducked out. Impossible to guess his verdict. Later she would see him at the series of parties he had predicted. She would force him to give her the truth beyond shadow of a doubt.

Smiling gaily at the ermines, the sables, the top hats, she took their embraces, professional and not so professional. She watched them thin out, drift away. She waited to be invited to celebrate this night of nights. Series of parties? Nobody uttered a word, not even the suggestion of supper at some night club. They made their exit in twos and fours, the pat phrases still on their lips.

They were running out on her, leaving her stranded. Could she have been as bad as all that? Wasn't there at least one who was friend enough to stay, so that she need not face her disappointment alone?

At last she stood in the midst of baskets and boxes of flowers, bewildered, not quite believing that she could possibly mean so little to so many people. She told Greta to pack the green evening gown with the jade-and-gold accessories.

The services of a doorman and two ushers were required to break through the jam closing in on the stage entrance. Neville signed autograph books. She gave away flowers.

At that, it took two taxis to carry what was left. Greta drove in one, Neville in the other, swamped in scent and bloom. But she knew the answer. No use deceiving herself. The town had let her go home alone. The town was far too busy to waste itself on anything but success.

WHEN the door of her living room closed behind them, she turned to Greta.

"Send for some vases. Let's make the place gay and festive. It's my night."

She busied herself arranging the flowers. Not once did she look at Greta, afraid of the temptation to bury her face in a hollow of that bony shoulder.

"You can go, Greta. No—I won't need you. There isn't anything more for you to do."

Her mouth twisted hysterically. Tears smarted against her closed eyelids. She must not give way. She dare not let go. She looked around the bowerlike room and began to laugh.

"Miss Neville Hastings of Hollywood besieges Broadway. Screen star invades the theater. She came—she saw—did she conquer? She did *not!*"

The telephone in the next room rang. She hurried to answer, eager for the sound of a human voice. Anybody's. It didn't matter.

"Hello—yes. . . . Los Angeles? . . . Jerry—Jerry, how dear of you! . . . Want to know how I got over? Great—magnificent—colossal. I'm a great, magnificent, colossal flop, Jerry. . . . Yes, a flop. F-l-o-p. . . . You could have heard the thud in California. . . . No, I'm not crying. . . . I'm not—really—the connection's bad. . . . Jerry, you mustn't! You mustn't come to me. I don't deserve it. . . . Please—please listen! I threw you over when I was tops. I can't take you now when I'm a failure. . . . I know that doesn't matter to you, but it does to me. I should have known better, but it's too late. . . . Jerry—Jerry, I do too. . . . I love you. . . . I was a fool. . . . Jerry darling . . ."

Long after she heard Jerry say, "I'm catching the first plane," followed by the click that once more put three thousand miles between them, Neville sat still holding the receiver.

"I'm coming to you. . . . Sweetheart, if you really want me, nothing can stop me."

How she wanted him! How she had wanted him all these weeks! Through all the hopes and uncertainties, through last night when she had lain here alone, and now in the debris of those hopes, was there anything she had ever wanted so much?

The operator politely requested her to hang up the receiver. Neville apologized.

"Just absent-minded, that's all."

"Don't blame you, Miss Hastings," came the girl's confidential response, plainly indicating an additional listener.

Neville wiped her eyes and crept into bed. "All your heart craves." Now she knew.

At ten she was wakened by Greta, who brought her coffee and toast as minor accompaniment to the morning papers. The big Swedish hands shook with excitement. The broad mouth spread in delight.

Neville scanned the reviews:

"Neville Hastings refreshing in jovial comedy." . . . "Broadway turns tables on Hollywood and steals a prize." . . . "Miss Hastings proves the films can contribute top talent to the stage." . . . "Lovely gifted Neville Hastings revives the glow of her glamorous mother."

Not a dissenting voice among the critics. Whether they bowed to her distinguished ancestry, to George Clifford's popularity, or actually in recognition of a new star, Neville could not tell.

About one thing, however, there could be no doubt. She had been wrong in assuming failure last night. Whatever the cause, success was on her doorstep. The ultimate she had prayed for was hers.

Home, sweet home! Broadway had opened wide its arms.

Neville picked up the telephone.

"I want to send a paid telegram. Straight wire to Dr. Jerome MacPherson, aboard plane, Atlantic Transport Line, leaving Los Angeles this morning. Can you catch him before he takes off? . . . Should be able to, shouldn't you? If not, the first stop, please. Rush it.

"J-e-r-o-m-e M-a-c-P-h-e-r-s-o-n. Don't pay any attention to any reviews of the play (stop). Success or no success, I have not changed my mind (stop). Waiting for you anxiously (stop). My home is wherever you are. Never going to stop. All my love, Neville."

THE END

OUR ZEPHYR RIDE OPENED MY EYES!

THIS DENVER ZEPHYR OF THE BURLINGTON ROUTE IS SURELY THE LAST WORD IN STREAMLINED TRAINS!
YES, AND THIS IS CERTAINLY THE LAST WORD IN SALT—JUST SEE HOW IT POURS IN THIS WET WEATHER!
HOW DO YOU KEEP FROM HAVING CLOGGED SALTCELLARS IN THIS RAINY WEATHER?
'CAUSE WE SERVE MORTON'S SALT MA'AM. "WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS!"
BACK HOME
WHY DOESN'T MORTON'S SALT CHOKE UP SALTCELLARS?
ITS UNIFORM CUBE CRYSTALS DON'T STICK TOGETHER IN WET WEATHER LIKE IRREGULAR CRYSTALS DO!
THAT EVENING
WELL, WE NOT ONLY RODE ON THE WORLD'S FINEST TRAIN, BUT WE FOUND THE WORLD'S FINEST SALT!
AND THE GROCER SAYS IT COSTS A FAMILY ONLY 2¢ A WEEK TO USE!

World's finest salt because
WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

Morton's is indeed the world's finest salt—and for two very important reasons. First, its amazingly uniform *cube-shaped* crystals don't stick together in rainy weather and choke up saltcellars like the irregular crystals of ordinary salt. Second, its easy-to-handle *round* package has a securely-hinged spout that can't possibly tear out. Yet it costs an average family only 2c a week to enjoy this better salt in a better package!

IODIZED OR PLAIN—WITH A SPOUT THAT WON'T TEAR OUT!

MORTON'S
IODIZED
SALT
WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS
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CONFESSIONAL

by Scott Littleton

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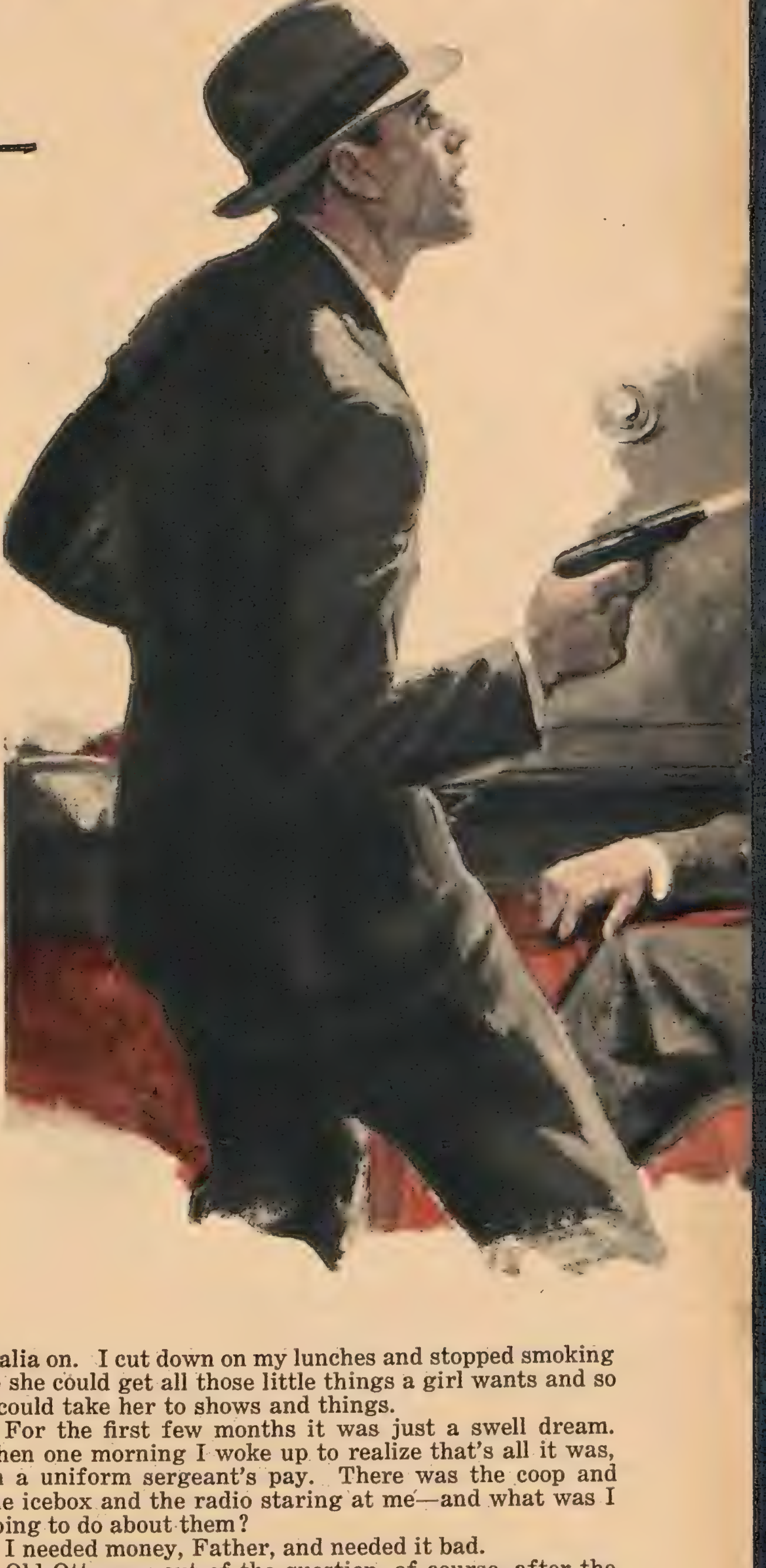


BLESS me, Father, for I have sinned. . . .

What I've got to tell you started right after last Easter, almost a year ago. I haven't been to confession since then because—well, I guess I haven't been man enough. But now I've got to tell you, or I'll go crazy. And you've got to be patient with me, Father, because it's going to take a little time.

What? . . . Yes, I will. Right from the beginning, because, looking back at it now, I guess I was wrong from the beginning.

I wanted money, Father, and wanted it bad—when I didn't have to want it that bad, or do what I did to get it. Me, a police officer. You know who I am. Terence Shane, lieutenant of detectives, homicide detail. Just promoted from sergeant. You congratulated me out on the sidewalk half an hour ago. Everybody's been congratulating me. *Me!*

You know my wife, too. You married us—remember, a year ago last January? Marie Baumgartner. Old Otto Baumgartner the brewer's girl. She came into the faith, remember, before we were married?

Well, the old guy didn't like that a bit—any more than he liked having his girl married to a cop. Not that the Shanes weren't kings in Ireland when the Baumgartners were running around half naked in Germany. . . .

What's that, Father? . . . Pride? . . . I'm sorry. Looking back on it now, I guess it was my sinful pride that started it all. God knows I haven't got any left. I haven't the right to any now.

I married Marie because I loved her and because she loved me, Father. There wasn't any other reason, although a lot of people thought I was trying to move into a pot of dough, with her being old Otto's only child and him getting along in years. I was crazy about her, I tell you, and still am. And I know she loves me just as much as she did when the two of us stood up to old Otto and told him to go to—well, told him we weren't interested in the couple of hundred grand he's made. Didn't care whether he cut Marie out of his will for marrying me or not. I told him Terence Shane was going to take care of her from then on out, and do the job just as well—yes, better—than he had ever done it. Yes, on a uniform sergeant's pay!

It's so easy to pop off that way, Father, when you get riled. But you know what a uniform sergeant's pay is in this man's town.

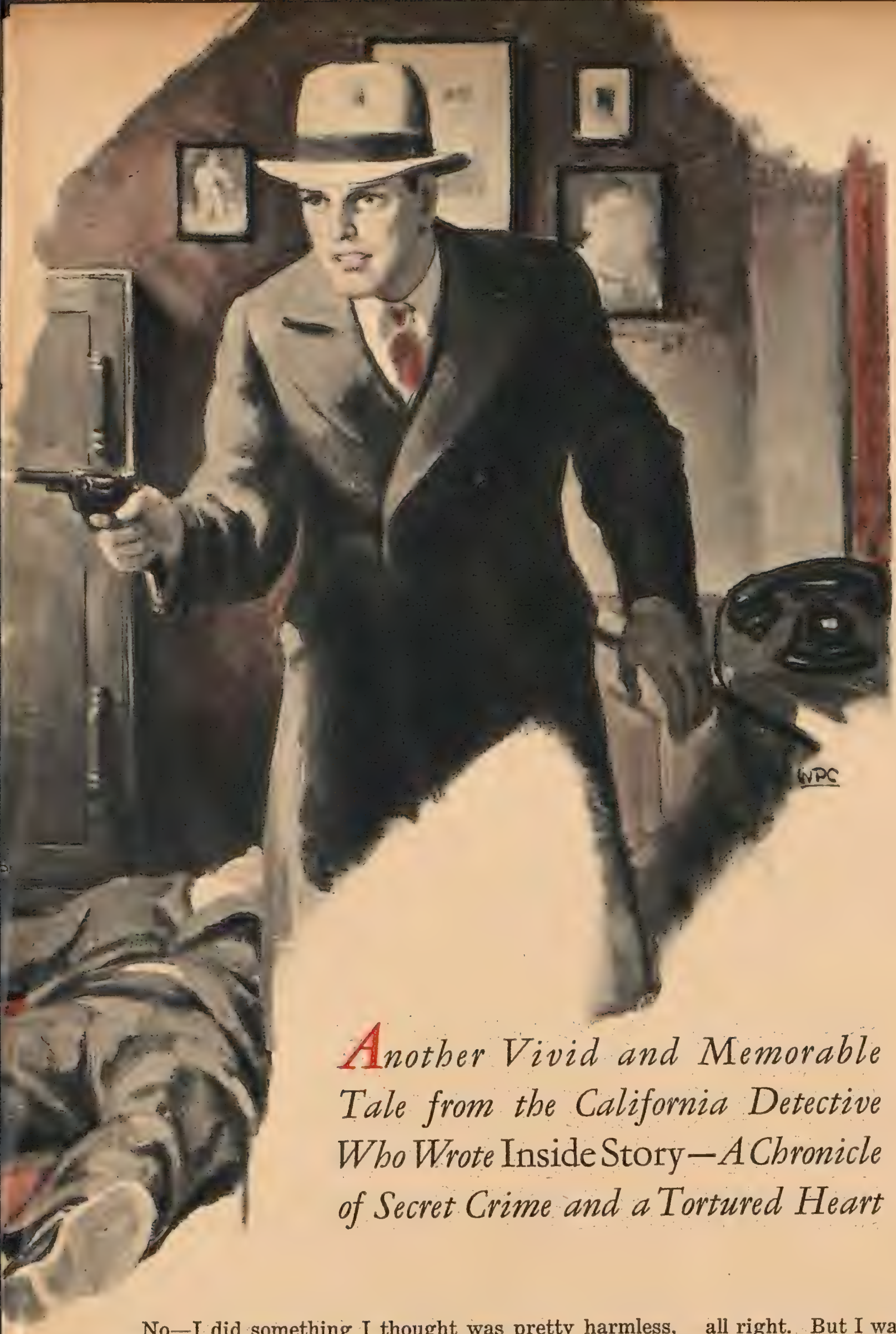
And it wasn't that Marie cared a whole lot about living like she'd been used to living. She knew what she was sticking her neck into when she married me—although, God forgive me, she doesn't know a thing about what I'm going to tell you. I did it all for her, Father—even though that sounds like an alibi. For her, and to show that old coot that— I'm sorry, Father. . . .

Anyhow, on a uniform sergeant's pay I tried to give her everything. The best of everything, Father. I had a woman come in twice a week to help her with the cleaning. I bought a coop for her that was only a year old and started making installment payments on it, along with installment payments I was making on an electric icebox and a twelve-tube radio set we could get Australia on. I cut down on my lunches and stopped smoking so she could get all those little things a girl wants and so I could take her to shows and things.

For the first few months it was just a swell dream. Then one morning I woke up to realize that's all it was, on a uniform sergeant's pay. There was the coop and the icebox and the radio staring at me—and what was I going to do about them?

I needed money, Father, and needed it bad.

Old Otto was out of the question, of course, after the way he'd talked to me—to say nothing of the way I'd talked to him. And I didn't go on the take, Father, although I guess I could have easy enough. I was working vice then, and you know how wide open the town was before this new administration came in.



A guy came slamming in with his rod in his hand. He tried to get me, but I was faster.

ILLUSTRATION BY W. P. COUSE

Another Vivid and Memorable Tale from the California Detective Who Wrote Inside Story*—A Chronicle of Secret Crime and a Tortured Heart*

No—I did something I thought was pretty harmless, Father. At least, it looked pretty harmless to me then.

I started playing the races. Betting on horses, Father.

One of the other boys on the vice detail showed me how I could make some real dough at it. I'm not blaming him any; he was a good guy. Coppers are human, Father, and bet on horses like anybody else. And go for good tips on horses, like anybody else, wherever they can get them.

Sure-fire tips—that was this guy's angle. With no strings. No police favors in return. Anyhow, that's the way the setup looked to me when he introduced me to the guy he'd been getting his tips from.

It was Al Levin, Father. . . .

I guess I don't have to tell you how big a political shot he was under the old administration. Anybody who reads newspapers knows about Al Levin. I guess he had his fingers in more underworld pies than anybody else in the city, excepting maybe Joe Savarelli.

There wasn't anything funny about my friend knowing Levin or introducing me to him. Working vice, you get to know most of those guys sooner or later. It was funny I hadn't run into him long before that. Levin was the biggest bookie in town and one of the biggest horse players himself, I guess—except maybe Savarelli. When Al Levin told you to get down on a horse, that horse pretty often paid off.

It was just a question of whether Levin liked you or not, my friend said. And never, he said, had Levin asked him to fix even a parking ticket for him. Just wanted to be friendly. I could understand that, the old administration being what it was. And the guy's friendliness, phony or not, sure had been piecing out my friend's salary in a big way.

If I'd only had enough sense to realize that you can't be friendly with rats, Father! But that first afternoon I came away from Levin's place with enough to take care of all the back payments on the icebox.

God forgive me—I told Marie I'd taken a little flier on the stock market on the advice of a big downtown broker who was a friend of mine and was carrying me on a margin. It was the first time I'd ever lied to her about anything, Father. But she was tickled to death.

And that's how it went on for months. It wasn't an open-and-shut thing, of course. There were times when I lost, even on Levin's tips. Lots of times. But I got the icebox and the radio paid for, and the coop about half paid for. If I'd just eased along then maybe I'd have been all right. But I was still thinking only about Marie and about showing old Otto what was what. We moved into a better apartment in a better neighborhood, and had a woman come in every day to clean up and cook dinner. You can't realize how it is when you get started that way, Father, with the dough coming in. You can't seem to stop.

The worst of it, of course, was lying to Marie that way about where the dough was coming from. But I sure wasn't doing any favors for Levin and he hadn't asked me to do any.

If I'd of known what Levin was readying me for. . . . He could have put the bee on any one of a dozen coppers he was being friendly to, but no—it was me. I guess he had my number, all right.

Which brings me up to last Easter, Father, or right after it. That's when he moved in on me in a big way.

It was too late to pull out then. . . .

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I can see how he figured. Nearly everybody thought the old administration would go on forever and that the reformers never would get in. But Al Levin was smart. Long before the election he knew the old administration was due for a ride and that the new one would be out to clean up the town. Knew there'd be a new chief and shake-up in the department. Knew there'd be no more desks in the City Hall or in Central for him to put his feet on. Knew he'd have to use something different from money to keep his business going.

A guy like me, for instance, could be useful to him, if he could get him where he wanted him.

He got me where he wanted me, Father.

ONE day—it was still several weeks before election—he called me up at Central to give me a horse. He'd never done that with a tip before, and I ought to have smelled something wrong. But I didn't. I had about two hundred in the bank that I ought to have paid out on the coop and a lot of other bills that were pressing, to say nothing of living expenses, and I put it all on the horse he gave me. That horse wasn't even heard from! Two hundred dollars, just like that, and not another cent until payday!

He was awfully sorry, he said—especially when I told him what a money jam it put me in. He said he felt responsible for giving me such a bum steer and wanted to help me out, and would I let him loan me five hundred on my unsecured note. Or a thousand, if I wanted it. I could pay it back to him in no time out of future winnings.

See how dumb I was! I could have hit a few of the boys on the vice detail for enough to see me through until payday, and that's what I ought to have done. But that's what I didn't do. I went for Al Levin's offer. I gave a guy like Al Levin my note for five hundred dollars, payable in six months. With my signature on it, Father. *My* signature! Me, a police officer!

He had me, Father—although I didn't realize it then. And in those last few weeks before the election he sunk the hook in deeper. With me shooting the works trying to make it back, he saw to it that I lost on horse after horse, until the five hundred was almost gone. And all the time he kept on saying how sorry he was and that our luck—that's how he put it, Father, "our" luck—was bound to change!

You know how the election came out, Father. And I guess it wasn't a week after the new Chief of Police took office before each copper who had been playing the horses got called into the front office. He knew we'd all been horse players, the new chief told us, and by rights ought to be sent to the sticks. But he was going to give us another chance, he said, seeing that our records were otherwise O. K. He was going to run bookmaking clean out of the city, he said, and in the future any copper found doing any kind of business with a bookie was going to be thrown right out of the department on his ear.

You can figure how that hit me, Father—with me owing the biggest bookie in town five hundred over my signature! I could see my job going up in smoke unless I could find some way to pay Levin off and get shut of him. When that note came due, all he'd have to do would be to sue me if I couldn't pay it—and then where would Marie and I be?

I already owed too much to get it from a bank or a loan outfit. Going on the take was out of the picture, under the new chief, and going to old Otto for it was out, too. Even if I could have made myself do it, he'd have wanted to know just what I was going to use the money for, and even if it had been on the level he wouldn't have let me have it.

I went through pretty much of a hell, Father, during those months before that note came due. I didn't dare play the races any more, and anyhow Levin wasn't in town. He'd gone down to Honolulu to take it easy until the first big cleanup wave had kind of settled down—you know how they do, Father. His idea, I guess, was to let the Savarelli mob take the heat at first and then move back in when things could be sized up better. I was right back on my uniform sergeant's pay, Father—right back where Marie and I had started and where we ought to have stayed. God bless her, she didn't mind going back to where we used to live and giving up the cleaning woman. Didn't even kick about giving up the coop, when we had to do that. Said she wasn't worried a bit about what old Otto would think, either. We had each other, she said, and were getting along, so what was the use of stewing about it? If the depression was keeping me from making money in the stock market, it wasn't my fault, was it?

You don't know how wrong you can be about a lot of things in life until it's too late, Father.

LEVIN came back to town about a week before the note came due. It looked like he'd timed it to come back then, although I must have been only one of a lot of irons he had in the fire. And, sure enough—on the day it came due I heard from him. He phoned me down at Central and said he wanted to see me right away. The old friendly tone wasn't in his voice, either. That scared me more than anything else.

"My note?" I asked him.

"Yes, your note," he said.

I was taking a chance even contacting the guy, and I knew it—but what else could I do? I went over to his place, and he hit me with the thing as soon as I walked in. He had it in his hand.

"You got the money?" he asked.

I said I hadn't, and didn't see how I could get it, unless maybe he could show me some way. Maybe, I said, I could take a chance playing the horses again. But he wasn't interested.

" I want that dough now," he said.

" Or? " I asked.

" I'll have to sue you for it," he said. " And you wouldn't want anybody to hear about that, would you? "

I saw the whole thing at that point, Father. Saw what he had been readying me for. Saw what I'd walked into. And I guess he figured what was going on in my mind, because quick as a flash he was over to his big wall safe and had put the note inside it and had twirled the combination before I could move.

Then he got right down to business.

" You're a sergeant on the vice detail," he said.

I could see it coming, Father. . . .

" You're in the know about raids," he said. " When they're going to be pulled, who's going to be knocked over, who the stoolies are, and all about them. Ain't that right? "

He knew it was right. That's all the vice detail had been doing since the new administration came in. I had a squad of men under me that did nothing else. Oh, it was a swell spot he had me in!

" I want the advance dope, Shane," he said, then cocked his head toward the safe. " Or it's *that!* "

My job. . . .

" You're shaking me down? " I said.

" I'm shaking you down," he said. " It's just as simple as that."

FOR a long time we stood there looking at each other. For the first time in my life, Father, I felt my gun hand begin to itch against a guy I wasn't trying to arrest. And maybe, Father, if I had just let myself go and had gotten hold of that louse by the throat—

I'm sorry, Father. . . .

Anyhow, that's the way he put it up to me. And anyhow the safe was locked.

" How do I know you'll ever give me back my note? " I asked him, as soon as I got so I could talk.

" You don't," he said. " I don't want your money. I want *you.* Don't you think you're worth five Cs to me? "

We stood there looking at each other some more. Then:

" What about it? " he said. " Are you going to play ball? "

Well, Father . . . that's why I'm here. . . .

I guess I just haven't got the guts. . . . But, Father, what else was there for me to do? Considering the spot I was in, and considering the kind of guy I am? Yes, and considering the way I loved Marie? That night when I went home, fighting hard to make her think it was just my stomach that had gone back on me—

Anyways, for two solid months after that the vice detail didn't make a move against anybody in town that Al Levin didn't know all about in advance. We'd raid one of his spots and there'd be nothing there. He even had me stooling for some of his other rackets. He was tied into the girl

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business and controlled a big string of houses. He even had me tipping him off on raids against these. Me, Father—married to a girl like Marie!

The chief figured there was a rat somewhere, but he never figured it was me. I got put in plain clothes, and in charge of an even bigger squad, with a little up in pay. You see, Levin was just as anxious to have Savarelli out of town as he was to stay in himself. I cleaned out Savarelli's bookie joints. Because of the record of arrests I made the chief takes me out of harness!

And, Father—you ought to have seen Marie when I told her about it! She jumped up and down like a kid and said I was on my way.

I tell you, I know what a slave feels like, Father. . . .

Two solid months of that kind of stuff. Then I got transferred to the homicide detail—sergeant, plain clothes. They figured I'd gotten good enough to work major crimes. I figured it was a break, because I'd be where I couldn't do anything for Levin, and maybe he'd give me my note, or let me begin paying it off.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Thatcher Colt, New York's legendary police commissioner, was delighted with this yarn by Scott Littleton, who is not only an able storyteller but a practical detective attached to the District Attorney's office in the County of Los Angeles. In this story Littleton makes a point that touches deeply the mind and feelings of Mr. Colt. That is why he wishes fervently that every American citizen would read CONFESSIONAL—and that it would be read twice by critics of American police. Mr. Littleton throws a searchlight on one of the greatest evils in modern police work—one often misunderstood.

Too many people believe that our American police are corrupt; they fail to realize how few really succumb to temptation. Policemen constitute the standing armies of our cities; they are actually soldiers whose lives are in danger every day. Their record of honesty and integrity is astoundingly high.

True, as Thatcher Colt points out, Judas always turns up. But, after all, there was one traitor among the Twelve Disciples. Our police record is better than that!

That is why Mr. Colt feels this story is a minor classic in police lore. There is not a policeman in the United States who will fail to understand it. And Commissioner Colt insists that until the forces that seek to corrupt our first line of defense are themselves destroyed, root and branch, we cannot win the war against crime.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

But he wouldn't.

"Maybe I'll need you in homicide sometime," he said. It was no use trying to think up ways of getting the note away from him, either. He kept it locked in his safe, and I'd only have been sticking my neck out if I'd tried to get it. The main thing I had to worry about was his dying and somebody finding my note in his safe. There was always Savarelli and his mob itching to rub him out.

Which brings me, Father, up to the Savarelli thing. . . .

Savarelli's body picked up early in the morning in an alley over on the North Side, with a .38 slug in it. Moe Chalim, Levin's right-hand man, picked up a few minutes later not a block away, with a .38 rod on him you could still smell, and one empty shell case. The boys had Chalim dead bang, Father, even though he'd already framed an alibi. If the rifling marks on the slug in Savarelli's body tied in with the rifling in Moe Chalim's rod it was curtains for Moe Chalim. All the ballistics expert would have to say on the stand would be "yes."

They picked up Savarelli's body about four in the morning. About five Levin got me out of bed at our apartment. He told me what had happened.

"I want Chalim's rod," he said. "If you can't get the rod, get me the bullet."

I was standing there in my pajamas, with Marie listening right beside me. It wasn't a cold morning, Father, but I remember shivering like I was standing on ice.

"O. K.," was all I said.

I lied to her, like I'd been lying to her right along, Father. I told her it was headquarters and they wanted me on a killing that had just broken.

"You're sure you're not catching cold?" was all she said to me—God bless her.

NO . . . I didn't get the gun for him, Father. I got the bullet. I fought hard, but I ended by going after it, on his promise that he'd positively give me back my note—and by selling myself the idea that Savarelli was a rat anyhow, and it didn't make any difference whether Chalim swung for it, because Chalim would get his before he was through from one of the Savarelli mobsters. Even the worst guy wants to think he's got *some* right on his side, even though he's all wet about right and wrong.

The gun, I found when I went on duty at nine o'clock, was in about the safest place it could be, so far as I was concerned. It was in the chief's pants pocket. The slug, the chief said, was in Savarelli's carcass over in the morgue, waiting for an autopsy surgeon to dig it out.

I took an awful chance getting that slug, Father. There were a dozen guys talking to the ballistics expert in his laboratory when the coroner's office sent it over, in one of those little labeled and sealed bottles. Newspaper guys and some of our boys. I watched my chance to grab the bottle and got out.

Of course I got questioned about it. Everybody who was in the laboratory that morning did. I guess if it had come to a showdown, Father, and somebody else had stood to lose his job on account of it, I'd have come clean. I don't know, Father—I don't know. . . .

Anyhow, they couldn't prove anything on anybody—it's sure they didn't on me. The uproar died down and nobody got hurt. But of course it meant they couldn't prove anything on Moe Chalim, either, and, with his framed alibi and all, they had to let him go. You must have read all about that in the papers too, Father. How they held him a few days while they were checking up on us, then turned him loose.

You see, I'd gotten that slug into a safe place before anybody noticed it was gone and the uproar started. After that it was just a question of getting it to Levin without being spotted.

I DIDN'T have to tell him I'd pinched it. All he had to do was read the papers to know it was gone, and that's all he wanted. But that wasn't all *I* wanted. I wanted my note, and the big question now was: how was I going to get it? I wanted it more than ever, now, Father. With Savarelli rubbed out that way, it was just a question of time, I figured, before Levin would get blasted down. And then they'd open that safe of his, and there I'd be, with all the hell I'd been through gone for nothing.

I really began to lose weight at that point, Father—with Marie thinking all the time it was my stomach or something, and trying to get me to see a doctor. . . .

I let about a month go by. Then, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I took a long chance and went to see Al Levin. The heat had pretty well died down by then, especially in the newspapers.

It was late one night when I went to see Levin. I didn't phone him I was coming. I just took the slug in its little bottle and walked in on him, in his office back of the night spot he ran. Believe me, Father, I watched my step going into that place. I didn't do it until I knew nobody had tailed me there, and that there was no one inside who might make me. At that, I hit the place through the back door and went through the kitchens.

"What do you want?" he said, surprised.

"My note," I said.

He was sitting at his desk, I remember, doing some figuring when I went in. And, Father—the doors of his safe were standing open! He could see I had noticed that right away, and he got right up on his feet. But I was just as close to the safe as he was, and he could see that too.

"You oughtn't to have come here," he said. "You ought to know better."

"I got the slug," was all I said. "And now I want my note."

He came out from behind his desk, and I moved a little closer to the safe. My note was in there, all right. He might as well have told me it was.

I pulled the little bottle with the slug in it out of my pocket and jiggled it up and down in my hand.

"Here it is," I said.

From across the room he stood looking at it and kind of squinting his eyes.

"Let's see it," he said.

"Not until I see my note," I said.

He stood there squinting at it some more, then gave a funny kind of laugh.

"How do I know it's the right slug?" he asked.

"It's got the coroner's seal and label on it, hasn't it?" I said.

"I can't tell from here," he said.

"You'll have to take my word for it, then," I said. "Do I get my note?"

"Not until I've seen it," he said.

Well, Father, there we were. I was thinking pretty fast at that point, and I decided on playing it across the board.

"O. K.," I said, putting the slug back in my pocket. "Then this goes back where it came from."

"The laboratory?" he said, and from the way he said it I figured for a moment I had him licked. But only for a moment, Father. I ought to have known I couldn't have licked a guy like Al Levin that way. He just stood and kind of shrugged his shoulders.

"O. K.," he said. "Take it back to the laboratory."

He just turned his back on me, Father, and started over toward the open safe, like he was going to close up for the night.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I'm going to turn that note of yours over to my mouthpiece."

Just like that he said it, Father, with his back to me, moving over toward those open safe doors.

And now, Father . . . I'm coming to something. . . .

In about three seconds more those doors would be closed. . . . Three seconds. . . . I saw my chance going. I had to do something. . . . My rod was in my hand before I knew what I was doing. . . .

And I guess I must have yelled at him, because he turned around, and —I let him have it, Father. Square in the middle of the face. . . .

Father . . . I—

That's how it happened, Father. He just crumpled up on the floor, twitched a couple of times, then straightened out and lay there with his face a big smear.

IT couldn't have been more than a few seconds, but it seemed like an awful long while that I stood there watching the red pool under his head spread out. Then all of a sudden—it was like something going "ping!" inside of me—I snapped out of it.

Any moment, I knew, somebody might come running in. I guess I never worked faster in my life than I did in the next few seconds, Father. And it was funny—my head was never clearer, either. It all came to me in a kind of flash what I had to do.

My note came first, of course.

I pulled my gloves out of my pocket and put 'em on, so as to not leave any prints. I sure was lucky, Father, because I found the thing a whole lot sooner than I expected. I put it right in my mouth and started chewing it up while I shut those safe doors and twirled the combination.

I went in to Levin's desk where I figured he kept his rod. It was there, all right. I pointed it in the direction I had been standing and fired it into the wall, then put his rod hand around its grip for prints and left it on the floor near him. I was working like mad at that point, Father. I still don't understand why somebody didn't come in. The last thing I did was wipe off any prints I might have left on the little bottle with the slug in it, and put it in his pants pocket. Then I took off my gloves and started for the door with my rod in my hand. I had a story all figured out by that time.

I guess I hadn't taken two steps toward the door before it opened and a guy came slamming into the room with his rod in his hand.

Yes, Father—that's who it was. Moe Chalim. . . .

And . . . yes, I did, Father. . . .

It was me or him. He tried to get me when he took in what had happened, but I was faster. Right in the middle of his face, too, Father. When he slid down the doorjamb on to the floor I remember how his mouth hung open, with the red pouring out of it . . .

The two of them . . . lying there.

THAT'S what happened, Father . . . Only Almighty God and you know it. . . .

You must have read in the newspapers the story I told. How some guy who wouldn't give his name had called me up and told me he was one of Savarelli's mob, and if I would go to Al Levin's place that night I could find out what had become of the missing slug. How I hadn't told anybody about it because I didn't want anybody to know I was contacting Levin, after what the chief had said to us. How I'd taken a chance and gone anyhow, and had forced Levin to admit he had the slug without being able to make him tell how he got it. How he'd tried to buy me off, and when I wouldn't buy had pulled a rod on me. How I'd tried to make him drop it, and had only blasted him in self-defense after he had blasted at me and missed. How Chalim had come running in with a rod in his hand and I had to blast him too.

They went for it, Father. They could have made that story look like a sieve if they'd gone at it right. But it never struck them to do it. The main thing was, the slug had been recovered, the Savarelli case had been closed, and the newspapers had nothing more to get excited about except how the slug got into Levin's hands. And they've even stopped being excited about that now, if you've noticed. After all, I got the slug back, didn't I?

Yes, Father . . . I was the white-haired boy.

I got promoted to lieutenant. At the review last month, Father, they gave me the Police Medal; maybe you read about that, too. And I stood right there in line and took it, Father! *Me!*

Harder than that, Father, was having Marie . . . kiss me!

Old Otto has come around, too, Father. Says he was wrong about me . . . wants to help us out a little now. . . .

But, Father . . . Marie—
Father . . . in God's name—

THE END

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS!

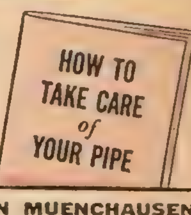
STOP
GO
STOP

. . . then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

A SOUPY PIPE plus strong tobacco will K.O. any copper. All motorists should use pipe cleaners regularly and smoke only a certain mild fragrant mixture. Like Sir Walter Raleigh? Uh-huh. Sir Walter is a grand combination of well-aged Kentucky Burley leaf that burns cool, slow, while giving off a delightful aroma. This easier-on-the-tongue brand has become a leader in a few short years because it really *has* the mildness that pipe lovers since Adam have patiently sought. Test it in your briar.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
15¢ AND WORTH IT!
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later— Your Favorite Tobacco"
UNION MADE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L-73.


HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUENCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P. M., E.S.T.

MILLIONS SAVE BECAUS

TENANTS' CHOICE — BUILDER'S CHOICE
During the past nine years, Gustave Kellner, prominent New York City builder, has installed more than 600 Servel Electrolux Refrigerators in his various properties, including his latest building at 45 Hawthorne Street, Brooklyn, New York. Mr. Kellner writes: "One of the big reasons for my repeated choice of the gas refrigerator is that its silence and low operating cost mean a lot to tenants."

"IT'S SILENT AND SAVES US MONEY EVERY MONTH
That's what women the country over will tell you abou Servel Electrolux! Not only does its different, noiseless operatio save on refrigeration cost and upkeep, but it saves money as we on food bills. The constant, steady cold of the gas refrigerator enable you to keep food and leftovers fresh for days . . . permits you to buy i quantity and take advantage of all "specials." With a Servel Electrolux in you kitchen, you enjoy all the pleasure of finest modern refrigeration at less than th cost of using an old-type refrigerator.

THEY HAD TO HAVE DEPENDABLE REFRIGERATION!—Keepers of the Ship John Light in Delaware Bay—one of the most famous and oldest of lighthouses — guard their food in a Servel Electrolux, operated on bottled gas. Because it has no moving parts in its freezing system, this modern gas refrigerator assures dependable, low-cost protection year after year.

"NOT A MOMENT'S TROUBLE IN 10 YEARS with our Servel Electrolux," reports H. Schneider of 505 A Street, Lincoln, Neb. "My wife says she wishes everything was as dependable as her gas refrigerator. What's more, it's silent all the time and continues to cost very little to run."

KEEPS FOOD SAFE FOR FAMOUS BABIES—Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe writes from Callander, Ontario: "Since the birth of the Quintuplets, a Servel Electrolux Refrigerator has protected their milk and medicine; kept all of their foods safe and wholesome."

HOLLYWOOD APPRECIATES THE COMFORT OF SILENCE
For their homes and for their pictures, Hollywood's actors and directors choose Servel Electrolux, the silent refrigerator. Even after long service, it operates noiselessly . . . unfailingly. Here are Doris Nolan and George Murphy, stars of the new Universal musical production, "Top of the Town," with the beautiful 1937 Servel Electrolux Refrigerator.

E IT FREEZES IN SILENCE

Wherever you go, **SERVEL ELECTROLUX** *owners are enthusiastic about the exclusive advantages of this modern refrigerator that*

HAS NO MOVING PARTS

Here's why it is silent and different—and why this means more years of dependable, money-saving refrigeration for you!

EVERYONE can appreciate what the permanent silence of a Servel Electrolux means in terms of *comfort*. But owners have found that comfort isn't the *only* reason for prizing this noiseless operation —nor the most important one!

A far bigger reason is the promise it gives of exclusive advantages that save you money year after year—for its cause is a basically different refrigerating system that has *no* moving parts! A tiny gas flame does all the work in this remarkable refrigerator. It circulates the refrigerant that produces ice and constant food-preserving cold.

PAYS FOR ITSELF

Think how you profit by this amazing simplicity which *distinguishes* Servel Electrolux from every other refrigerator. It means the same remarkably low operating cost and a minimum of upkeep throughout its long life—for parts that do not move cannot wear, cannot become inefficient! And it means continued economies on food bills and leftovers. You'll find that the savings you get with a Servel Electrolux are *real* savings—important enough to actually pay for it in an unusually short time.

GAS COMPANY SERVICE

It's important to you, too, that the great American gas industry endorses this modern refrigerator, and that your own gas company backs and services every one it installs.

The beautiful new Servel Electrolux models are now on display at your local gas company or dealer showroom. See them this week—inspect them carefully! You'll be delighted with their greater spaciousness, their modern conveniences. And you'll be pleased to learn how easy it is to own one on a convenient purchase plan.

* * *

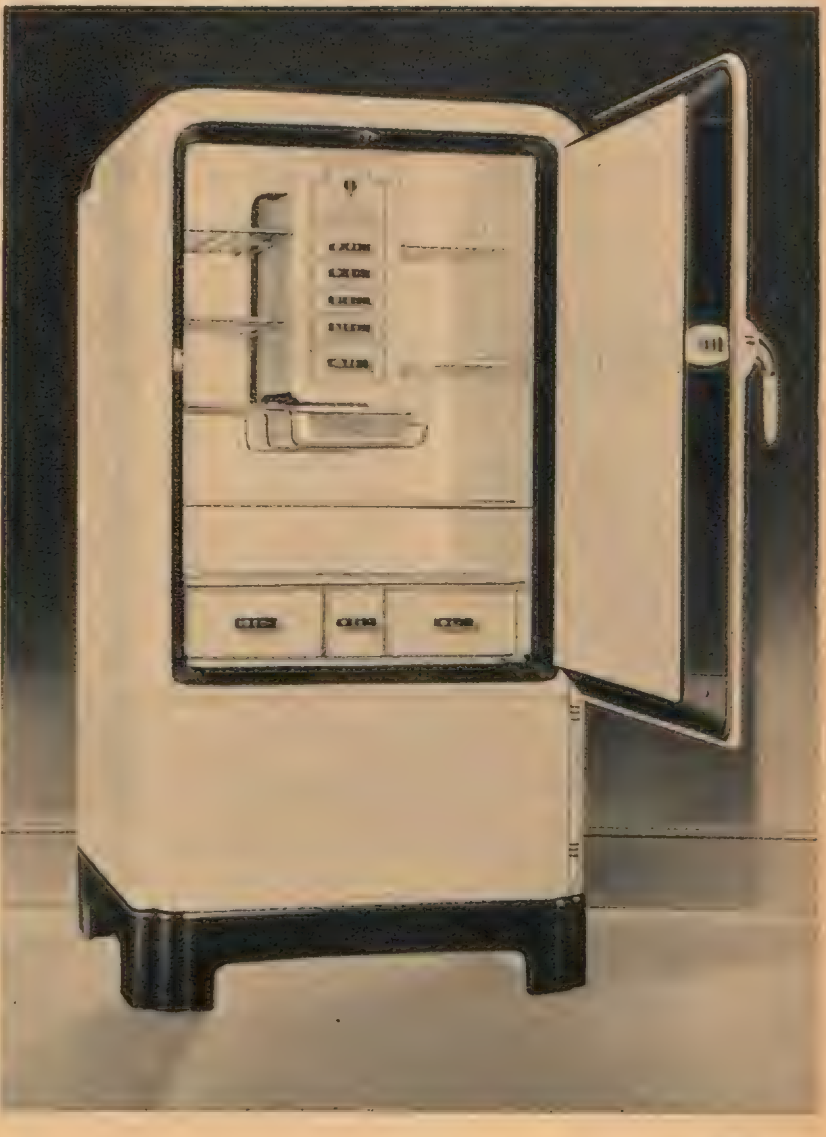
For farm and country homes, it runs on kerosene or bottled gas

No matter how far you live beyond the gas mains, you can still enjoy the same modern refrigeration that Servel Electrolux brings to fine city homes and apartments everywhere. Write for details. Servel, Inc., Servel Electrolux Sales Division, Evansville, Indiana.

SERVEL ELECTROLUX

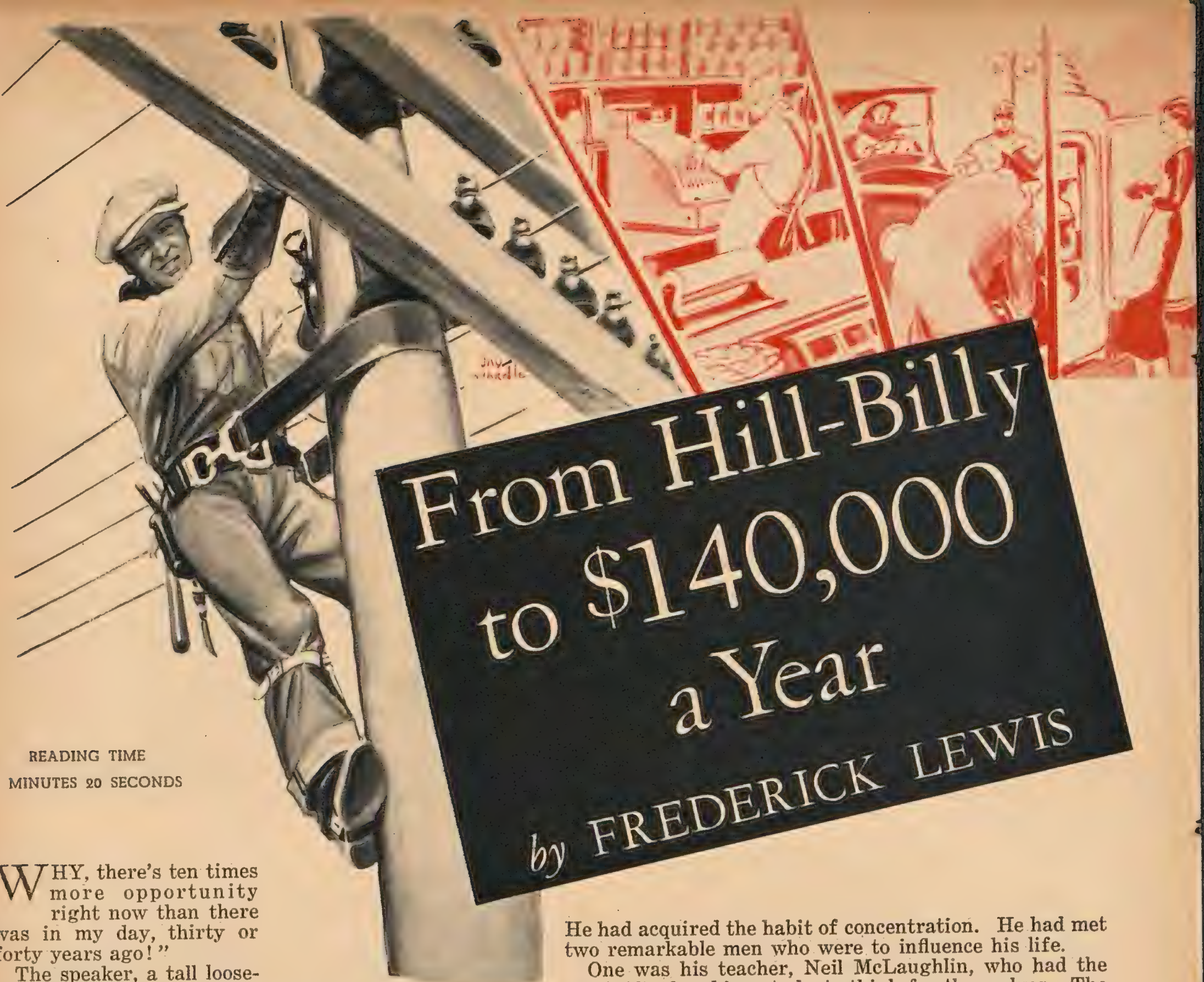
THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

PARTS THAT DO NOT MOVE CANNOT WEAR . . . CANNOT BECOME INEFFICIENT—In a refrigerator, as in anything else, parts that move will wear . . . will lose efficiency, sooner or later. This cannot happen in the freezing system of a Servel Electrolux. It has no moving parts, and needs none! A tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant, which produces constant cold and cubes of ice. That's why this remarkable refrigerator can offer you more years of perfect food protection . . . more years of silent, money-saving service.



OSORNO
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
N
E
W
S

REMOTE CHILE KNOWS IT'S ECONOMICAL—To Osorno, Chile, by water and rail, then into an oxcart for a 2-week trip over mountain roads—that's the story of another Servel Electrolux. Kerosene replaces gas as fuel.



From Hill-Billy to $140,000 a Year

by FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

"WHY, there's ten times more opportunity right now than there was in my day, thirty or forty years ago!"

The speaker, a tall loose-jointed young fellow of sixty, is Vice-President of General Motors Corporation in Charge of Research. But he doesn't go much by titles. "My department," he insists, "should be called the fixing department. It fixes what is wrong. If everything were right, I wouldn't have a job."

This Charles F. Kettering, "Boss Ket," is the only man in the world who draws a salary of $140,000 a year just for "fixing things." He rose from hill-billy to this altitude by the Horatio Alger route. But he knows that the youth of today who wants to do likewise must specialize —and specialize on helping the maximum number of people. That's what Boss Ket himself did. That's why he invented the self-starter, the electric icebox, Duco paint, and Ethyl gasoline.

"Evolution," he says, "functions in business just as it does in biology. New standards evolve, and new human needs, new products, new jobs. What we need more than anything else is new ideas. We've about used up our old stock." He thinks the best introduction a young man can have to business is: "I have an idea." He can name a dozen vital needs of new ideas in his own business.

Born sixty years ago in Loudonville, Ohio, he was the son of a farmer who eked out his living by carpentering. Jacob and Martha Kettering were perplexed about their boy. He grew all in one direction—up. He was thin as one of the telephone poles on which he later worked as a lineman, and he lacked the pole's sturdiness. His eyes were so bad that it was thought he ought not to take part in outdoor games. So he stayed indoors and read all the time, and grew worse all the time.

But when he finished high school he had read more books than all the other Loudonville boys put together. He had acquired the habit of concentration. He had met two remarkable men who were to influence his life.

One was his teacher, Neil McLaughlin, who had the rare gift of making students think for themselves. The other was a carriage maker named Sweet, who in spare time was a whittler and fashioned models of that day's new inventions. One was the cash register. Years later, when Ket went to work for the great Patterson in the National Cash Register factory, he didn't have to waste time mastering the mechanical principle. Sweet's model had told him the whole story long before.

Ket taught for a while in a grade school, saved his money, enrolled at the College of Wooster, but had to drop out on account of his eyes. Forced back to schoolteaching, this time in the town of Mifflin, he met John Robinson, the Mifflin druggist. Robinson was a chemistry bug. In the back room of his shop and on his back porch he and Ket carried on experiments. The association with Robinson gave young Kettering a new respect for people who worked with their hands, and he enrolled for blacksmithology at Ohio State University.

This time he landed in Columbus with thirty-five dollars in his pocket. Unbelievable economies followed—thirty-five cents a day for food, for a while. But all in vain; his eyes failed him again; he went almost totally blind. When he began to see a little, he did what modern health experts would have had him do before—lived an outdoor life, finding a way to combine it with a job.

He joined a telephone line gang. The sun and air cured him. Soon he became foreman and earned the name that has stuck: Boss Ket. He might have gone far in the telephone business. But he had made up his mind to go back to Ohio State and learn things—and he did.

He had always said he would marry a redheaded girl who could play the piano. The redheaded part had eluded him, but now he had found a girl who "sure could

"Boss Ket" Reveals His Secrets of Success

ILLUSTRATION
BY
JAY McARDLE

He feels needs and they make him "fix things": Boss Ket.

There Is Still Room at the Top in America!—Here's a Stirring Real-Life Story to Prove It

play." Her name was Olive Williams. Since August 1, 1905, it has been Olive Kettering.

Ohio State wanted Ket to stay and teach. General Manager Deeds of the cash-register company wanted him to go to Dayton and work. He went, and was given a table in a laboratory and told to produce a cash register that would run by electricity. Experts had long insisted that this was impossible. He did it, and revolutionized the cash-register business.

There was some "haywire" about the early machines and their installation and operation. Ket straightened it all out, and then sold the new register to its public.

This selling ability has always helped; he has never failed to be able to show others that what he is doing is right.

The cash-register people did a million-and-a-quarter business on the new registers the first year, and raised Kettering from $303.30 a month to $346.67. He himself cared little about money; but Mrs. Kettering made it a rule never to spend more than half of what he earned. So he was able, by the time he reached $5,000 a year, to take the money they had saved, build a laboratory in his own back yard, and start out for himself.

General Manager, now Chairman of the Board, Deeds offered Ket his barn for additional experiments. Several old associates at the plant signed up for night work. In these primitive surroundings Boss Ket transformed the automobile business into a 35,000,000-car industry.

Specifically, he gave the automobile electric lighting, battery ignition, and the self-starter.

The last-named, his most revolutionary improvement, was in a way an excellent example of his modest claim that he is a fixer, not an inventor. This doesn't mean that it didn't require weeks and months of effort. It just seemed as if the darn thing wouldn't work. He had interested Uncle Henry Leland of Cadillac, and Uncle Henry had promised a thorough trial; but to reach next year's models, his devices must be ready by Christmas.

The starter was—the week before. Mr. Leland and the Cadillac experts were delighted. The first order they placed was a $10,000,000 one. It forced Boss Ket into mass production. He called his new enterprise Dayton Electrical Laboratory—Delco.

Then the magneto manufacturers ganged up to persuade everybody that the Kettering ignition idea was all wet. Uncle Henry stood his ground. Finally the agent for Cadillacs in a large city canceled. He said his demonstration expert had made exhaustive tests of magneto and battery on hills, and the car running on magneto had invariably turned in the better performance.

On Ket's advice, Uncle Henry got the agent to drive over to Detroit and bring his expert. Ket was prepared for anything as he stepped into the agent's car and sat beside the expert on the front seat, with Mr. Leland and his sales agent in the tonneau. Sure enough, the car responded splendidly to the magneto; choked up and stalled on the battery. Ket looked sunk. Finally Leland suggested that they stop at a roadside restaurant for lunch. Ket said he wasn't hungry. When the other three came out he was still sitting in the car, apparently beaten. But when the expert started the car a remarkable thing happened. On the battery it spurted! On the magneto it choked!

Ket had noticed that every time the driver threw the motor on the battery he bore down hard on the accelerator. That choked the engine. So all Ket had to do, while the others ate, was to transpose the connections. Now the expert, who had been bribed by the magneto people, naturally bore down at the wrong time. The trick was exposed. Uncle Henry kept his agent. Boss Ket kept Uncle Henry as a customer.

From making automobile appliances to making automobiles was a natural step. Ket would probably never have taken it, however, if the General Motors people hadn't wisely given him a chance to run again a factory of ideas.

HE believes we seldom do anything important until we feel compelled by the need to do it. "We need a mental Aladdin's lamp," he once said, "to make us wish for the things we need." Well, he found both needs and their compulsions in the General Motors research laboratories. It took seventeen days to paint an automobile. He met that need with Duco, the instantaneously drying paint.

Engineers had worked for years to locate the cause of engine knocking. Kettering absolved the engine, part by part, and traced the cause to the gasoline. Then he eliminated it from that, and had Ethyl.

General Motors' great distributing system could handle economically another product of universal usefulness. Boss Ket set himself to devise a refrigerator that would make its own ice. Result, Frigidaire.

He is working now on a psychotherapeutic device which may revolutionize the treatment of some kinds of disease and prove to be still another godsend to mankind.

"Ten years from now," he says, "we shall be thinking thoughts and dreaming dreams not even in our conscious thought today. That the world should be finished in any realm is unthinkable."

THE END

CORONATION SECRETS

PAST and FUTURE

by Frederick L. Collins

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

BETWEEN crownings, the regalia used at the coronation is now displayed in the Tower of London; but by far the most valuable portion of it was once kept at Westminster Abbey in a secret crypt which was formerly known as the Treasury of England.

Here were stored all the costly vestments worn by the sovereign during the coronation ceremony and the priceless insignia used from the time of the Norman Conquest to the Commonwealth: the crown, the orb, the scepter with the cross, the scepter with the dove, the staff, the bracelets, the spurs, the sword, the ring, the comb, the ampulla and spoon, the royal robes, buskins, etc. But with the exception of the ampulla and spoon, all the ancient regalia was destroyed by Cromwell's order in 1649. So that today, among all the fabulous treasures in the Tower of London, only two objects remain which actually belonged to the original collection.

The golden ampulla, in which the oil for the anointment ceremony is contained, dates from the coronation of Henry IV; but even this was altered considerably for the coronation of Charles II. Only the spoon perhaps remains in its original state. It is said to have been used first at the coronation of King John.

Cromwell's vandals set the English goldsmiths and jewelers a pretty problem, for with the restoration of the monarchy there arose the need for a new regalia. At a cost of £31,978 9s., the modern regalia was made, and ten years later it was nearly stolen from the Tower of London by a smash-and-grab raider centuries ahead of his time—the famous Colonel Blood.

It was this Colonel Blood's descendant, General Sir Bindon Blood, aged ninety-three, whom Edward VIII — with that prankishness which found small response in the sober breasts of Stanley Baldwin and Cosmo Gordon Lang—recently designated to stand guard during the coronation ceremony over the crown jewels and royal regalia which his ancestor had tried to get away with some three hundred years before.

The most important of the valuables on which Sir Bindon must keep a watchful eye are the three crowns: St. Edward's, the Imperial State Crown, and the Imperial Crown of India. The last-named does not function in the Abbey ceremony. It will be worn by King George only when he goes to Delhi for the Durbar.

Of the two remaining crowns, the Imperial State Crown made for Queen Victoria is by far the more impressive. It contains five rubies, eleven emeralds, seventeen sapphires, two hundred and seventy-seven pearls, and two thousand seven hundred and eighty-three diamonds, including, among other famous stones, a part of the huge diamond from which the Star of Africa was cut, the great Stuart sapphire, Queen Elizabeth's ear-drops, and the marvelous ruby of Pedro the Cruel, the sixteen-year-old King of Spain who taught the world what stark terror really meant.

In Pedro's day death walked the streets of Spanish cities; rivals and opponents were freely assassinated; innocent people were burned to death in public squares. Such was the blood lust of Pedro the Cruel that years later he murdered his own wife, Blanche of Bourbon, before the eyes of her horrified relatives.

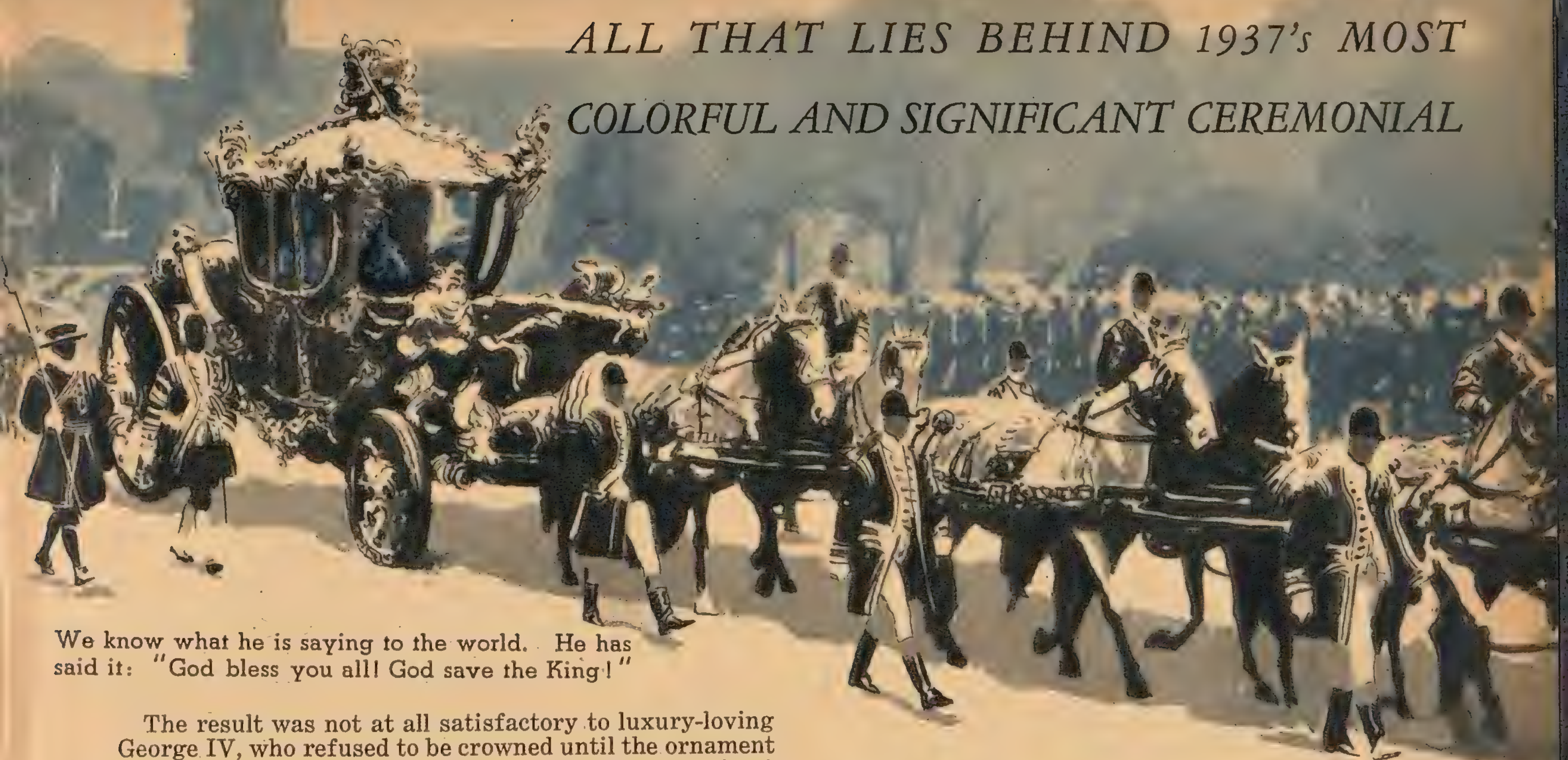
When Pedro descended on the lovely city of Granada, he killed the king and looted the ancient Moorish treasures, among them a gorgeous ruby, which he proceeded to carry about with him. Returning from Granada, he found the whole nation up in arms against him, with his brother Enrique leading the revolt, so he was forced to flee across the French border to Bordeaux, where Edward the Black Prince was in possession, and seek sanctuary with the English army.

Even sanctuary could not save Pedro. Enrique himself came in disguise and his terrible brother was killed. But the Black Prince brought the wonderful ruby to England, where it has always been a part of the crown jewels. It was this stone which Henry V wore in his helmet at the Battle of Agincourt.

The most important crown is St. Edward's, although it is not the identical one which adorned that monarch's head. The original, with most of the rest of the ancient regalia, disappeared when Cromwell dispensed, supposedly for all time, with kings and their royal trappings.

The London jewelers were hard put to it to produce an adequate copy in time to crown Charles II following the Restoration. In fact, the ceremony had to be postponed until Sir Robert Viner, the royal goldsmith, could find enough suitable jewels to decorate a new crown.

THE FASCINATING INSIDE STORY OF ALL THAT LIES BEHIND 1937's MOST COLORFUL AND SIGNIFICANT CEREMONIAL



We know what he is saying to the world. He has said it: "God bless you all! God save the King!"

The result was not at all satisfactory to luxury-loving George IV, who refused to be crowned until the ornament was entirely remade to his liking. The King's refusal created a situation for his ministers even more embarrassing than the prospect of a king's marrying an American, for the Chancellor of the Exchequer was unable or unwilling to raise the £70,000 to pay for the repairs. The matter was compromised, after much undignified dickering, by His Majesty's government "borrowing" the crown from Rundell's jewelry store, for one day only, at the neat rental price of £7,000.

Today St. Edward's crown is richly adorned with precious stones, including diamonds, sapphires, pearls, and rubies. It has a mound of gold on top, surmounted by a gold cross containing three very fine oval pearls. The band of the crown is carved with fleur-de-lis, and supports a circlet of gold adorned with precious stones, above which rise four crosses supporting the four gold arches of the crown.

It is this glittering circlet which Cosmo Gordon Lang will now place on King George's head. "God crown you," he will say, "with a crown of glory and righteousness, that by the ministry of this our benediction, having a right faith and manifold fruit of good works, you may obtain the crown of an everlasting kingdom by the gift of Him whose kingdom endureth for ever. Amen."

FROM down the river will come the boom of guns at the Tower of London, firing a royal salute. Inside the Abbey there will be a fanfare of trumpets, a flash of costly jewels as the peers of the realm put on their coronets.

Having anointed and crowned the King, the archbishop will now solemnly bless him:

"The Lord bless you and keep you: and as He hath made you King over His people, so may He prosper you in this world, and make you partake of His eternal felicity in the world to come."

The archbishop will then turn and bless the assembled people, and assist in placing King George upon the throne. When His Majesty is "inthronized," all the Great Officers—those who carry the swords, scepters, and other regalia—will gather before the King about the steps of the throne, prepared to perform the Act of Homage.

First the archbishop will kneel before the King; and the rest of the bishops will follow his example.

"I, Cosmo, Archbishop of Canterbury [he will pause at this point while each bishop repeats his own name and title], will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear unto you our Sovereign Lord, and your heirs, Kings of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Defenders of the Faith and Emperors of India. And I will do, and truly acknowledge, the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you, as in right of the Church. So help me God."

It will then be the turn of the members of the royal family in the order of their nearness to the Throne. At most coronations the Prince of Wales comes first, followed by his younger brothers and sisters, who repeat their oath to their father, and then curtsy to the Prince.

At King George V's coronation, when it came time for the younger children to curtsy to sixteen-year-old Edward, the two older and always well behaved brothers performed the act as solemnly as the occasion demanded, but the future Duke of Kent could not forget that he had known his oldest brother "when," so he just kicked him in the shins and scampered up the Abbey aisle.

The consternation among the peers and peeresses was something terrific. Several of the latter dropped their coronets, and presented a most undignified spectacle scrambling around for them under the ancient pews.

It is interesting—isn't it?—that the only member of the royal family who failed to do obeisance to the youthful Edward on his first public appearance as the Prince of Wales, was the only one who stood by him in the hour of his need?

Since there is now no Prince of Wales, the first to approach the throne and offer homage to the new-crowned King will be the next in line, the most colorful individual in the new royal entourage, eleven-year-old Princess Elizabeth, dear to the hearts of loyal Britons as the self-styled Lilybet.

If this new reign is to achieve the success of George V's, or the popularity that was promised by Edward VIII's, it will be partly, at least, because of the impact of this child's personality on the home-loving, family-loving British mind and heart. This spirited little girl, who looks like her grandmother, beloved Queen Mary, and behaves—within limits, of course!—like her uncle, beloved and departed David, will do much to reconcile the average Englishman to the overnight transformation of his national idol into a national ghost.

To the crowds outside the gates the knowledge that their Lilybet is taking part in the coronation of her father will help emphasize that truth so gracefully enunciated by her father's lamented predecessor on that fateful

THE ACHE JUST SEEMS TO DISAPPEAR
THAT'S JUST LIKE ALKA-SELTZER, - DEAR
HEADACHE
ALKA-SELTZER! DOWN IT GOES!
EXIT, AFTER-DINNER WOES!
SOUR STOMACH
BOY! YOU SURE KEEP COLDS AWAY
I ALKALIZE, MOST EVERY DAY
COLDS
FRENCH
Alka-Seltzer

Be Wise·· Alkalize!
Alka-Seltzer

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort — and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

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night when he faced the world for love:

“He [King George] has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me, a happy home with his wife and children.”

It is impossible to overestimate the salutary effect of the present King's marital felicity on the attitude of the average Briton. Years ago it gave rise to an expectancy that he would some day be king. It so happens that I was in London to report the wedding of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon; and it may help to a better understanding of the present situation in England to quote briefly certain definite impressions then formed:

“I have a feeling, as I write”—this was 1923—“that I may be describing the future King and Queen of England. Of course, everybody who has come in contact with the Prince of Wales hopes that he will live to sit on the throne he has already served so well, and that he will marry and leave behind him a long line of Kings as gracious and gifted as himself. But in the event that he fails to do either of these things, the Duke of York will become King. Even the British public is beginning to realize that. One day, not long after the wedding, I came out of Park Place into St. James's just in time to hear one street urchin say to another:

“‘That's 'im, 'im what got married.’

“Far down St. James's, toward the Palace, I recognized two backs; the powerful one of the Duke's ever-present companion and close friend, Wing Commander Greig, who was, in his schooldays, a Rugby halfback and amateur boxer of note; and the small, almost delicate figure of the Duke himself, long, thin legs, thin neck, straight back and graceful shoulders—a boy of a man in his well-cut gray suit, black bowler hat, and heavy malacca walking stick. The pair crossed the square in front of Henry VIII's Gate House, and rounded the corner toward the Colour Court.

“THE street boys were still talking. ‘That little toff's goin' to be King.’

“‘W'at's eatin' yer?’ replied his friend. ‘The Prince of Wales—'e's goin' to be King.’

“‘Per'aps,’ said the first urchin doubtfully, ‘but this 'ere's the one w'at's got married. An' the King 'e always gets married. My ol' man says that's wot 'e's for.’

“Perhaps the Duke's youthful champion is not a fair example of British public opinion. He may have had more than his share of those sixteen thousand sausage rolls at the Duke's wedding tea. But his ‘old man’—he had been thinking, too.”*

Following Lilybet on this Coronation Day will come her little sister, six-year-old Margaret Rose. Then will kneel the uncles and the cousins of the two little girls; and after them, in order of precedence, the nobles of the realm.

During this lengthy ceremony—the entire coronation lasts three hours—the King will be relieved of parts of the regalia by those standing near him; and the bishops who support the King in the procession will also ease the weight of the crown on his head.

When the Act of Homage is ended, the drums will beat, the trumpets sound, and the whole congregation rise and shout:

“God save King George!
“Long live King George!
“May the King live forever!”

Now will come the crowning of the Queen Consort, a much briefer ceremony, performed according to ancient custom by the Archbishop of York.

Edward the Confessor neglected to provide a crown for a queen. Queen Alexandra had a special crown of her own. So did Queen Mary. So probably will Queen Elizabeth. One thing is reasonably certain, however: Like Alexandra's, like Mary's, Elizabeth's crown will contain, not the largest, but by far the most famous diamond in the world, the Koh-i-noor.

THIS stone, first known as the Mountain of Light, has a long and tragic history which dates from 1304, when it came into the hands of Alauddin, Emperor of Delhi. It then passed by right of conquest to Nadir Shah, King of Persia, but brought him no good fortune; for he was murdered on account of it by an Afghan chief, who fled with it to his own country and founded a new dynasty.

Centuries later a King of Kabul bought his life and freedom in exchange for the Koh-i-noor; and finally it came into the possession first of the Rajahs of Lahore, and then of Britain's famous East India Company.

When the diamond came into British hands, nobody knew what to do with such an extremely valuable ornament. It was at last decided by a committee of officers to ask Sir John (afterward Lord) Lawrence to take charge of it. Sir John, who was scrupulously honest but scandalously absent-minded, put the stone in his pocket and promptly forgot all about it.

Six weeks later the committee met again and decided to present the great diamond to Queen Victoria. They asked Sir John to produce the stone, and crowded around him in consternation while he searched his pockets in vain. Overcome by his loss, he mounted a fast horse and galloped home to renew his search. His servant watched with interest while he turned rooms upside down.

“For what is the sahib searching?” asked the servant at last. “Is it a large piece of glass?”

“Yes! Yes!” gasped Sir John. “Have you got it?”

“Yes, sahib. It was under the sahib's bed.”

When Queen Elizabeth has been anointed and crowned, and has received all her ornaments, she will rise from the altar steps and, supported by her bishops, go up to the theater. As she passes the King on his throne, she will bow reverently to him, then go on to her own throne, which is on the King's left.

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* Woman's Home Companion, 1923.

Now, after another brief Communion, will come the last of the coronation ceremony, the recess. While the choir is singing the *Te Deum Laudamus,* the King will descend from the throne and proceed through a door on the south side of the altar into St. Edward's Chapel. As he passes the altar, the rest of the regalia lying there will be delivered by the Dean of Westminster to those noblemen who carry it in the procession.

In St. Edward's Chapel the King will remove the Royal Robe of State and don a robe of purple velvet. The Imperial State Crown—not St. Edward's Crown—will be set upon his head, and he will again receive the orb in his left hand from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Through the choir to the west door of the Abbey—the same by which he entered—the King will then go to show himself to the faithful " commons " in the return procession which will wind its way back to Buckingham Palace through the streets of old London and its cheering populace.

That the cheers of London's populace will be sincere ones there can be no doubt. In spite of the acrimony of last fall's bloodless revolution—the parading with placards, the night-watching outside Buckingham Palace, the jostling of prelates and politicians, the clamorous cheers for Edward the King—the British public has gotten behind George VI, whom they hardly knew except as Edward's brother, with a unanimity which is, to the American mind, a bit bewildering.

IT is said that we in this country are a fickle and a facile people; but we seem to have longer and better memories than our English cousins. To many of us, Edward will seem for many years just as much a king as he ever was. It seems impossible, therefore, that his own people, as they acclaim with all sincerity the amiable shy young man in the royal coach—of whom, even now, scarcely a hundred men in his kingdom have a definite knowledge or a definite opinion—will not be thinking just a bit of that blond child of the first years of the century who won his way into their hearts, not alone because he was their Prince of Wales, but because he was *such* a Prince of Wales!

Don't tell me there won't be an emptiness in the hearts of a great many Englishmen and Englishwomen—the men and women in the street, whom he loved and served—as the royal procession winds its way toward Buckingham Palace this Coronation Day in May.

And what is Edward thinking while all this is going on?

We do not know what he is thinking in his heart, but we do know what he is saying to the world, because, like the great gentleman that he is, he has already said it:

" God bless you all! God save the King! "

THE END

Get your Groceries Free Every Month with
TUNA TESTS

$59,200 in PRIZES

for 35 words or less telling

"WHY I KEEP *this* TUNA ON MY PANTRY SHELF"

Win **PRIZES of 6 cans of tuna and $25 grocery orders!**

Thousands are winning big prizes for writing easy *Tuna-Tests.* Just a few short sentences telling "Why I keep *this* tuna on my pantry shelf" . . . and you may win a handsome *double* prize of 6 cans of tuna and a $25.00 grocery order! Enter again and again . . . and win several of these worthwhile prizes!

Once you taste this extra-delicious tuna . . . you'll think of lots of good reasons for keeping it on hand! It's decidedly finer in flavor and tenderness . . . because only the prized, delicate *light* tuna meat is packed for *Chicken of the Sea Brand Tuna* and *White Star Tuna.* It contains Vitamins "A" and "D" and Iodine, effective preventive of nutritional goiter. And it's *doubly* economical . . . economical in first cost; economical of your time!

TUNA-TEST Rules

1. Your entry may contain 35 words or less telling in your own way "Why I keep *this* tuna on my pantry shelf." Each entry must be accompanied by two labels (or label-replicas) from *Chicken of the Sea Brand Tuna* or *White Star Tuna.* Also mention the name and address of your grocer. Submit as many entries as you wish . . . but enclose two labels (or label-replicas) with each entry.
2. Entries will be eligible for prizes according to date received. At end of each month, 2000 prizes of 6 cans of Tuna will be awarded and distributed. Likewise, 200 $25.00 grocery orders will be awarded among winners of tuna prizes. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be given.
3. Address your entries to Contest Dept., Van Camp Sea Food Company, Inc., Terminal Island, Calif. All submissions become property of this company.

If your grocer is the rare exception who does not handle either of these brands, ask him to get *Chicken of the Sea Brand Tuna* for you!

8 MONTHLY CONTESTS!
One every month from March straight through October, 1937!
$7,400 Worth of Prizes
Awarded every month!
2,000 Orders on Grocers
Each for 6 Cans of Tuna
200 Orders on Grocers Each for $25.00 in Trade

Chicken of the Sea
FANCY TUNA
WHITE STAR
BRAND
Chicken of the Sea
TUNA FISH

America's two favorite brands of tuna..identical in quality.

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

HELL-BENT

by RICHARD CARROLL

READING TIME
19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SANTIAGO was proxy for an excited world. Al Vervesy was dead—heroically dead—and Bert was alive, and bandaged, and once more famous. Madeline, in her copyrighted story to her father's string of newspapers, spared no details. She wrote how Bert and Al had crashed down into a fifty-yard rock-strewn glen in a racing ship that would be difficult for a skilled hand to land in a field of five hundred yards.

She described his taking out the Douglas while Marty, its pilot, sat helpless with a broken arm: how he stripped out the cabin to lighten the ship, dumped every spare ounce of gasoline, carried aboard the body of his radio operator, rolled logs against the Douglas wheels so that he could jump them with his motors going full blast and thereby make the big ship fairly leap into the air across the short runway they had managed to clear.

It was a good story, and Madeline knew it; and she knew, too, that she hated every quality in Bert that had made the story possible: the cold arrogance, the contempt for death, the sheer unthinking physical bravery of it that wasn't bravery at all. And for everything that she hated him for she also knew she loved him. Nor did she gloss over Al's part. She gave out the note the radio operator had written to his pilot. She imagined for her readers the feelings of such a man who could write that note, the real bravery of the soul; for Al Vervesy was branded a coward and was dying a hero when she wrote it.

So now the rest of them were safe and waiting at Santiago with small chance of continuing the race. Marty's arm had to be reset. He was through as a pilot for the time being. Madeline alone seemed to remember that they were still in the race. The two ships that had passed them, one the sister ship of the big Douglas, the other the Flying Dutchman, had refueled, their pilots rested, and ready to take off again.

Jesse Carewe and Mabel were held up at Mendoza. Slim Lannert was unreported. The others were all out of it, or hopelessly held up by weather or breakage.

Madeline found Bert in the latter's room in the hotel. Bert was only half drunk then, but well on his way to getting fully tanked. She entered without knocking, and Bert greeted her cheerily:

"Hello, Mady. Coming for to carry me home?"

Madeline looked at the sunken face, the sleepless eyes, bright with bitterness.

"Marty can't fly the ship, Bert."

"Too bad. Say, they're treating me swell here. Think I'll linger awhile."

Bert would never know what it cost Madeline to make her request: "Will you fly the Douglas home?"

Bert slowly put down the highball glass.

"Does the winning of the race mean *that* much to you?"

"Yes. To me and to Marty."

Bert's eyes were bleak windows to a remote soul.

"You must have learned to love him an awful lot," he said.

"We won't talk about that. I asked you a favor."

"I'm flattered. And if I agree?"

"You'll be greater than ever. You'll . . ."

Madeline stopped. The thin shell of her control was cracking as Bert asked her:

"Mady, why . . . just why do you want *me* to go?"

Madeline's face hardened perceptibly.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm trying to believe it's because there's a kid in New York who trusted you; that there's a boy who died believing in you; that there's a girl . . ."

"Yes?" Bert said, and his fingers whitened on the glass.

Madeline faced him squarely. She was like a white ship sailing with a raging fire battened under its hatches.

". . . there's a girl who thinks that conceit has made you a coward, Bert. She'd like to be sure—in the hope she's wrong."

Bert took up his highball, sipped it. Then his face cracked in a smile.

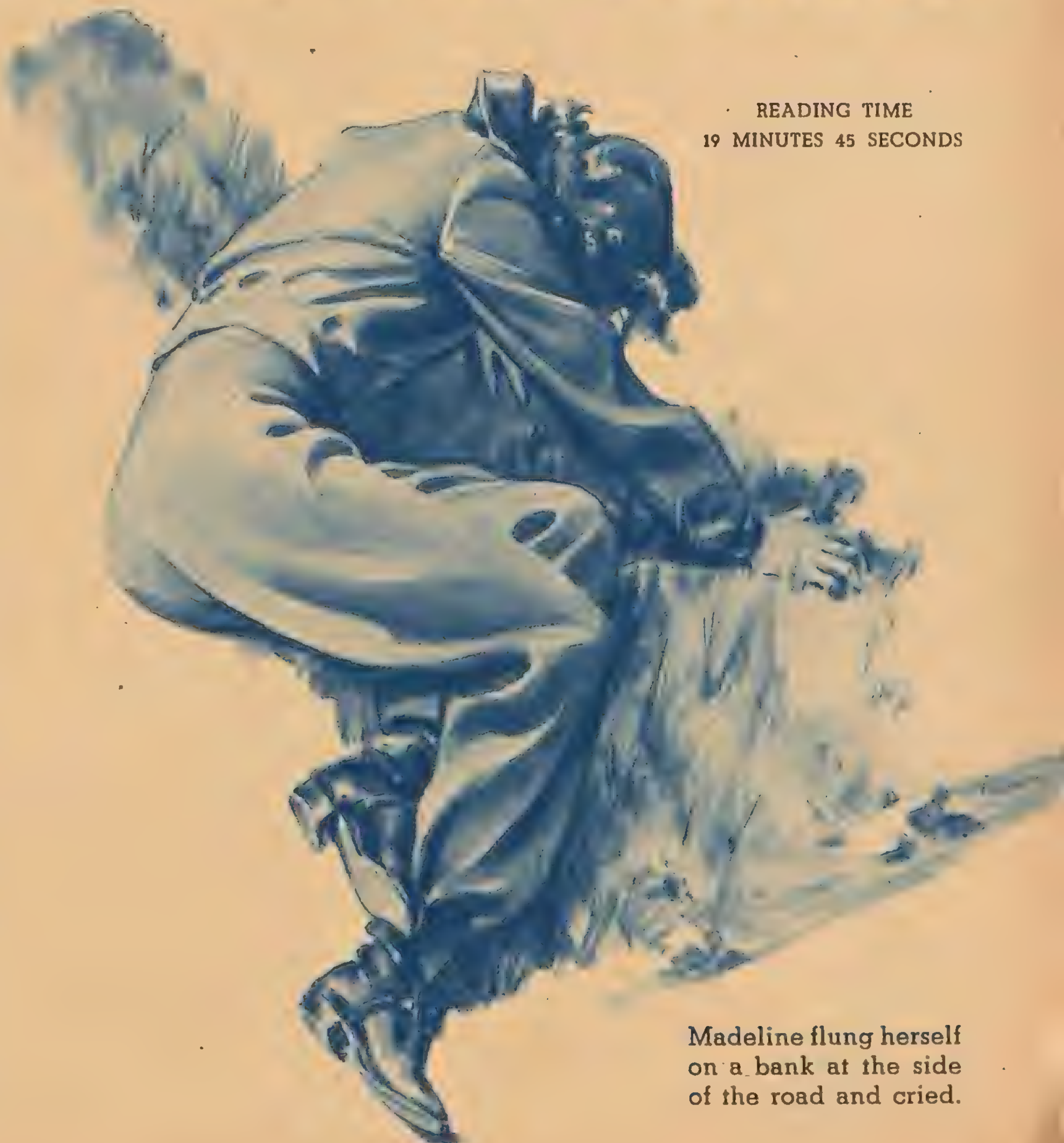
"Suits me, Mady. If you want a present of the race, I'll get it for you just as part of the conceit."

He finished his highball and stood up to go.

"But one condition . . . there's only one pilot going on board. That's Marty. Tell your cockeyed readers Marty's flying me home a passenger. Is it a deal?"

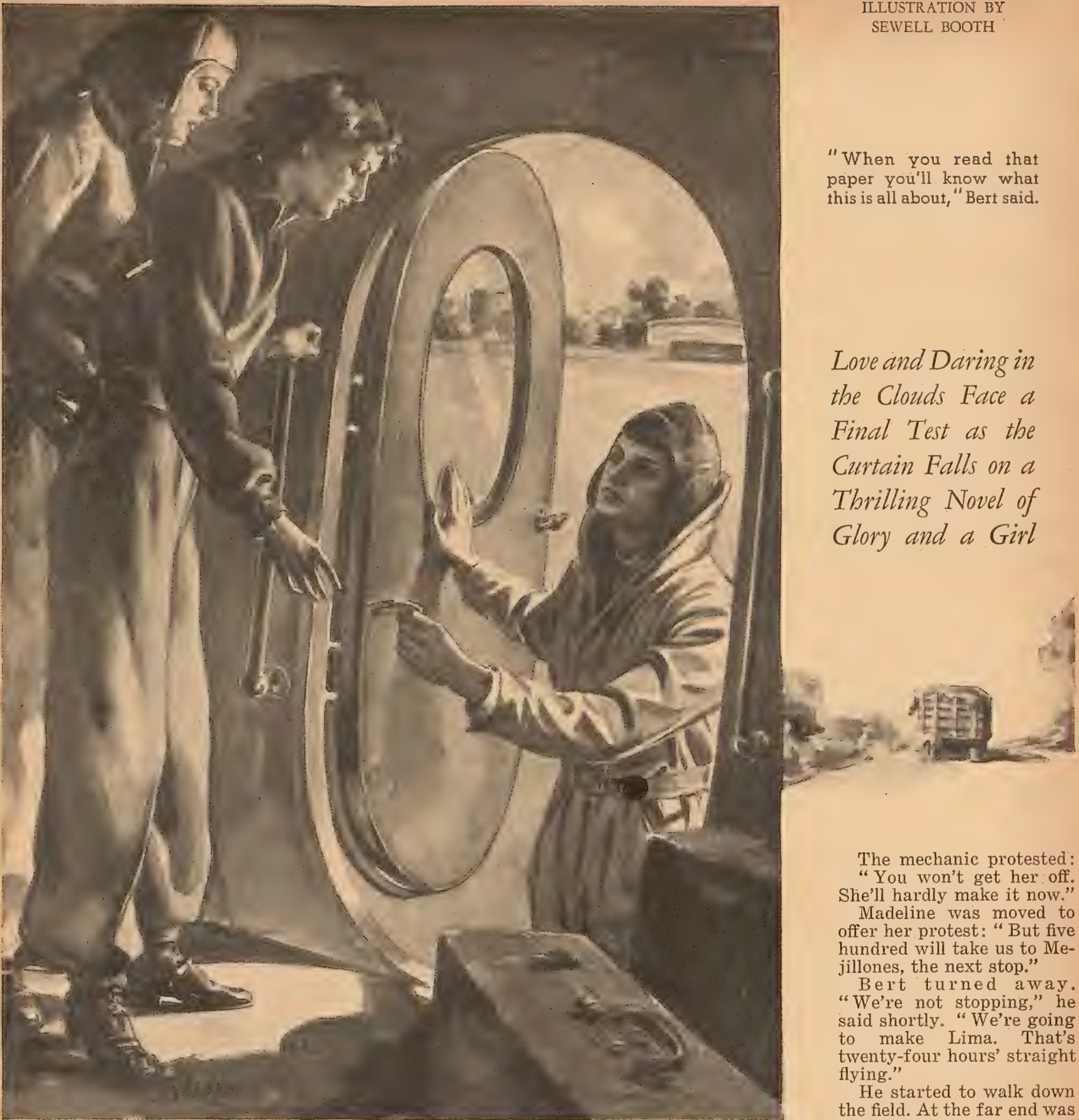
Madeline nodded and followed him out in silence.

At the field they found the other ships had taken off hours ahead. The murmuring crowds surrounded the Douglas, and a cheer went up as Bert appeared. He



Madeline flung herself on a bank at the side of the road and cried.

ILLUSTRATION BY
SEWELL BOOTH



"When you read that paper you'll know what this is all about," Bert said.

Love and Daring in the Clouds Face a Final Test as the Curtain Falls on a Thrilling Novel of Glory and a Girl

ignored it. The mechanics had filled the tanks and the ship was on the line and ready. Bert stood back as several somberly dressed men approached, bringing a coffin. It was Al. The coffin was placed on board. The crowd uncovered. Bert, his face set, paid no attention to them. He approached a mechanic.

"Those tanks at capacity?"

"Hardly," the mechanic said. "Mr. Marty told us to put in five hundred gallons—that he had a heavy load."

"Fill 'em till they overflow. They'll take fourteen hundred, I think."

"But . . ."

"Fill 'em and stop guessing."

Madeline, who was listening, said nothing.

The mechanic protested: "You won't get her off. She'll hardly make it now."

Madeline was moved to offer her protest: "But five hundred will take us to Mejillones, the next stop."

Bert turned away. "We're not stopping," he said shortly. "We're going to make Lima. That's twenty-four hours' straight flying."

He started to walk down the field. At the far end was a small shed. Bert stopped and measured the distance with his eye. Then he called an official and spoke to him. The official nodded. Several men were sent toward the shed, and Bert waited until they had torn it down. While he was waiting he examined every inch of the Douglas. Satisfied, he started the motors. Marty followed Madeline on board. His arm was comfortable enough now, but he would be of little help, and none at all in emergencies.

The big ship shivered as Bert gave her full gun. She started down slowly, too slowly gathering speed. Bert kept her on the ground, straight for where the shed had been, and for the fence that now loomed behind the empty space. The crowd watched tensely. Straight for the fence, and the dobe houses beyond the fence, the big ship rushed. Madeline fought back a desire to put her hands over her eyes. Bert, his face tense, and no longer the

Usually you feel winter more——if *your general resistance is low...*

Somehow, we can't seem to get used to winter. Instead of minding it less as the season wears on, we seem to feel it *more!*

One reason is by the time we've gone through several strenuous months, our general *resistance* is low. Too little exercise, fresh air, and sunshine combine to deplete our physical forces. As a result, it may be much more difficult to keep well.

Sensible people, however, are trying not to fall into that old routine this year. Instead of waiting until common winter discomforts bother them, they're preparing *in advance.* Why don't you do likewise?

Adex offers you an effective means. It supplies you with Vitamin A, the factor which has a greater effect upon resistance-building *than any other vitamin.*

And besides giving you plenty of Vitamin A, Adex furnishes "sunshine" Vitamin D. Both factors come from *natural* sources like good cod and halibut liver oil.

Start with Adex today and keep it up regularly. Have it right on the breakfast table every morning. *Daily* use is important.

Either Adex tablets or capsules may now be obtained at any reliable drug store. But be sure to insist on *Adex!* Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

=

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

devil-may-care stunt artist, pulled back the control gently. The ship seemed reluctant to leave the ground. Bert pulled the wheel into his belly. The ship left the ground. The wheels almost touched the houses. He flew straight on, low over the rooftops, not trying to get her up. It would have been fatal. Slowly, carefully, he eased her into higher altitude. He circled once at two hundred. She was free.

Madeline and Marty breathed freely again, and Bert himself relaxed. It had been touch and go, and only the pilot knew how close.

Below them the waves of the Pacific laved the giant feet of the Andes. The sun was bright overhead. The engines purred contentedly. Bert passed the controls to Madeline, shouting in her ear:

"I'm catching up on some sleep. Keep her three quarters open and follow the coast line. Wake me in four hours."

He turned toward the back of the ship to find a place to lie down. He stretched himself wearily on the only clear space—the top of the coffin containing the body of Al.

But almost as soon as he lay down he got up again.

"Madeline!" he called.

She turned her head quickly, and saw that his face was white, that perspiration was oozing from him. He looked as though he were in terrible physical pain.

"Well?" she said.

"Break out your liquor rations, will you? I'm dying for a drink."

She watched him put the bottle to his mouth. He drank a long time.

"Mind if I keep this?" he asked.

Madeline shook her head, her mouth grim, and turned back to the controls. She kept her eyes from Marty's.

It was dark when Bert awoke. He had slept solidly for, not four hours, but eight. Marty was at the controls, and Madeline dozing in her seat. He motioned Marty toward the rear. Weary-eyed, Marty obeyed. Bert took over. The moon had risen and was shining on the rolling sea. The shadows of hills spread into the waters. The Douglas purred on.

THEY reached Lima, and learned that the twin ship had already reached there, refueled, and gone on. She had been gone five hours. The second ship, the Flying Dutchman, had taken off three hours before. Bert superintended the fueling. The second day was already well advanced. It would be another night of flying. They took off again after a brief half-hour.

Thirteen hundred miles ahead of them was Tumaco. Bert had taken on less gas this time, barely enough for the hop. But the weather was ideal. Chimbote slid beneath their wings as Madeline and Marty slept. The lights of Paita gleamed along the shore. Now it was dawn. In two hours Guayaquil was reached. Bert kept straight along the shore, flying low. He dropped her down in Tumaco in the early afternoon.

It seemed as though Bert had passed the need for rest. He helped the mechanics overhaul the motors, test the feed lines, fill the tanks. Tumaco had an unlimited taking-off field, and a full load would not bother the Douglas. There was also a repairman to fix the radio, which had been damaged in the crash.

The other ships had gone on—the Flying Dutchman now only a scant hour ahead, the twin Douglas only two hours. But they all knew that an hour was a second in the hazards of the time that stretched ahead.

Buenaventura was the next point, but Bert had other plans. Outside of Tumaco he turned the head of the ship out over the Pacific, making a beeline over the ocean toward David, cutting off three hundred miles, if nothing happened to the motors. Over the radio they learned that Slim Lannert had been found, a wreck, but Slim was not hurt. Two rescue ships were searching for Phyllis Walker. She was never found, nor the wreckage of the Northfield.

Madeline sent out the messages from the Douglas. She did so with no mention of Bert as pilot. As far as the world was concerned, he was merely a passenger.

IN New York, at Roosevelt Field, eager crowds that never left the field waited anxiously every move. Avid eyes followed the red lights on the big map as they marked the progress of the ships. Johnny and Margie had not gone back to the field until they learned that Bert was again in the race. The news had been flashed from Santiago that the pilot of the wrecked Humming Bird was a passenger on the Chaney Douglas. Johnny, on the news of the crashing of his ship, had thought only of the pilot and of his radioman. It wasn't until later that he realized his own dreams had gone down in the smash. But now he had Margie to console him and he had Margie to console.

After the first awful tenseness of the first night that had thrown them so intimately together, their mingled grief and despair, their passion had subsided into a love that was revealing itself more each day as it seeped down into the lonely fibers of their beings, and spread like a fire that flares up crackling before it sometimes settles into a warm lasting glow. Even the death of Al had passed like a cold breath across the new warm day—passed and was gone, leaving not despair but hope behind. Margie knew that all of her brother's life of late had been concerned only with the manner of his leaving it. Well, he had soared out in glory, and the gigantic presence of the hero of the Humming Bird had blotted out forever the small coward of the Catalina.

Professor Urquart had noticed them at last, and came now to talk to them, sensing their changed relationship. He was supremely confident, not of his wife's winning the race but of her safe return, which was all he wanted.

The ever changing, ever increasing crowds strained forward eagerly each time the officials came to alter the marking of the racing ships. As they saw the Chaney Douglas swallow up the distance between herself and the leaders, the excitement increased. At last they saw the Chaney diverge on the map from its course and head out over the Pacific. They waited the long hours of suspense until her red light was placed at David just as the other two ships arrived there. The short cut had caught them. Then the red lights sped on. Sometimes neck and neck, sometimes one leading, then the other, all representing planes of equal power, all guided by veteran pilots.

The three lights were together across the border. They stopped, one behind the other, at Los Angeles. There the three waited while the body of Al was placed on a train. The three took off together again. But now the Flying Dutchman elected to take the southern lane to Chicago. Some hours later the announcing bulletin reported her running into heavy weather over the Rockies, and the red light finally showed her down. The lights of the other two on the bulletin board moved on, side by side.

At Omaha the Chaney Douglas pulled ahead when her rival was delayed. She was approaching Chicago before the other got started again. With any kind of luck the race was hers. As zero hour approached, the crowds increased at the field. But when the allotted flying time passed and the Chaney Douglas showed no light for Chicago, a wave of excitement swept the field. She was either off her course or down somewhere west of Chicago. The red light of the second Douglas moved rapidly east.

AS a gaunt-faced Bert soared over the outskirts of Chicago, Marty tried to induce him to turn over the controls and take a rest. Bert, who had been doing most of the flying since Santiago, shook his head. Then he saw what he was looking for—an emergency landing field which he knew was generally deserted. Bert dropped his nose down to land. The others looked at him in wonder. They said nothing. Bert set the Douglas down and then taxied back into the wind and turned her so that she was ready for a quick take-off. Then he got up and opened the door. He handed a slip of paper to Madeline.

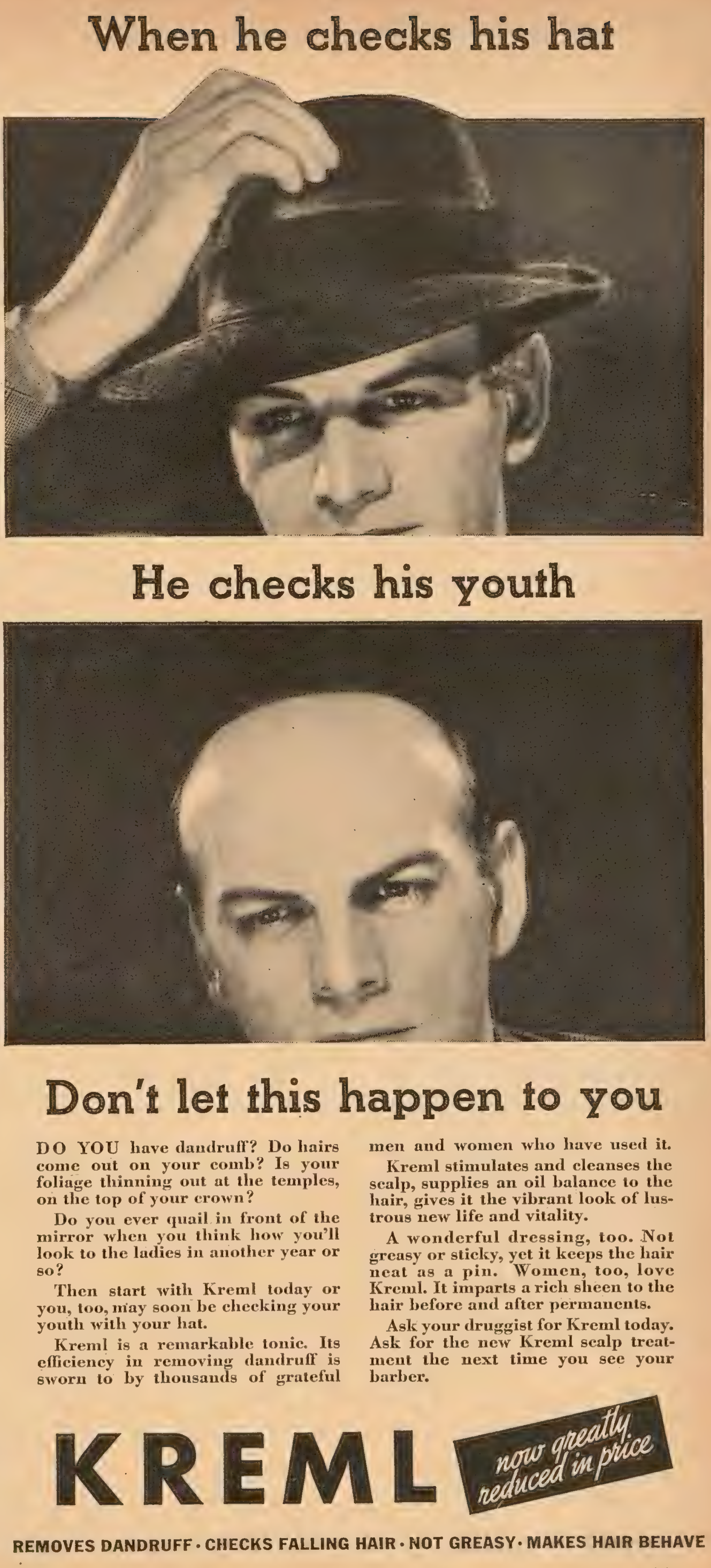
"This," he said, "is as far as I go. Best of luck. Marty can make it easily to the finish."

Then he looked at the girl, whose eyes were anxious questions.

"When you read that paper you'll know what this is all about. So long!"

He was out of the ship and had started away before the others, too astonished at his act, could protest. By the time they had gathered their senses he was shambling across the deserted field.

Madeline glanced dazedly at the note. She frowned when she read its contents—it was in Al Vervesy's handwriting:



When he checks his hat

He checks his youth

Don't let this happen to you

DO YOU have dandruff? Do hairs come out on your comb? Is your foliage thinning out at the temples, on the top of your crown?

Do you ever quail in front of the mirror when you think how you'll look to the ladies in another year or so?

Then start with Kreml today or you, too, may soon be checking your youth with your hat.

Kreml is a remarkable tonic. Its efficiency in removing dandruff is sworn to by thousands of grateful men and women who have used it.

Kreml stimulates and cleanses the scalp, supplies an oil balance to the hair, gives it the vibrant look of lustrous new life and vitality.

A wonderful dressing, too. Not greasy or sticky, yet it keeps the hair neat as a pin. Women, too, love Kreml. It imparts a rich sheen to the hair before and after permanents.

Ask your druggist for Kreml today. Ask for the new Kreml scalp treatment the next time you see your barber.

KREML now greatly reduced in price

REMOVES DANDRUFF · CHECKS FALLING HAIR · NOT GREASY · MAKES HAIR BEHAVE

THINK A MOMENT!
Has more than one day gone by?

Keep tabs on yourself. Establish regular habits of elimination. Most doctors agree this is for your own well-being.

If more than one day goes by, take an Olive Tablet just as an aid to Nature.

You'll find Olive Tablets excellent for this purpose. Mild, gentle, the formula of an eminent Ohio physician, they are used in thousands of homes as a standard proprietary.

Keep them on your bathroom shelf and caution the whole family to use them the night before the second day. Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE
OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

"You must land and help them. I won't open the valves. You're out of gas."

Then Madeline remembered that the Humming Bird's emergency gasoline tanks were controlled by the valves in the rear cockpit. Bert could not reach those valves if Al wanted to prevent him, and Al had prevented him.

"What's the matter with that guy? Is he crazy?" Marty, who had found his voice, wanted to know.

Madeline stood by the open door of the ship and watched the lone figure of Bert as it beat across the field. The figure drooped and wavered.

"Come on, Mady, let's get going," Marty called.

But Madeline did not hear him. She was out of the ship and running after Bert, who had disappeared behind a hedge where the road bordered the field. Madeline's legs were wobbly after the days of flying, and she was weary and tired. She fell, and did not feel where the hard ground took the skin from her palms. She reached the gap in the hedge. Bert was not in sight. She saw only the rear of a truck that was gathering speed and disappearing down the road, as though it were starting up after stopping for a passenger. Madeline flung herself on a bank at the side of the road and cried until Marty came and found her. Then she went with him back to the Douglas.

When they landed—first in the race—she took no joy in it. She let her father hurry her away, and let Marty remain to hear the roar of the crowd.

IT was her father, a few days later, who sent her to Bert. She had told him all about the note.

"It's your turn now," J. P. said. "He's made his move."

Madeline was despondent.

"I'm afraid of what I'll find."

"I'm not. Any man who had courage enough to give a girl such a note is more of a man than Bert ever was."

"But why did he give me it? Why? Why? Why?"

"Because he thought more of you than he did of himself or the world's opinion of him. You could have printed the note—and made a blackguard of him—though I don't think Bert ever had an idea you'd do such a thing. No; he was trying to show you how shallow and petty he was in the light of Al Vervesy's heroism."

"Don't you think his giving me the note meant he didn't love me any more—he didn't care what I thought of him? Don't you think it was a kind of revenge?"

J. P. shook his head, shaking off her interruption.

"The world's conception of a hero smashed the idol erected by you and twenty million other women, the idol made in his likeness—he smashed it at your feet so you'd see him not as an idol but as he is. You know where he is? In the Mercy Hospital in Chicago."

"Hospital?"

"With three fractured ribs."

Madeline thrust a hard brown little fist into her mouth and bit on it so she might not cry out.

"All the way from the Andes he flew with three broken ribs," J. P. said softly. "And never let any one know!"

In spite of herself, Madeline screamed.

J. P. looked vastly pleased.

"He's all right," he said. "What are ribs to Bert Remey? But, if you'd like to look in on him, and bring him some fruit and flowers, or anything like that—I've had the plane ready and waiting for you for the last hour."

He escorted his daughter down to the taxicab that would take her to the flying field.

"So long," he said. "And remember—you don't have to elope. I'd sort of—you know—like to be there."

MADELINE was outwardly calm when she entered Bert's room. And for the first time in her life she felt shy.

"I just heard," she said. "I'm so sorry. Is there anything I can do? Does it hurt?"

His hollow eyes, his sunken cheeks, his pallor all but unnerved her. Her hand was half lifted toward her mouth.

"I'm all right," Bert said, grinning. "It wasn't much. Just a few scratched ribs. I'm getting old, Mady. I can't take it."

At something he saw in her eyes he shook his head.

"No," he said quietly. "It's all wrong. Now that you know what I am—don't you realize yet that I never would have helped you out of that muddle if it hadn't been for Al—if he hadn't forced me down? I was going to let you stay there. You might be there yet, for all of me."

Madeline didn't seem concerned.

"It would have served me right," she said. "We were in a race. But all that doesn't matter. The old Bert's back. You gave him back to me when you gave me Al's note."

She slumped down on her knees by the bed and gripped Bert's hands, gripped them hard and stared into his eyes—her own eyes soft and adamant at once.

"I know what that cost you," she said. "I know what you paid."

Bert was uncomfortable. He tried to change the subject.

"He was a great guy—Al," he said. He looked up at the ceiling, at the walls, anywhere but at Madeline. "And I'm going to let the story out as soon as I can."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. Al built a monument to you, Bert—and you'll not tear it down. You gave him courage—to do what he did. His—his hero worship of you, if you want to put it that way—he wanted to be like you—or what he thought was you."

"I know. That's the hell of it."

"Then—keep it to yourself. Al died happy, I'm sure. You did that. You gave him his chance. You've made a lot of people happy. Johnny Rickard, for instance. Because of the report you turned in on the Humming Bird he's sold his designs to the army. And because his ship came to my rescue I've given him my share of the prize for a partnership in his business. And he and Al's sister are married. And —oh, yes—Johnny wants you as another partner. Dad's interested too."

"Happy," Bert said, as though the word meant nothing to him. "What about Marty? He happy too?"

"Of course he is. Didn't he get fifty thousand dollars?"

"And a punch in the jaw."

Suddenly Madeline laughed, joyously and with wet eyes.

"You were jealous," she said. "Weren't you?"

"Yes," Bert said timidly.

"You need never be jealous again of any one," Madeline said.

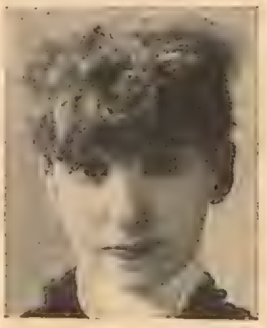
Suddenly she was kissing him, and he was kissing her, his arms locked about her, pressing her against his bandaged ribs, feeling the pain but slightly.

"There," Madeline said at length, raising her face from his and drawing a full breath. "Now that you've compromised me, you've got to marry me. But not until dad gets here. I—let's give ourselves a chance to get acquainted with our new selves."

And she began kissing him again.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Born in '65, she first strode the boards at the age of three and cultivated a habit of biting off her words sharply. She scored successes in Becky Sharp, Madame Sand, and plays by Ibsen. The photo to the right is of what famed American actress?

2—What is the name of the Foreign Legion of Spain's loyalist army?

3—Standard baseball bats are made of which wood?

4—Were there Mississippi levees as early as 1724?

5—What artist, famed for paintings of prize fighters, died in 1925?

6—Is Elbert D. Thomas or Elmer Thomas a United States senator?

7—Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia form what?

8—When is it summer in the Philippines?

9—The letters Q. T. E. V. preceding a ship's name means what?

10—Who in the Bible was the first husband to come home and brag about his day's work?

11—What is a dime novel called in England?

12—Who was the first President to drive an automobile.

13—The Schick test is employed to determine children's susceptibility to which disease?

14—What columnist is married to Sinclair Lewis?

15—In which city did the Better Business Bureau movement start?

16—What renowned pianist signed the Treaty of Versailles?

17—Victims of claustrophobia fear what?

18—Is Fred Waring, Shep Fields, Wayne King, or Kay Thompson becoming renowned for rippling rhythm?

19—Will a delegation from Washington, D. C., attend the coronation next month?

20—Who won the people's vote in '76 but lost the Presidency?

(Answers will be found on page 63)

Thrifty—
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To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

LUCIUS M. BOOMER

FROM the squeezer in the kitchen to the waiter with the tray, it takes six employees to serve you a glass of orange juice at a big hotel. . . . It takes an army of specialists to make your hotel bed, manage your hotel meals, satisfy all your hotel needs.

Such a hotel man as Lucius M. Boomer, president of the Waldorf-Astoria Corporation, must be a polished diplomat, a lightning calculator, a genius at solving riddles with a smile. The other day a Swedish guest at his hotel called for an Arabian typewriter and for some one who could translate Swedish into Arabic in a hurry. Mr. Boomer delivered the goods. *That's* the hotel business!

Years ago he had to persuade Mrs. Patrick Campbell, commanding dowager of the English stage, not to smoke in public at the hotel where he then worked—had to do it so smoothly that she wouldn't get mad and leave. He still regards his success in that transaction as a bright and lofty feather in his cap.

Lucius Boomer started his career in Florida, toiled at every hotel job you can think of, opened the McAlpin, managed the Plaza, latterly organized the new Waldorf. His ancestors on both sides came to this country with the Pilgrims on the historic Mayflower; his wife came over much more recently from Norway, where she and Mr. Boomer have a summer home and eat cheese for breakfast. Mr. Boomer *likes* cheese for breakfast.

● According to circumstances, absence may make the heart grow fonder, or it may not. But I can tell you what happened recently when love's fond farewell drew a rain check.

It happened to a girl named Hazel, to a boy named Richard, and to another boy named Charles. Dick and Charlie were both in love with Hazel. She didn't know which of the two she preferred to wed. Dick was a young engineer. All of a sudden his boss assigned him to a job at a hot and uncivilized spot in the tropics—a place where no white bride should go. Hazel decided *then* that Dick was the boy for her. She put on a swell performance, bid him a throbbing good-by, vowed she would wait for him with a heart brimful of pit-a-pat. At the eleventh hour Dick's boss canceled the assignment, sent him to Pittsburgh instead of the tropics.

Poor Hazel felt so let down that she turned right around and married Charles.

● Signs and symbols innovate the stylish jewelry of the day. Newest of all is a chain bracelet with the numerals of your social-security number dangling from it, each digit a separate charm. Smart suède belts are decorated with the twelve signs of the zodiac, or you can wear your own zodiac birth symbol as a clip ornament on your shoulder. Cocktail glasses are engraved with the mystic figures of the zodiac dozen—cocktail napkins to match.

● Letter from a college girl born and brought up in Reno, where her parents conduct a small hotel for the accommodation of itinerant wives seeking divorce. Part of her letter says: "Staying with us now we have two ladies who met here for the first time and have become great friends; previous to their divorce trip they lived five years in the same apartment house in a big Eastern city, but never got acquainted while they were neighbors there, keeping house under the same roof."

The Reno girl tells me she hears so many strange human stories that she thinks she ought to be a writer. Why not? Reno must be an extraordinary town for a young girl to grow up in. As far as the lessons of life are concerned, it should hardly be necessary for a Reno girl to go to college.

● Good advice from a police official to those of us who live in city apartments. We ourselves can do much, he says, to avoid being the victims of violent crime. Before you move into a new house, always learn something about the character of the employees. Keep a chain on the door, and don't be too quick to let strangers in—particularly the man who sings out that he has a box for you from the florist.

"You women go nuts," warns my police friend, "when you think some one has sent you flowers. Crooks know it, and use it in their business. Look out for them."

● For old times' sake you may want to read Elinor Glyn's autobiography, Romantic Adventure. *She tells the truth about that tiger skin!* (Published by E. P. Dutton Co., Inc.)

● Queen Elizabeth loved the taste of fennel. Russians adore it with mushrooms. Your Italian vegetable man calls it *finocchio*, so you may have to ask for it by that name. With creamed mushrooms and rice croquettes it makes an excellent supper or luncheon dish.

Peel and quarter 1 pound fresh mushrooms. Place in pan with 2 tablespoons butter, 3 or 4 sprigs parsley, 1 small onion, chopped, 2 tablespoons chopped fennel, salt, pepper, a good dash nutmeg. Cover and cook slowly until mushrooms are tender. Remove parsley, stir in ½ cup thick cream sauce with yolk of 1 egg added to it, then 1 tablespoon sour cream and a little uncooked fennel chopped fine. Heat well for five minutes and serve with hot rice croquettes.

UNDERWORLD NIGHTS

The Story of a Sucker Who Turned Into a Shark — A New, True Tale of Crime's Black Magic

as related to

EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THIS chap—John Smith we'll call him," Mildred Harris said—" was a millionaire when he was sucked into the underworld. And just a kid, at that."

As she went on, I gathered that John Smith was a farmer boy, to begin with. His mother died when he was fifteen or sixteen, his father when he was a little over twenty. John had worked hard all his life. He had had little schooling. The biggest city he'd ever seen was a town five miles from the farm.

Just after he was twenty-one, Mildred said, an oil company made a survey of his property and struck a gusher. They paid him with stock in a new company they formed. Johnny thought the world was his.

The gusher was pouring more than a thousand dollars a day into the company. The stock went up like a rocket. Johnny sold a big chunk of what he had and took the first train to New York.

He had heard of Broadway.

He registered at the best hotel in town, then went out to buy some city clothes. He bought everything the salesman suggested. He went from one store to another, riding in taxicabs. He tipped the taxi drivers with ten-dollar bills. He tried to tip the salesmen with fifties. He tipped doormen, hotel bellboys, clerks, newsboys, shoeshine artists, chambermaids, barbers, manicurists. Nothing less than a ten-dollar bill.

When he was sufficiently barbered and had put on some of his new clothes, he went out to see Broadway. He began by buying drinks for everybody. He threw hundred-dollar bills around as though they'd been peanut shells.

Wherever he went, he was a little sultan, with half a dozen hostesses clustering about him and paying homage —and half a hundred others fighting to get near him.

Wise guys of all kinds hang around the night spots. They always hope to see a sucker like John Smith—but never expect to. Two of them offered to show him the town as only they could show it.

Johnny appreciated their good-fellowship.

" Set 'em up! " he cried. " Wine for my friends! The first real friends I've met in little old New York."

He gave the waiter a hundred-dollar bill, and threw another one on the drum of the jazz orchestra.

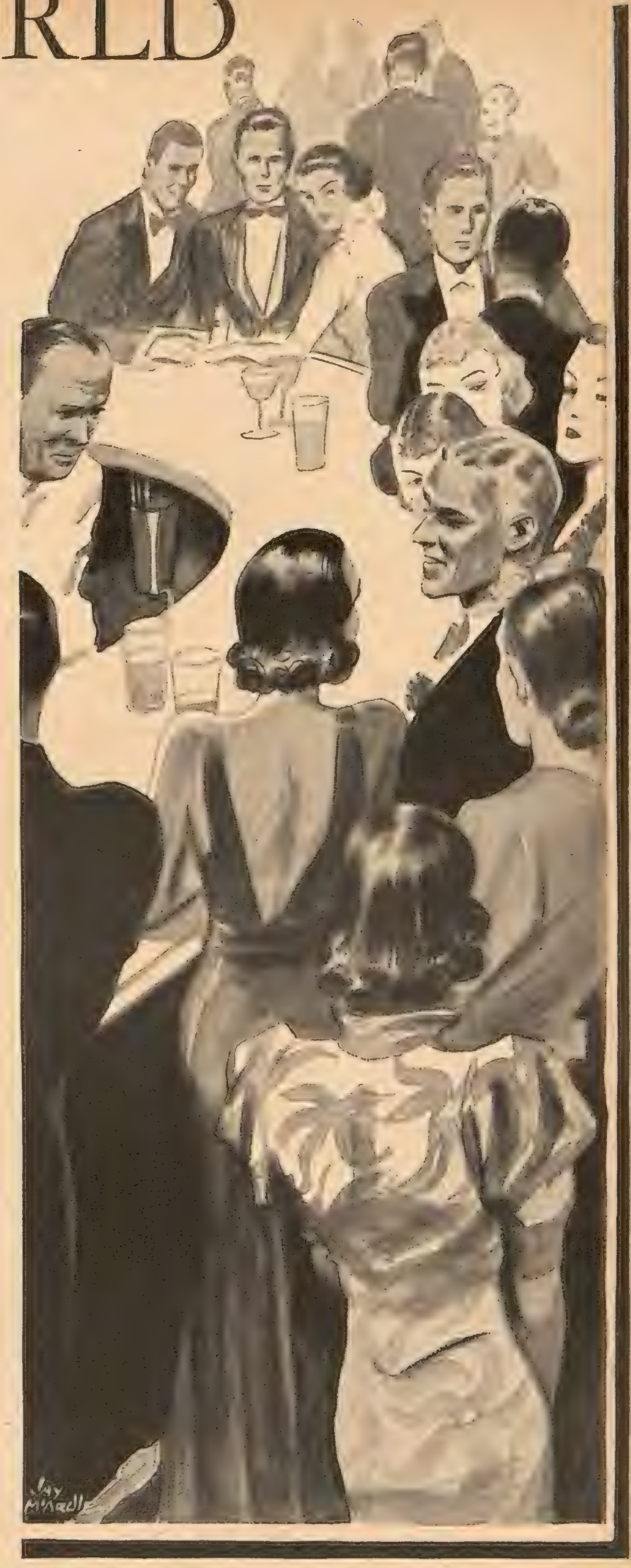
" What do you want 'em to play? " he asked.

" John," one of the wise guys said, " call me a fool if you want to, but I wouldn't throw money around like that if I were you. You'll go broke—or somebody'll rob you. There are lots of crooks in this town."

John laughed. " Broke! " he said. " How can I go broke? There's an oil well back home that's making money for me faster than I can spend it."

The wise guys looked at each other. It was too good to be true. They took him back to his hotel after a time and poured him into bed. Then they sat down to talk it over. He was too big and juicy a proposition for them to handle alone. They'd have to let the boss handle him, and take a cut of the gate receipts.

" Take him out to the races tomorrow and introduce him to me," the boss said. " Leave it to me to clip him.



Wherever he went, he was a little sultan, with half a dozen hostesses clustering about him and paying homage.

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Both you guys will get a square cut."

The boss started the shearing in a slow easy manner. He showed John how to win at the races. But John never quite got the knack. He was always unlucky.

He spent his afternoons with the ponies now, and his nights with the ponies on Broadway. He fell in love with one of these, a blonde named Nora. She went to live with him. She corrected his crudities. And she tried to steer him away from the men who were trimming him.

"Listen," she said. "You're a sucker to everybody but me; and you'd be a sucker to me too if I didn't care for you. That's just the point. I do care for you, and it hurts me to see everybody take you so easily."

"You're wrong, Nora," he answered her. "These men are my friends. And what can I lose? Money spouts out of the ground for me every minute."

Mildred Harris and Cokey Flo, women of the underworld, kept faith with Special Prosecutor Dewey and clinched his case against New York's vice czar, Luciano. Further revelations from these two will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

"But it may not always," Nora insisted. "Some day you'll be broke."

It wasn't long. His friends made him a sure-fire proposition. They asked him to finance it, promising him 1,000 per cent return on his money. He sold all the oil stock he had left. He put up the money—and his friends went South with it.

All he had now was the flat he had leased and the jewels he had given Nora.

"Don't cry," Nora said. "I'm not leaving you. I told you I loved you. I'll never leave you. It doesn't make any difference to me whether you are rich or poor, so long as you've quit being a sucker."

"I've quit," he said.

"Fine," she said. "Now we'll get some of your money back. Everybody knows you. You're still the big oil man. You're still the multimillionaire. All you have to do is peddle oil stocks. Then we'll see who the suckers are."

SHE had to get the O. K. of a couple of New York racketeers before John could operate. Otherwise he would be shaken down or put out of business. The racketeers, of course, came in for a slice of the take.

Once she got it, Nora went to a pawnshop and turned her jewelry into ready cash. Then John went to work. He knew enough about oil to talk glibly. He had met hundreds of moneyed men at the races and the Broadway night spots. He made up a sucker list. Nora helped him.

It was easy, much easier than you'd imagine. There's no sucker so gullible as a wise guy. John began to enjoy his work. He added touches to it worthy of the slickest confidence men. And he got away with it.

Now, just when everything was going nicely, oil was found on another part of John's old farm. John was a multimillionaire again. What do you think he did? He fixed up a roll of thousand-dollar bills as big as a head of lettuce, left it on Nora's dresser, and pinned a note to it bidding her good-by.

He had outgrown her. He didn't need teachers now. He had money, clothes, manners, his own mob, and a supreme confidence in himself. He was tired of her. She was getting old. And she was just a racket girl, after all.

He met a girl named Nancy. He wanted to marry her. She wanted to marry him. He followed her to Florida. And Nora followed him. Nora was brokenhearted. She wore out shoes trying to see John. He wouldn't see her. But when she found him with Nancy in a Palm Beach resort, he couldn't very well help himself. She threatened to make a scene.

He took her aside and sat down at a table with her.

"You've got to come back to me," Nora said. "You've got to give up this girl. You've got to! I'm going crazy, away from you. I can't stand it. You come back or I'll make you sorry. I know the inside of every shady deal you've handled."

"You helped me," John said. "You'd go to jail too."

"I don't care. You wouldn't be with her, anyway."

HE offered her money. She laughed hysterically. He threatened her. He coaxed. He pleaded with her.

"All I want is you," she kept saying.

"Well," he said, "I can't talk about that here and now. Suppose I come to your place tomorrow night."

"All right. But if you don't come—look out!"

John arranged a poker game the next night with three of his mob of phony-stock salesmen. In the middle of the game he got up and went out. He went to see Nora.

Again she became hysterical as she pleaded with him. She screamed; she cursed. He tried to calm her. He couldn't. In his fright and anger he grabbed her by the throat to shut her up. He kept holding her tightly, squeezing her throat, digging his fingers in—perhaps not fully aware of what he was doing. When he let go she fell to the floor. He bent over her, saw she was dead. He went out quietly and resumed his seat at the poker table.

"Remember," he said. "I've never left this room."

His alibi was perfect. The cops even apologized for questioning him. You might say Nora had taught him how to get away with murder.

"So he married Nancy and they lived happily ever after?" I asked.

Mildred shook her head.

"Nancy got sick of a fever a few days after Nora was buried—and all the money John had couldn't save her."

"And he's been a little cracked ever since," said Cokey Flo.

THE END

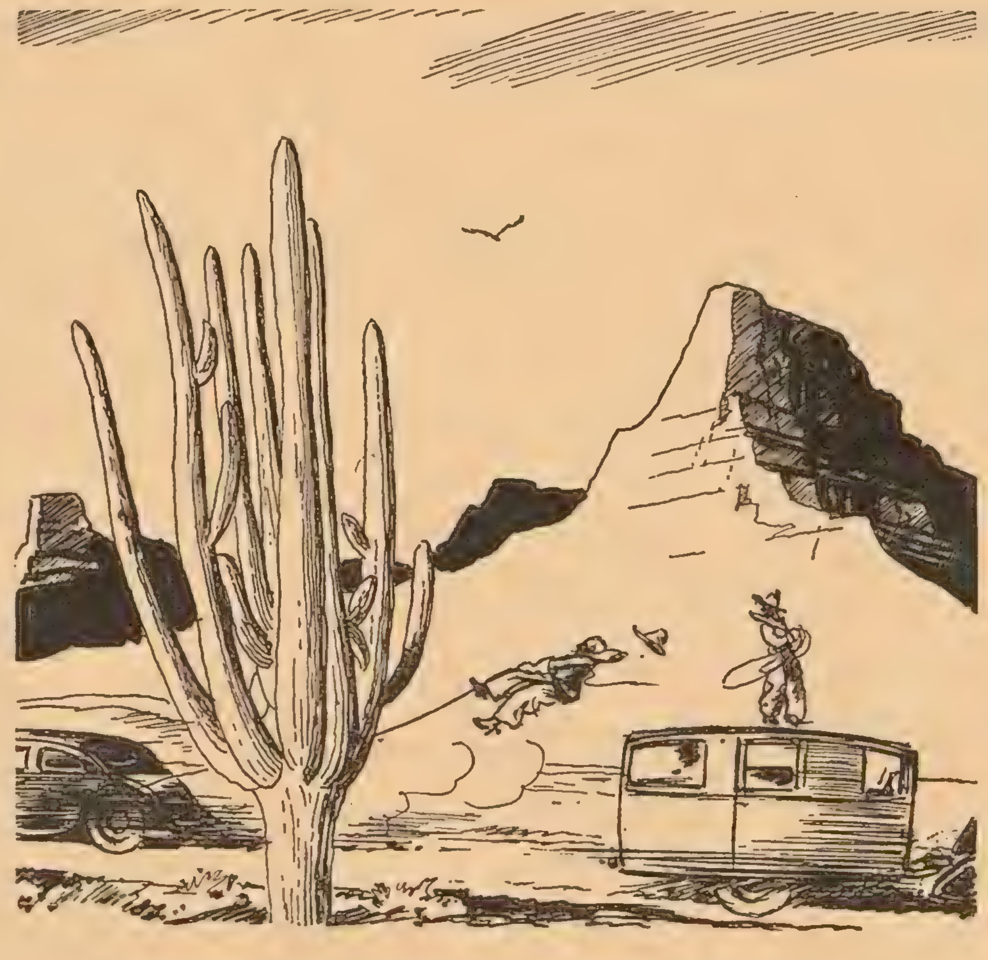
Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

Haywire on Horseflesh—One Mule Too Many—More Days of Dire Dilemmas

by NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

MONDAY: Up betimes, bidding adios to Cousin Oscar and his hacienda and, heading our covered trailer southward, we did leave San Diego, passing into Mexico via Tijuana, where I did note with pleasure that racing was the order of the day. So, parking our equipage, we did enter, my dear wife taking fancy to a horse named Abou Ben Adhem, because, as she did remark, "his name led all the rest." But after I had wagered a bet on him and the race was over we did find to our discomfiture that the positions were indeed reversed. So I did inform my better half that being an expert on horseflesh I would henceforth do the selecting, and I did place a sizable wager on a steed yclept Double Scotch, and when he too came in last my wife did suggest that what he needed was a chaser.



I did have great success in lassoing a passing car, forgetting, however, to let go of my end of the rope.

TUESDAY: Up late, following the course of the Gila River. We did arrive in Phoenix, Arizona, about dusk, camping for the night beside the Roosevelt Dam, a location which my dear wife declared she found very N.R.Ating, to which I did reply that her humor was indeed P.W.A.—Poor Wit, Alas!

So to bed. But we were awakened during the night by a knock at the door, and when I did open it did discover a woman standing there in her nightdress, and just then her husband did come running from a neighboring trailer, informing us that his wife walked in her sleep.

So back to bed again, remarking to my wife that scientists believed that people revealed their true natures when sleepwalking, to which she did retort, "Especially in diaphanous nightgowns!"

WEDNESDAY: Up early, heading southeast, and in the afternoon we did come upon a cowboy without a horse standing by the side of the road. And when we did give him a lift and did inquire as to the whereabouts of his mount, he did reply that some one had swiped his car and that he was due in El Paso for the annual rodeo.

So on into Silver City, where Zeke, our cowboy friend, and I did indulge in some Mexican whisky at a local tavern, and I did remark to him after several libations that it was little wonder that their native beans jumped.

THURSDAY: Up, with my dear wife offering to drive; so my cowboy friend and I did remain in the rear, endeavoring to drown the effects of yesterday's Mexican whisky, and Zeke did attempt to teach me some rope tricks. But, finding the trailer much too small, we did climb atop the roof, pretending that we were a-horseback; and I did have great success in lassoing a passing car, forgetting, however, to let go of my end of the rope, with the result that I was pulled off and forced to run a full quarter mile ere I could attract my captive's attention.

So on into El Paso.

FRIDAY: Up betimes and down to watch Zeke and the boys make ready for the morrow's rodeo. And they did invite me to ride in the parade. But instead of a horse they did mount me upon a mule, who, when he was not suddenly sitting down in the middle of the street, did insist upon trotting along the sidewalk and butting pedestrians in their posteriors. So back to the trailer, my wife remarking that she didn't mind my making a silly ass of myself but that riding one in addition was indeed going to extremes.

SATURDAY: Up in gay spirits and off to the rodeo, having the presence of mind to fetch along two bottles of liquor. And toward the end of the festivities my friend Zeke did wager me a new hat that I could not ride a wild steer, whereupon I did inform him with no little gusto that we Dunkles never refused a dare. But when I did mount one of the fiery steeds and was for the moment highly successful, the beast did hurl me over the fence, where I did inadvertently land atop a skunk, causing the boys to nickname me the Lone Cowboy.

So home, my dear wife refusing me admittance to the trailer and I was forced to make my bed outside on the lone prairie and to sing myself to sleep with The Last Roundup, my wife calling out through the window, "Get along, little Dunkle!"

SUNDAY: Awake with the dawn and a cold chill, my aging joints so stiff I could scarcely move. And crawling on my hands and knees to the trailer door, I did inform my wife that we were surrounded by Indians and to let me in ere an arrow cut me down in my prime, to which she did reply that she would if I would agree to cut down my liquor. So to bed, admitting to my dear wife that as a cowboy I hadn't been much of a success.

Though dangers threaten, the Dunkles keep their chins up. You'll see them face new perils in an early issue.

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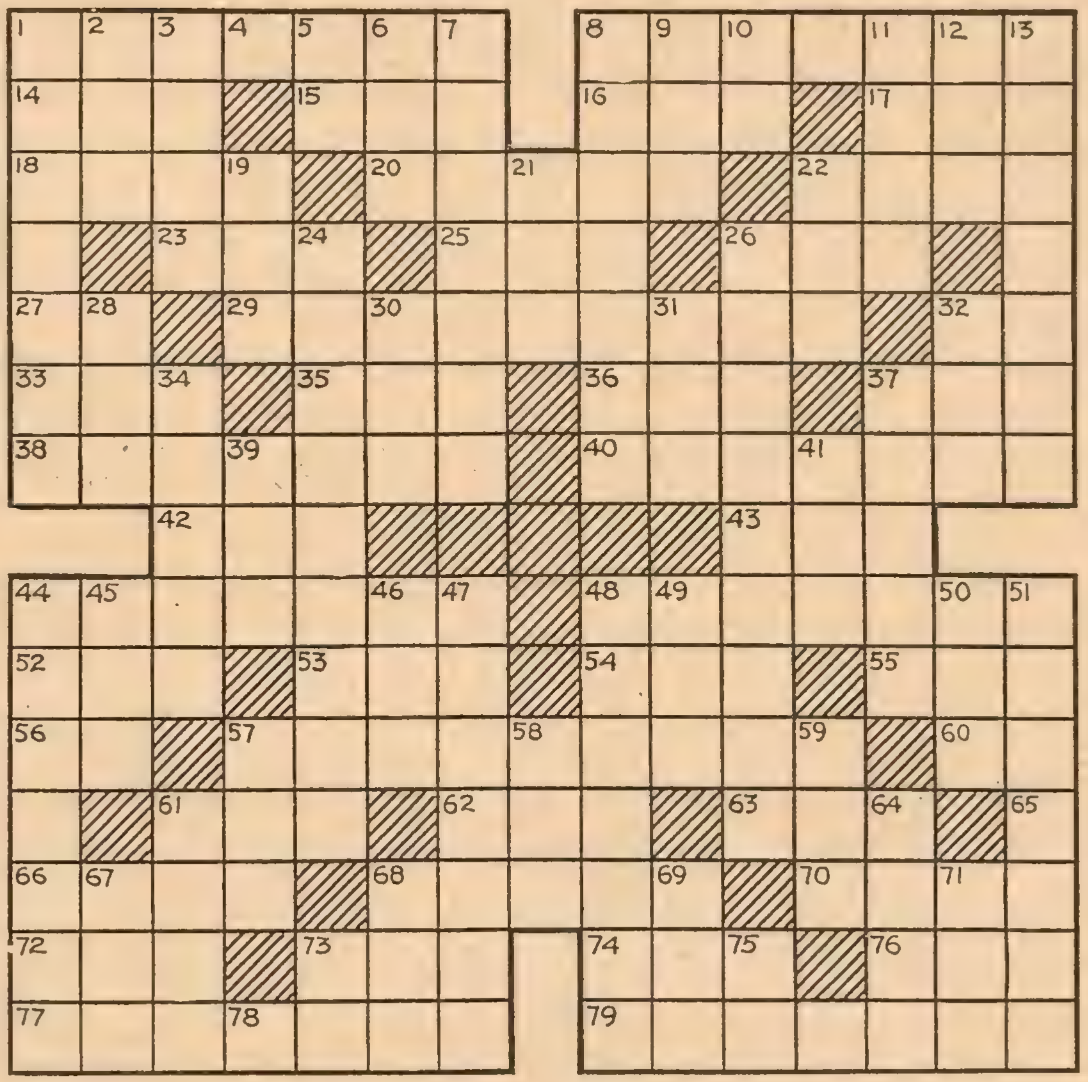
Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 French coughee
8 Old-fashioned gin distillery
14 Be married and have a lot of kids
15 The pop with the bellyache
16 Alcoholarious
17 To faux pas
18 A turnip with high blood pressure
20 If you get this, you've got the bird
22 Matrimonial seapart
23 The henpecked male of Turkey
25 He always sounds mad
26 Yea bos!
27 Sample to follow (abbr.)
29 Powder
32 Washington's whereabouts (abbr.)
33 To refuse more ham
35 Missed before marriage
36 An epoch of X-words (they go in one and out the other)
37 Jersey's call to love
38 Sentimentalists—they can't take it
40 Skunks in the game of war
42 What knit-wits do
43 Place where palookas raise cauliflowers
44 These should be roasted
48 Overstarches
52 Egg plant
53 A wild little thing in a young man's life
54 He'll Mecca good Mohammedan
55 Phrench pfennig
56 Only this stands before Duces
57 Insert the schnozz of mediation between
60 Definitely nuts (abbr.) . .
61 Jersey's original name (abbr.)
62 It's always stewed around Honolulu
63 The first clutch
65 The devil of a letter

A	C	H	E	D		B	O	L	A	R		C	E	D	A	R
S	H	A	L	E		A	G	A	T	E		A	R	E	N	A
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S	E	L	L	S		L	I	N	E	S		T	E	N	T	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

66 This's pretty personal and familiar
68 What the Romans stuck everybody with
70 Colorful Spaniard
72 He was heavenly before Rob Taylor
73 This falls on the first
74 Comfortable seat for a pretty girl
76 A big Boer
77 Revealed the bare facts among strip teasers
79 This holds the dog close to the hunter's side

VERTICAL

1 What dry-as-dusts have on their minds
2 It's simply amazing
3 What dachshunds have no trouble in making their ends do
4 This tops nothing
5 Half a hundred and five
6 After his wife's death he never touched salt
7 Has-been sparring partners and alimoniacs
8 How things look, stewed
9 This is akin to love and surrounded by water
10 Two cozy places for tea
11 Where many drivers hook highballs
12 Dustbin
13 They give you a lift—and an awful letdown
19 The collapse of this is imminent in the auto world
21 A little before
22 Kentucky's most famous interior decorator
24 What Europe's invested war debts in
26 Best smeller
28 A bathtub of molasses
30 Civil Warrior
31 This is really maddening
32 The last thing in Gone with the Wind
34 When dictators break their word
37 Money makes them go
39 Willie gets this on his rear
41 Stoke one's furnace
44 This gets wet when schooners cross the bar
45 Animated spaghetti
46 This makes it 'ot for Hengland
47 Saw spots at night
48 Slaps in the face (fem.)
49 Whistle wet
50 Go signal
51 Why go to Miami? This'll bring it to you (two words)
57 A note of promise
58 Piscatorial beebees
59 The unit of this per bum is nil
61 One of the most famous Bettys of recent times
64 1937 Hessian
67 This marks the spot in London
68 The best girl of the ambulance chaser
69 Old-fashioned headdress and modern address
71 Usually followed by a dog
73 Don't Speed (abbr.)
75 Mixed-up letters
78 There's nothing to it

Hollywood Builds a Picture-Monument

After Four Years The Good Earth Emerges, an Epic Token of Irving Thalberg's Faith . . . A Lovely Lady Pervades a Refreshing Revue

by

BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★★ THE GOOD EARTH

THE PLAYERS: Paul Muni, Luise Rainer, Walter Connolly, Tilly Losch, Charles Grapewin, Jessie Ralph, Soo Yong, Keye Luke, Roland Lui, Suzanna Kim, Chingwah Lee, Harold Huber, Olaf Hytten, William Law, Mary Wong. From the novel by Pearl S. Buck. Adaptation by Owen and Donald Davis. Screen play by Talbot Jennings, Tess Slesinger, and Claudine West. Directed by Sidney Franklin. Running time, 137 minutes.

IT is difficult to arrive at an adequate appraisal of this $3,000,000 filming of Pearl S. Buck's 1931 novel of Chinese peasant life. It has beauty, misery, courage, poetry—and monotony.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spent four years making it; about 3,000,000 feet of film was shot. It probably never would have been completed but for the abiding, unwavering faith of the producing genius, Irving Thalberg.

Thalberg died before the production was completely cut and he never will know what the Great American Audience thinks of his token of faith. Whatever it does—at the box office in dollars and cents—The Good Earth will stand as a monument to his courage and belief in what the public wants.

You probably know Miss Buck's story of Wang Lung, the farmer, and his slave-girl bride. Back of this story of two simple people buffeted by droughts, by storms, by famine, by plagues of locusts, by revolutions, is the motif—love for the land. Its theme is the inarticulate earth worship of a great and ancient people; its mood is elemental, its rhythm slow and plodding. Now, mute peasants easily may be dull; their tragedies and joys may be too much of the soil to have wide box-office lure. That remains to be seen.

In fact, The Good Earth is up to you. I can only tell you that Pearl Buck's story is unfolded with rich resourceful photography, that the direction is careful and sympathetic, that the acting is sincere and in spots brilliant.

For all Luise Rainer's flashing reception on the screen, your Beverly Hills has had personal reservations and lurking doubts. They're gone now. Miss Rainer is tragically moving as O-lan, the unselfish humble wife of Wang. It is one of the really fine performances of the screen.

Paul Muni is more effective in the earlier earthy portions of The Good Earth, less successful as the Wang who loses his strength and his honesty when he gets away from the soil.

Luise Rainer and Paul Muni as O-lan and Wang Lung in The Good Earth.

There are two splendid minor performances: Charles Grapewin as Wang's querulous senile father, and Walter Connolly as the whining wily old leech of an uncle.

There are a number of superb moments. The locust plague, sweeping out of the north to devastate a rich and fruitful land, is amazingly done. The studio that could make the San Francisco earthquake stand up and say uncle has the locust hordes working like Roxyettes. The glimpses of maddened hungry coolies looting a city during a revolution have horror and power. And the approach of a great storm at harvest time, when it can sweep away the labors of a year, carries a breathless beauty, a staggering fear.

Four stars—with the reservations noted. It's up to you!

VITAL STATISTICS: This is last biggie produced by the late Irving Thalberg, who died of lobar pneumonia at thirty-six, just about when picture was finished. Born poor in Brooklyn, son of a lace importer, Thalberg got P. S. 85 education, knowledge of stenography, sektry job with Uncle Carl Laemmle. Gradded to head of studios in one jump, then breezed through industry till he topped it, becoming its first genius and single-handedly making M-G-M a great colossola factory. Suffered from ill health most of his life; drove himself to death against doctor's orders. Left heartbroken wife Norma Shearer—who took up Judaism for him—two children, a fortune of $10,000,000, and a mark for Hollywood to shoot at. Was most lavish producer this side of De Mille; got most lavish results. Invented production methods; always tried to improve screen; was veteran of a thousand Hollywood political wars and rarely defeated; ran his unit like a medieval court; brooked no yes men but liked conservatives; stuck to his friends. Last production idea he inaugurated was to shoot biggies like this in sequence, giving actor and director idea what it was all about. Motto was: "If it thrills me, it should thrill millions." . . . Started in 1933, Chinese expedition of Good Earth had difficulties, people being hostile to Pearl Buck's book. Government assigned General Ting-Hsui Tu as tech adviser. Production unit was arrested for filming from the Great Wall, but after much palaver and squabbling everybody got cleared, stayed a year, returned with thousands of feet of film and props. Latter were purchased so lavishly, China began to think of Hollywood as insane and golden. Following return of expedition, 500-acre farm location was laid out near Chatsworth, California, fifty miles from Hollywood. Real Chinamen took a year to grow the vegetation, install Chinese terraced hills, and two shiploads of real China props, including wooden plows, water wheels, six water buffaloes, dishes, matting, furnishings, hunks of buildings, games, rice for planting, what nots, and real Chinese locusts. Buffaloes, by the way, arrived as young clean-shaved buffs and by time picture was finished had grown old and bewhiskered. . . . More than 4,000 Chinese extras appear in crowd scenes, 1,200 in looting of great hall of the palace. . . . Three hundred tests were made to try to cast lead roles of Wang Lung and O-lan. None, including Keye Luke, looked Oriental enough; so Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, both non-Aryan, snapped the cherished hunks. Eight months were required to work out plastic facial inlays invented by mush-maker Jack Dawn to make Muni and Rainer look Chinese. . . . Sidney Franklin's not related to the red-headed bull bopper of Brooklyn, but is of Frisco. Megged The Barretts of Wimpole Street. In two months learned to direct in both Chinese and his own good Hollywood; called Rainer "Little Monkey"; kept the sets, strained by endless years of location work, from bursting wide open temperamentally. Muni rebelled at extreme old age make-up for final scenes in picture, and Franklin capitulated. . . . Last scenes of picture were actually shot in Hollywood three days before New York opening. They were those ferocious close-ups of locusts. Excitingly, picture was rushed to New York by special plane, arriving an hour before grand opening night! . . . Paul Muni Weisenfreund, who's mimed since seven, couldn't speak English till in his twenties. At seventeen he played an eighty-year-old rabbi in Yiddish, and John Barrymore went backstage to call on the "old gentleman." Muni ranches out San Fernando way; seldom publics. Prefers stage to screen; likes to argue every point with his director; supervises his own make-up; thinks Louis Pasteur his superola, because it made people think. Is something of an acrobat. Took a bad fall during riot scenes in this, landed light's a cat, went on working without taking

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time out. Got $250,000 for Good Earthing. . . . Luise Rainer slacks around Hollywood; is shy's a skeered rabbit; looks like an incognito person going incognito; concentrates terrifically on dramatic scenes, snaps out of them to do a clog or pull a rib. Her greatest fear is going Hollywood. Hid out in a Chinese shack to dodge photographers. Says Hollywood people attach too much importance to what they laughingly call their work. Is always followed about by a Scotch terrier named Jonny. Got herself married recently to Clifford Odets, the radical writer, now a true-blue Walter Wanger man. . . . Tilly Losch's dance was interpolated after her Garden of Allahing. She's intensely superstitious; locks herself indoors on November 23, her jinx day. On said day, she tripped and sprained an ankle on a London stage; her home burned down another. Likes ice-cream cones on the set; won't drive an auto; will gladly add your old superstitions to her large collection. . . . Three hundred of the Chinese actually took up residence at Chatsworth, living there for a year. Now the place's enjoying a real-estate boom on account of its lit'ry and movie prestige. . . . Pearl S. Buck wrote The Good Earth to pay the hospital bills for her ill dotter. An astounding success, she's discovery of editorialist Richard Walsh, to whom she was married not long ago following her divorce. Her own quiet acceptance of her luck and her modest self-appreciation of her abilities are in direct contrast to Hollywood writers who squabbled for screen credit on this.

★ ★ ★ ½ ON THE AVENUE

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, the Ritz Brothers, George Barbier, Alan Mowbray, Cora Witherspoon, Walter Catlett, Douglas Fowley, Stepin Fetchit, Joan Davis, Paul Gerrits, Sig Rumann, Billy Gilbert. Screen play by Gene Markey and William Conselman. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 88 minutes.

THE popular composer Irving Berlin wrote the tuneful songs of this new revue. That's item No. 1. Item No. 2 is Madeleine Carroll, our choice as the most beautiful girl in all Hollywood. Miss Carroll is as breath-taking as the camera shots of wind sweeping through fields of rippling wheat in The Good Earth—and a lot more satisfying to your Beverly Hills.

The richest girl in the world goes to a show with her father, and gets good and mad when she discovers that one of the scenes burlesques her ornate home life. She decides to win the handsome young revue star's heart—and then break it. She'll show him! Maybe, if you think carefully, you will guess what happens. Take your time. . . . That's it. She falls in love herself.

Miss Carroll is the lovely lady who resents the burlesque of herself. Dick Powell is completely adequate as the revue's leading man; Alice Faye plays a young actress who loves Dick but loses him; and the Ritz Brothers conduct themselves in their usual mad and amusing fashion.

And please note—this film has the first stage revue which doesn't present an army of girls in military formations on a twenty-acre lot. The show has twenty-four chorus girls who really dance on a fifty-foot-wide stage. This alone is revolutionary!

And the Berlin tunes are pleasant and tuneful.

VITAL STATISTICS: Irving Berlin's first output of slum Verdi was Marie from Sunny Italy, writ when he was a singing waiter. It sold but a few copies, not enough for a royalty. This was thirty years ago. In 1911 he knocked out Alexander's Ragtime Band, which not only ushered in the ragtime age, now high-hattily called the swing era, but now makes more money for him than it did then. For years Berlin could play with but one finger; later mastered two; now plays only the black keys in the key of F-sharp. Uses the same pianner from which Alexander sprung, but has a specially constructed keyboard so's he can shift the key but still play the same black notes. Irv's got semiliberal tendencies, being a sort of capitalistic communist; is terribly devoted to his wiry wife Ellin Mackay and kiddies. Discovered "childhood" and "wildwood" rhyme. Once, when asked who the best American song writer was, he replied, "Wagner!" (Richard, of course, not Honus!) . . . To bring back intimacy of $9.90 revue, my technical frans, the mitey Zanuck and the toothpick-thin new-producing Irv Berlin laid off the cameras that do nip-ups, jitter shots, somersaults, or transcontinental tours, and stuck to shooting all musical numbers within proscenium of scriptual theater. All musicalities fit into plot, so you get no one singing Shovel in Another Bucket of Kisses—I'm Just a Furnace of Love, in a Hawaiian-volcano background. . . . Among the chorus boys is Charlie Owen, studio page boy, who danced at his work and took a leave of absence from messages—all thanks to Dixie Dunbar's talent scouting. . . . Shrubbery in a park set on which Maddie Carroll and Dickie Boy Powell were working caught fire, spurted flames. Miss Carroll being clothed in a flimsy-wispy bit of a dressie-wessie, and Mr. Powell being a movie hero from way back, Mr. Powell proceeded to lift her and literally hurl her out of flames' way, much to her black-and-blue amazement. . . . Roy Del Ruth gets $150,000 per musical, he being tops in said line. . . . Alice Faye's entirely rejuvenated in this, after a year of illness which ceased suddenly when an infected tooth was removed one midnight. Alice perfumes her dressing room by dropping scent on her light bulbs, which occasionally explode. It's Tony Martin with her now that Rudy's gone into her Vallee of the Discard. Big problem in Alice's life is to explain to Anthony where those fancy posies from an unknown admirer come from. Could it be Vallee? It isn't me! Tony called her throughout this from New York on the hour and the half-hour. Much of Alice's fan mail comes from gals who would rather dance than eat. Alice advises such ones to learn the breaks, and breaks will follow, the dear young grandmother! . . . Married life has brought out the Edison in Dick Powell. He's puttered forth an adjustable bed lamp with a snake cable and an abliity to be hung on the wall at any spot desired. He also builds his own underslung midget cars, with which he dashes through your legs around lots. Off Hollywood Hotel program, for which $5,500 per broadcast, he'll soon be on another for which $6,000. . . . More unpopular mechanical stuff: A revolving stage was built of seven units on seven flatcars running on a semicircular track, thus enabling Dick Powell to go through a whole song routine on all seven stages without having to transfer. . . . Alan Mowbray, playing in this and King and the Chorus Gal over to Warners' at same time, was used to carry love slush between Joan Blondell in latter to husb Powell in former. . . . After finishing the picture, the Ritz Brothers, minus the middle one, packed and left

Hollywood for a few weeks to let Hollywood get back its bearings. The middle one—Harry—went for a two-weeks vacation at Hollywood's swank Clover Club. The flanking Ritzes are the love interest of the trio, and one of them—Jimmy—actually got the first mash note of his entire career. Foul play is suspected.

★ STOLEN HOLIDAY

THE PLAYERS: Kay Francis, Claude Rains, Ian Hunter, Alexander D'Arcy, Alison Skipworth, Betty Lawford, Walter Kingsford, Charles Halton, Frank Reicher, Frank Conroy, Egon Brecher, Robert Strange, Kathleen Howard, Wedgewood Nowell. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 80 minutes.

A COMPLETELY phony yarn. Stefan Orloff, one of those daring ruthless adventurers, hires a pretty Paris mannequin to help him put over a business deal. Orloff achieves wealth; he sets up his pretty aide in her own modiste shop. Nothing un-Hays in the arrangement. It is merely in altruistic appreciation of her help.

You see Orloff go on to become head of a great European syndicate, when his walls topple about him. Then he makes his dastard demand. Pretty Nicole Picto must return his favors by marrying him, thus helping him face down his accusers. And, poor girl, she is now in love with a young English diplomat.

Kay Francis is completely wooden as Nicole Picto, and I can hardly blame her. A locust plague on the costume designer who created her fantastic outlandish gowns! Claude Rains does everything he can to make Stefan Orloff effective—but even he can't help.

VITAL STATISTICS: Modernism goes sissy-rugged in this, set designers tearing loose with cellophane curtains, lacquered steel floors, stainless steel furniture and vases, phony metallic upholstery, glass doors and walls. . . . Tall, cool, streamlined Kay Francis skips out of Hollywood at the drop of a pretext to avoid semitropical laziness or the dry rotarianism. Speeds to New York, where she spends much time rushing about the streets racing pedestrians to regain her mental and physical acceleration; histing herself to the tips of tall buildings to regain her horizons; darting through traffic to get back her dancing footwork. Has built a villa on the Riviera, where she often samples Continental lotus, preferring it to Hollywood variety, except it's not garnished with $5,500 weekly check. Kay is sensitive about smell of tobacco and if she doesn't like kind you're smoking she'll quietly send out for a pound of nonburning rubber variety and present it you. Has a new dachshund which does ground loops, chasing its tail around hydrants, trees, canes, chair and human legs. Has legally become Kay Francis, changing from former married legal name of Mrs. Katherine Mielziner. She's a Friday the 13th baby, isn't superstitious; doesn't mind picture stealers playing with her; is only Warnerite who has not currently quarreled with dictatorial Warners over story, contract, or life. . . . Handsome Ian Hunter, the Cape Townie idol, took five days raising that upper-lip toothbrush. Stayed home entire time. Though terribly happily married and bekidded, Hunter persists as Kay Francis's most common leading gent, with her three out of five American film timeses. He's untemperamental, educated, big and healthy. Recently urged on a hunting party, instead of shooting as per his name, he shooed deer out of gun range with stones. . . . Old saying: "It never Claudes up on the stage or screen but it Rains." Cruelest and most mental of heavies, Claude Rains dominated his first picture, The Invisible Man, without appearing on screen till last scene, when he was a corpse. Likes to dress up on screen, dungaree around off. Farms, doing his own digging, and needs many an hour's manicure to get serl from under nails before he puts on stage ruffles. Was a boy of all work in English theater; was Don Luis so well in Tony Adverse, author Allen said he improved him. . . . Alison Skipworth hates the screen, loves the screen. Says if 'tweren't for her love of the stage she might love its celluloid child—but she's a one-love woman; isn't, she says, mobile enough for the stage any more; seeks her chair immediately a scene on studio stage is done—no longer feeling she's sixteen. Used to adore the one-night-stand road and still can't get used to sitting around on a lot while the prop men roll up Singapore or Sydney behind her. . . . Three directors, Curtiz, Eason, and Connolly, made drama, riot, and mannequin scenes simultaneously, Curtiz getting the whole credit bacon.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Camille, Black Legion, Winterset, The Texas Rangers.

★★★½ — The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing.

★★★—You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ THE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT by Jolan Foldes. Translated by Elizabeth Jacobi. Farrar & Rinehart.

Something new in prize-novel contests: the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition, which was won by the Hungarian entry. This is a sympathetic story of exiles in a strange land—a book of undoubted merit and probable significance. We wish we might have given the winning novel in this important contest four stars.

★ ★ ★ ENJOYMENT OF LAUGHTER by Max Eastman. Simon & Schuster.

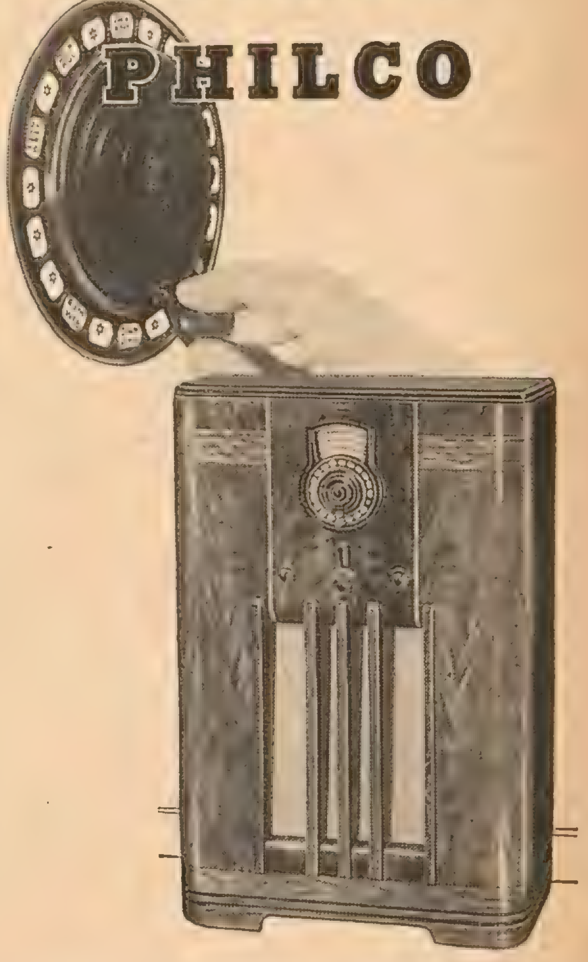
A penetrating study of laughter written by a laughing philosopher. It will teach you much about laughter that you did not know before, but you will probably laugh less often after reading it.

★ ★ ★ WHITE BANNERS by Lloyd C. Douglas. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Noble-hearted Hannah Parmalee finds valor through love and happily spends her days seeking converts to her philosophy.

★ ★ HARDY CALIFORNIANS by Lester Rowntree. The Macmillan Company.

A book of California wild flowers—written so those who may wish to raise them in their gardens can do so successfully.



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No More Lies

by HAMILTON WILLIAMSON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT'S got so Tommy's the biggest liar in town," Beth said. "He's giving it out that we're going to get a new car."

"We need one all right," John stated.

Beth waved this fact aside. "They have to watch him at the auto agency," she said, "or he'll climb into the show cars and say he's looking them over for you. We've got to *do* something about this lying business."

"Well, where is he now?"

Beth pointed through the window toward the curb, where their only child was whiling away a languid afternoon by pretending to drive the ancient family sedan.

An idea struck John. "Tell you what, Beth, we'll lie back to him. Dose of his own medicine. I'll tell him a lie he won't forget to his dying day."

He called Tommy in. "Sit down a minute, son."

Tommy straddled a chair arm.

"Today's Sunday, son."

"Uh-huh."

"Well, tomorrow's Monday, the day *it* comes."

"What comes, dad?"

"Along about five thirty, when I'm home, sitting in my slippers, *it* will drive up, and stop dead, smack before our house."

"A new car!" Tommy shrieked.

John's head nodded solemnly. "What's the finest car in town, Tommy? The doggone smoothest collection of metal and upholstery ever got together—for the price?"

Tommy, his eyes popping, answered, "I dunno."

"Think, son. Put on your thinking cap too, Beth. Think of something r'arin' to go. Something tan-colored, holding on to itself behind a big plate-glass window."

Tommy leaped from the chair arm to prance and chant: "The Paxton at Bulger's! The Paxton at Bulger's!"

"Tomorrow, son, you'll pass by Bulger's and you'll stop and get a good eyeful of the car—*our* car—doing her last job of window dressing."

Beth gave a small snort of laughter. John chuckled. Tommy squeaked with happiness. He tore out into the yard. For a time *he* was the new car from Bulger's, racing, horn screaming.

The next evening at five twenty-five John sat in his slippers, the pipe between his teeth emitting quick short puffs. Beth sorted stockings with jerky fingers. Tommy stood, legs apart and rigid, gazing, hypnotized, out past the fence.

At five twenty-eight his strong young voice filled the living room: "Yippee! Here she comes!"

The stocking in Beth's hand shook. John put down his pipe. Tommy dashed from the house.

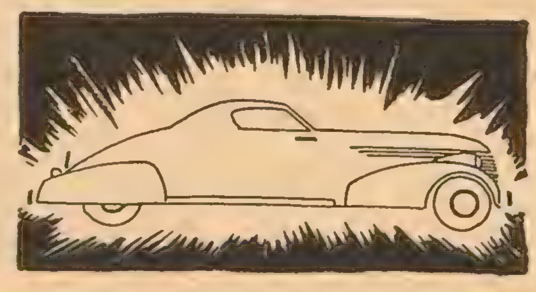
By leaning forward John could see the Paxton from Bulger's standing at his door. "Some people," he remarked with cutting bitterness, "make me sick. Tommy must have bragged round. Like as not Bulger got wind of it. Thought he'd have his little joke."

The doorbell rang. John answered it. A young fellow held out a paper: "Receipt for the car for you to sign."

"I'll sign it all right," John snapped, "some day when I'm unconscious."

The youth looked hurt. "I got Mr. Bulger's receipt for you, saying all the money was paid in cash. Here."

John's head bent over the paper. He brought out from a tight throat: "I'll hold on to this. You tell Bulger half the neighbors on the block spotted you delivering the Paxton. That's receipt enough."



When Beth and John had the house to themselves, Beth, wiping her moist palms, begged: "Go on and tell me what you're going to *do*."

"Do? Call up. Give Bulger a piece of my mind."

He did this. Bulger merely snapped: "Car's paid for," and hung up.

"We'll drive it, Beth," said John; "call his bluff; see who the joke is on. And for the Lord's sake don't say anything to any living soul. Some day somebody's going to try to collect off me. I'd like to see 'em pry loose a plugged nickel."

Hatless, they strolled together down the narrow walk and climbed in with Tommy. They had a lovely drive—that evening, and on all the fine evenings that followed. During the week end they covered many miles. But John continued to grouch.

A rumor got round that he had a rich uncle, nuts about surprises, and that uncle had come across.

John neither claimed nor disclaimed the uncle. Later an old maid put forth some former lover of Beth's as a theory. This cheered Beth but it gave John indigestion. He hadn't been sleeping any too well.

And he got no lift out of a girl's voice telephoning: "Our promotion manager, Mr. Reeves, wants to see you at the Paxton office." With chin outthrust, and fingering the receipt in his pocket, John strode off.

Reeves, seated behind a desk, wore a baffled grin as he demanded of John: "Hell, don't you ever talk?"

"Why should I?"

"Who paid for your car, anyway?"

"That's my business."

"No, no, *no!* It's mine. I sent that Paxton to you."

John was shaken. He gasped out: "Why?"

"On that damned Monday morning your wife told another woman about your lying-cures-lying scheme. And she mentioned it to me. I thought I *had* something. The chief was riding me for a new publicity stunt. Got me nuts."

"Looks like it."

"Right! I thought you'd start a wild hunt for the lie-hating, child-loving donor that would make front-page stuff; put the name Paxton in hundreds of papers. But oh, no! You wouldn't open your head. Now you've got to help me or I'm sunk." His voice took on a quality of prayer: "*Talk.* Tell how you were knocked for a loop, all because we wouldn't let a kid be tricked. I'll take you to the city, and you pour it into the mike during the Paxton hour."

John looked as if he'd been struck in the stomach.

"Don't take it like that, man. It will all be written out for you. You don't want a car for nothing." And, as John's expression softened: "Your boy? Would he talk too? Would it scare him?"

"Tommy?" John smiled for the first time since the car's arrival.

AT the radio station he read his piece well—with punch even. Then came Tommy's turn. Tommy knew his lines backward, but they were held before him, lettered on cardboard. They ran: I am the little boy whose papa promised him a Paxton. I am going to be good now, and never tell any more lies. The Paxton people hate lies. I thank them for making papa's lie come true.

Tommy's rendering opened clearly and correctly, but a dreamy look of inspiration filling his eyes, he finished:

"I thank them 'cause they promised dad a trailer too, an' I'm a-goin' to ride in—"

There was no "it" on the end. This puzzled the radio audience.

THE END

A Famous Pilot Gives You a Sad Tale of the Woes of Split-Second Thinking in Baseball

Headaches OF A BIG-LEAGUE MANAGER

by Bill Terry

MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

Manager Terry suffering one of his worst headaches. The occasion: the second game of last year's series. Remember it? Yankees won, 18 to 4.

HEADACHES? "I got a million of 'em." A few years ago that was a famous saying, but now, although it has died out in favor, it still holds good as far as a big-league manager is concerned. It's the everyday problems that cause the pains.

Every single problem must be answered, and right or wrong, big or little, paramount or insignificant, it's up to the manager to make the decisions, knowing full well that it may mean the making or breaking of his ball club.

I think that all problems, however, can be listed under three fundamental headings: mustering a team, handling the players, and directing the field strategy.

Let's start with the idea of mustering a ball club. Buying, selling, trading, scouting, and trying out players call for quick judgment. There isn't time to hem and haw—either you do or you don't.

It's not easy to pass on a future star. The Detroit Tigers, for instance, let Carl Hubbell and Rick Ferrell both go on their way in one afternoon, it is said. On the other hand, I've known a manager to fool around with some player for months, losing game after game, when quicker judgment would have told him that the player didn't have what it takes in the first place.

Trading with other major-league clubs is the big "business" end of the swapping game; but important as it is to a team, I am never too busy during the season to study the problem of raising future Giants. Personally I believe the development of young players is the lifeblood of baseball.

Balance is the important subheading under Mustering a Team. You must have balance, with right- and left-handed hitters, speed, attack, and defense. If your team plays in a large park, long fly-ball hitters are not attuned to the field. The problem then is to dig up sharp line-drive hitters like the Waner brothers—look how they fit in at Forbes Field. On the other hand, if you have a short right-field fence, like the Polo Grounds, it's up to you to dig up a pull hitter of the Mel Ott type. One reason the Boston Red Sox bought Jimmie Foxx was to aim at the comparatively short left-field wall. Of course the big problem of all this is to find the talent and then swing the necessary deal to get them.

With the Giants it was a matter of lining up fielders to match up with our fine pitching, thus forming a defense which could compete with the opposition's attack. There was a time when we were losing one tight game after another. I was worried about my pitchers. Would they crack under the strain of our run shortage? Imagine my delight when four of my hurlers came to me and assured me they were confident the team would start clicking soon. A manager of players of such temperament has had a big problem solved for him. Which brings up the subject of handling players. Personally, this matter, so important to some managers, is the least of my worries. I just don't handle them at all. We just play ball. On our team it is the style to keep in training and hustle; a player who doesn't conform hurts the other players, not just himself. So loafing is unpopular.

We have had big jolly fellows like "Shanty" Hogan; little bantam-

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rooster flare-ups like Dick Bartell; Phi Beta Kappa students like Burgess Whitehead; quiet, unobtrusive men like Al Smith; bubbling chaps like Heinie Mueller; windy birds like Frank Gabler—just about every type under the sun, but never do we have any trouble with our morale. All in all, we are primarily ballplayers, and that fact is my guide in working with them.

The New York Yankees annihilated us 18 to 4 in the second game of the last World Series. Every one was sure that this thrashing would take all the starch out of us, but as far as the Giants are concerned, a one-sided thumping such as this seldom has a lasting effect. It is a heartbreaker, such as that 2-to-1 game which Fitzsimmons lost, which causes a manager to worry about what effect it will have on his team. The close ones are the tough ones to lose.

There are some problems that you just take in stride. Arranging the spring training camp and trip is a cinch; that salary and holdout problem—you handle that with one hand; watching that this player doesn't eat too much, and that that one puts on more weight—a push-over; prodding hypochondriacs—schoolboy stuff. But the big item is pulling the inside strings in general field strategy.

Once the game is under way I am a straight percentage player. I don't deviate from the basic rules. We don't hit " cripples " with three balls and no strikes; a left-handed hitter has a better chance against a right-handed pitcher, and I follow that axiom; with one-run difference I play to tie, if we are on the road, and play for a win if we are at home, under ordinary conditions; with two strikes and no balls, my pitchers don't get gay and try to sneak the third strike down the alley.

Playing right down the line with hard-and-fast rules may seem no problem but just a cinch system, but it takes a lot of will power not to resist temptation to play a hunch and take a chance. However, if you gamble, you are breaking the law of averages, which is the fundamental basis of the percentage system. There are exceptions, but here I am speaking of generalities.

IN working on the problem of starting and yanking pitchers, I use the style of spot pitchers against certain clubs. I used to keep Hubbell out of the Brooklyn series. They have beaten him 22 times in 37 games for a better percentage, against him, than any other team. However, when certain Dodgers, such as Taylor and Cuccinello, departed to other clubs, I began starting Hubbell in his regular turn against the Brooklyn team.

When one is called upon to order field strategy he immediately leaves himself wide open to grandstand criticism, especially when it comprises a move which is apparent to all hands present. Perhaps we might not be criticized for tactics sometimes if the inside facts were known. Once, Hubbell was apparently hurling one of his best games, as he had allowed only one run and we were leading. So when I yanked him in the sixth inning the instant somebody hit him, the crowd couldn't understand the move. Well, to tell the truth, both Hubbell and myself were aware he didn't have his stuff. As long as he was getting away with it I left him in the box, but the moment I sensed that they were getting to him, I yanked him. The funny part of it is that the pitcher who went in as relief was batted right and left, and you can bet I was panned up and down, back and forth, and every which way. That's all part of the job.

ONE of baseball's most scientific and most interesting plays is the spot where the opposition has men on first and second, with nobody out. Invariably the offense orders a bunt to advance the runners. The defense, of course, tries to nail the runner at third and the pitcher attempts to keep the batter from connecting with his bunt by pitching balls difficult to bunt. Everybody in the park watches this play of skill. Our 1933 team was marvelous in retiring the runner at third on this play. The problem is to decide in a huddle whether or not to attempt the play before the ball is pitched; but once the pitcher serves the ball the situation calls for snap judgment by the third baseman, pitcher, or first baseman, whoever fields it. If the runner from second is fast and the bunt difficult, the play must go to first and the fielder must make up his mind in a jiffy. We saved the fifth game of the last World Series on that play, when Selkirk and Powell walked in the fourth inning with none out. Schumacher took Lazzeri's bunt and nailed Selkirk at third.

At the Polo Grounds last July, the Cincinnati Reds were leading us 4 to 2 going into the last half of the ninth inning. Gus Mancuso led off with a single. I put Schumacher in to run for him. Now, being two runs behind, it is common sense to hit and not bunt. Any schoolboy knows you can't waste outs with bunts when your team is two runs back. Yet I signaled Bartell to bunt in this case, not as a sacrifice bunt but rather a bunt for an infield hit. It worked, putting two men on bases, with none out. Whitehead and Leiber then followed with hits, giving us a 5-to-4 victory. Can you imagine what grumbling there would have been if Bartell had been put out?

Strategy problems? Consider the conundrum we had in the fourth game of the 1933 World Series in Washington. They had the bases full, with one out, in the ninth inning. We were leading 2 to 1. The problem was whether to pull the infield in for a short grounder and throw the runner out at home, or play back for a double play.

Bolton, a new man and the Senators' best pinch hitter, was up. I was scratching my head on that one, when suddenly Charley Dressen, then our utility infielder, ran out on the field and reminded me that Bolton was a slow runner. Dressen knew this, having played against him in the minor leagues. That settled it. We would try for a double play. Sure enough, Hubbell kept the ball low, Bolton grounded to Ryan, who whisked to Critz, who flashed the ball to me in time to nail the runner on a double play and save the day.

Problems? In the first game of the late lamented World Series, the Yankees had Crosetti on third and Rolfe on first, with none out, in the eighth inning. We were leading 2 to 1. Joe DiMaggio whacked a hard liner on which Whitehead made a slick catch and shot the ball to me, doubling Rolfe off first. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Crosetti off third and slipping in the mud. Now here *was* a problem with exactly one six-hundredth of a second to solve it. Should I throw to third and catch Crosetti off the bag for a triple play, a great stunt for the crowd? Or should I not risk it? I voted not to take the chance. The ball was wet; Jackson's footing was just as precarious as Crosetti's. We were ahead, whereas if the play didn't work, the runner might have scored from third to tie the count.

NOW, so far, the answers I have given you have turned out correctly. Such isn't always the case. Take the final game of the last series. It is the seventh inning. We are one run behind. I am on second base with nobody out. Leiber is up. All the Giant fans hope to see Hank bust one, and so would I, but I am in no position to *hope*. I have to tie the score before I can take chances. So I give the order for a bunt to send me to third.

Mancuso is up next. He is a fine man in a pinch, but the pitcher is right-handed, same as Gus. I have to play every trump card that I hold. I then ordered in the best pinch hitter I ever saw, Sam Leslie, left-handed. Sam was out on a foul, and the next batter fanned, so that I was stranded on third. Old Professor Fate flunked me.

The one problem that is really the manager's bugaboo is the injury problem. There is no answer to this one. Take the case of Mike Cochrane last season. First he lost Hank Greenberg, his outstanding star. Then Mickey himself was forced to retire, and to cap it all, Crowder had to remain on the side lines. It was that old bugaboo Mr. Injury himself that caused it all. Maybe the old boy cost me a world title. When I was on second base in that game I've just finished discussing, I would have been on third instead had not my lame knee prevented my running on my hit through DiMaggio. Then the chances are I would have tied the score. What a difference a good knee might have meant to the Giants!

This all brings me up to my next problem—winning the 1937 pennant!

THE END

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KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE

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THE END OF THE TRAIL IS ONLY ONE WEEK OFF

THE man-hunt trail is almost run. After you have detected this week's name you will be almost within sight of the goal. Next week will bring the final problem and you will be in a position to write your statement of preference and prepare your contest material for mailing. As you do this, keep simplicity in mind. Ornate, elaborate entries will not rate any higher than simple ones of like accuracy and excellence. This is not a fancywork contest. Therefore save the time and expense involved in ornamentation. Concentrate, instead, on accuracy.

Have you selected the subject for your statement of preference yet? If you have not, it might be advisable, after reading this issue of Liberty, to make a general survey of the issues in which this contest has appeared and arrive at a tentative subject. This will save you time, and next week, if something in that issue appeals to you more than your first selection, there will be plenty of time to change your mind.

FIND THE COMPLETE NAME OF ONE OF THESE:

MADGE EVANS
EDITH FELLOWES
PORTER HALL
LEE TRACY
RUBY KEELER
EUGENE PALLETTE
WESLEY RUGGLES
ROSEMARY AMES
ERIC LINDEN
JEAN DIXON
KENT TAYLOR
ROCHELLE HUDSON
EDWARD ARNOLD
JACK BUCHANAN
JOYCE COMPTON

CALIFORNIA

Bogus, Dorris, Steele, Happy Camp, Crescent City, Mayton, Triangle, Ivy, Dunsmuir, Bartle, Day, Adin, Likely, Madelaine, Bieber, Termo, Cassel, Eureka, Helena, Coram, Fern, Shumway, Ravendale, Horse Lake, Susanville, Scotia, Beegum, Chester, Westwood, Lassen, Edgemont, Dewitt, Wendle, Thorn, Lowrie, Proberta, Gerber, Red Bluff, Quincy, Vinton, Sloat, Clio, Rockport, Covelo, Orland, Chico, LaPorte, Telegraph Mine, Sattley, Cobb, Longvale, Fruito, Athena, Oroville, Woodleaf, Dobbins, Tahoe, Fellows, Mendocino, Fort Bragg, Maxwell, Bullion, Last Chance, Colfax, Rice, Cole, Fish Rock, Woodland, Roseville, Rescue, Placerville, Plasse, Riverton, Santa Rosa, Dixon, Freeport, Jackson, Bloods, Dorrington, Bodie, Avery, Petaluma, Vallejo, Stockton, Lodi, Murphy, Lundy, Car Linn, Oakdale, San Francisco, Oakland, Tracy, Empire, Bruceburg, Wawona, Jackass, Meadow, Palo Alto, Redwood City, Santa Clara, San Jose, Newman, Merced, Coarsegold, Swanton, Volta, Bates, Aberdeen, O'Neals, Auberry, Borden, Rumsey, Oak, Santa Cruz, Watsonville, Hollister, San Felipe, Fresno, Clovis, Letcher, Pacific Grove, Monterey, Salinas, Dinuba, Aukland, Orosi, Lone Pine, Ryan, Carmel, Cook, Cutler, Hammond, Skidoo, Klink, Irwin, Helm, Selma, Milo, Santa Barbara, Patterson, Annette, Hanford, Visalia, Exeter, Yreka, Cool, King City, Coalinga, Huron, Murray, Tulare, Vincent, Orris, Posey, Edin, San Ardo, Corcoran, Tipton, Jolon, Lockwood, Parkfield, Dudley, Peanut, Bradley, San Miguel, Estrella, Devils Den, Edna, Usal, Woody, Richgrove, Paso Robles, Shandon, Compton, Pond, Poso Havilah, Sageland, Terese, San Simeon, Templeton, Wasco, Famoso, Bodfish, Searles, Cantil, Atolia, Herst, Arnold, Creston, Shafter, Oil Center, Loma, Park Noble, Coffee, Simmler, Bakersfield, Edison, Keeler, Loraine, Piute Hill, Ruth, Taft, Arvin, Woodford, Monolith, Mojave, Barstow, Hardy, Cima, Brooks, Santa Maria, Grapevine, Muroc, Kramer, Hawes, Hinkley, Yermo, Arbuckle, Daggett, Lavic, Ludlow, Irgo, Ono, Stones, Danby, Essex, Fenner, Adams, Lampoc, Ballard, Bagdad, Cadiz, Eugene, Jenny Lind, Garey, Viola, Idria, Ventura, Saticoy, Simi, Somas, Saugis, Newhall, Olinda, Phelan, Cajon, Oznard, Glendale, Pasadena, Monrovia, Upland, Fontana, San Bernardino, Santa Monica, Venice, Hollywood, Whittier, Walnut, Chino, Lucia, Irvine, Los Angeles, Brea, Arlington, Banning, Edom, Indio, Davis, Hemet, Zaca, San Diego, Foster, La Mesa, Julian, Ramona, Brawley, Riverside, Calexico, Coronado, Seeley, Dulzura, Boulevard, El Centro, Heber, Knob.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
20 PRIZES, Each $10	200
100 PRIZES, Each $5	500

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

2. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two groups of place names in the United States or in Canada. Each group will contain either the first or last name of a well known motion-picture player. Only one player will be named each week. You may find the player's first name in the second group of places and the last name in the first group, or vice versa.

3. Save all names until you have a complete set of ten at the close of the contest. Then send them in at the same time, as a unit, together with a note of not more than 100 words on the subject, "The article, story, or feature that I have liked best in Liberty during the ten weeks of this contest, and why."

4. For the entry with the greatest number of correctly discovered names accompanied by the best letter of preference judged on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness, Liberty will award a First Prize of $500. For the next best entry on this basis Liberty will pay a Second Prize of $200. A Third Prize of $100, twenty prizes of $10 each, and one hundred prizes of $5 each will also be paid on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

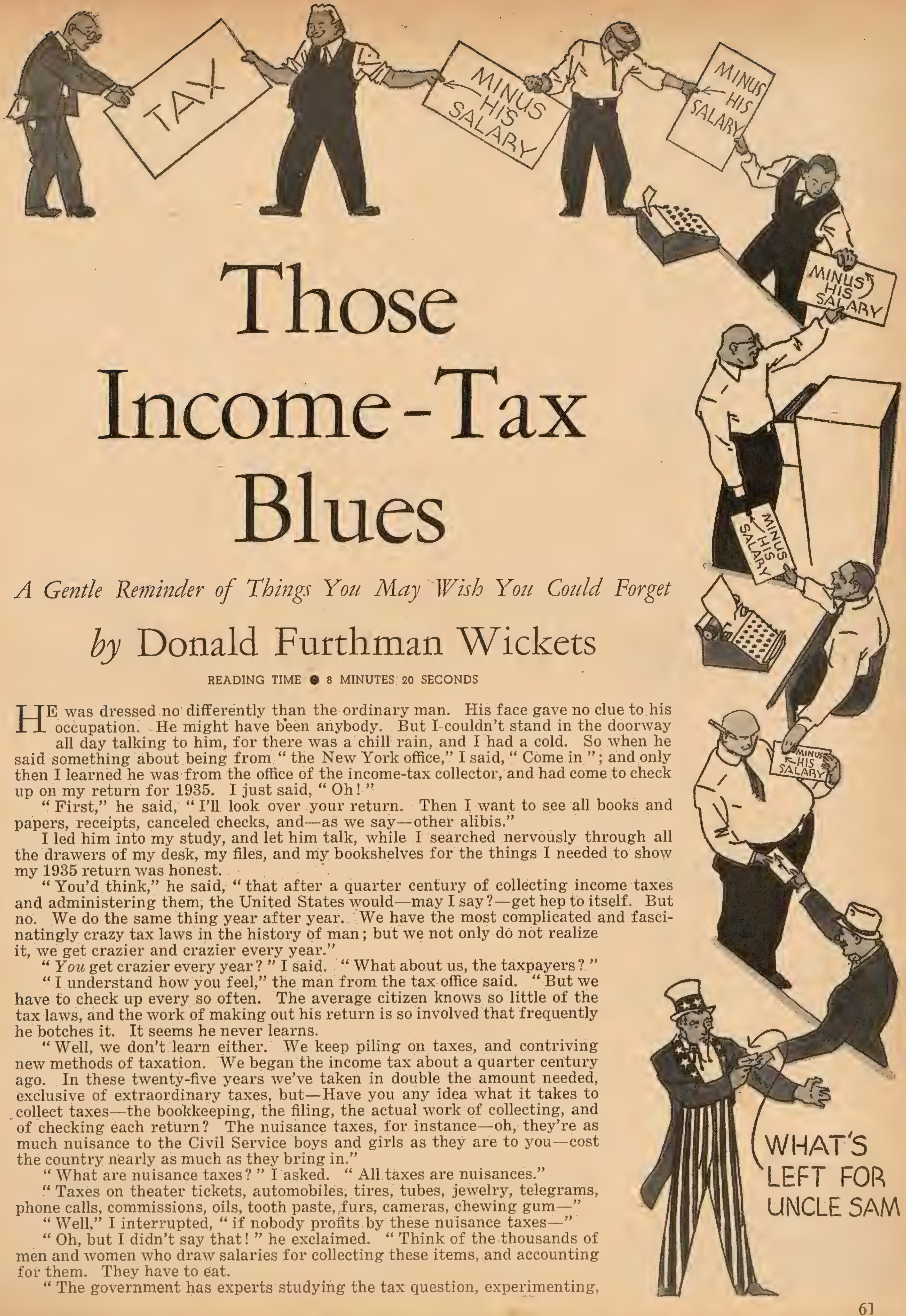
5. Address all entries to Man-Hunt Director, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 31, the closing date of this contest.

7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Avoid ornamentation. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Authorities used: Rand McNally Commercial Atlas, 1936, and United States Postal Guide, 1935.

NEW YORK

Massena, Helena, Constable, Fay, Burke, Star, Irona, Altona, Chazy, Chipman, Norfolk, Winthrop, Moira, Dickinson, Owls Head, Malone, Peru, Ogdensburg, Morley, Canton, Potsdam, Duane, Kempton, Russia, Hammond, De Kalb, Eddy, Russell, Hermon, Colton, Brandon, Arnold, Jay, Rossie, Macomb, Edwards, Clare, Stark, Hollywood, Trudeau, Deerhead, Clayton, Oxbow, Gouverneur, Fine, Faust, Newman, Keene, Lewis, Moody, Theresa, Fargo, Longlake, Newcomb, Paradox, Antwerp, Pitcairn, Gale, Chilson, Witherbee, Streetroad, Underwood, Baldwin, Saranac, Moriah, Dexter, Adams, Bellwood, Lowville, Eagle Bay, Minerva, Graphite, Etna, Vera, Porter, Bolton, Marion, Comstock, Thurman, Fort Ann, Hartford, Volney, Fulton, Camden, Leila, Wilmurt, Hope, Hague, Horicon, Hebron, Newfane, Burg, Barker, Waterport, Murray, Phoenix, Rome, Norway, Ava, Niagara Falls, Rapids, Elba, Rochester, Cicero, Marcy, Fairfield, Rose, Kenmore, Batavia, Rush, Alloway, Aleoe, Paris, Cork, Schuyler, Evans, Buffalo, Alden, Linden, Sheds, Exeter, Ames, Rynex, Grooms, Swastika, Brant, Bliss, Nunda, Caywood, Taylor, Morris, Berne, Garfield, Tully, Irving, Collins, Hunt, Varner, Ellis, Virgil, Durham, Chatham, Ghent, Moons, Leon, Elgin, Hornell, Bath, Loomis, Leeds, Lexington, Ashland, Ripley, Hamlet, Wesley, Otto, Bird, Danby, Woodford, Bovina, Anoka, Mina, Sherman, Stow, Gerry, Tip Top, Cameron, Catlin, Erin, West Canor, Abbotts, Alfred, Sovona, Meads, Fraser, Jewett, Denver, Hudson, Deck, Marks, Olean, Richberg, Jasper, Corning, Windsor, Apex, Corbett, Obi, Hammett, Greenwood, Addison, Reniff, Owego, Hooper, Sanford, Granton, Clymer, Falconer, Vandalia, Allentown, Rexville, Erwins, Elmira, Acra, Cutting, Niobe, Ruby, Ceres, Caton, Waits, Nichols, Conklin, Glendon, Horton, Rock City, Winchells, Granville, Stissing, McIntyre, Buchanan, Lordville, Curry, Montela, Rosendale, Remy, Bangall, Dover, Philmont, Liberty, Accord, Loyd, Verband, Burt, Summit, Poughkeepsie, Highland, Yuland, Eldred, Hartwood, Haven, Wicopee, Randolph, Stormville, Daws, Middletown, Cornwall, Towners, Garrison, Katonah, Bedford, Kisco, Rye, Clyde, Ovid, Naples, Italy, Warwick, Nyack, Tarrytown, Hastings, Etna, Jamaica, Flushing, Roslyn, Clifford, Northport, Keene, Darts, Parkers, New York, Jericho, Victor, Yaphank, Upton, Flanders, White Plains, Meco, Hempstead, Bellmore, Babylon, Gray, Sayville, Mastic, Manor, Mineola, Lawrence, Floyd, Freeport, Amityville, Cherry Grove, Quogue, Elizabeth.



Those Income-Tax Blues

A Gentle Reminder of Things You May Wish You Could Forget

by Donald Furthman Wickets

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HE was dressed no differently than the ordinary man. His face gave no clue to his occupation. He might have been anybody. But I couldn't stand in the doorway all day talking to him, for there was a chill rain, and I had a cold. So when he said something about being from "the New York office," I said, "Come in"; and only then I learned he was from the office of the income-tax collector, and had come to check up on my return for 1935. I just said, "Oh!"

"First," he said, "I'll look over your return. Then I want to see all books and papers, receipts, canceled checks, and—as we say—other alibis."

I led him into my study, and let him talk, while I searched nervously through all the drawers of my desk, my files, and my bookshelves for the things I needed to show my 1935 return was honest.

"You'd think," he said, "that after a quarter century of collecting income taxes and administering them, the United States would—may I say?—get hep to itself. But no. We do the same thing year after year. We have the most complicated and fascinatingly crazy tax laws in the history of man; but we not only do not realize it, we get crazier and crazier every year."

"*You* get crazier every year?" I said. "What about us, the taxpayers?"

"I understand how you feel," the man from the tax office said. "But we have to check up every so often. The average citizen knows so little of the tax laws, and the work of making out his return is so involved that frequently he botches it. It seems he never learns.

"Well, we don't learn either. We keep piling on taxes, and contriving new methods of taxation. We began the income tax about a quarter century ago. In these twenty-five years we've taken in double the amount needed, exclusive of extraordinary taxes, but—Have you any idea what it takes to collect taxes—the bookkeeping, the filing, the actual work of collecting, and of checking each return? The nuisance taxes, for instance—oh, they're as much nuisance to the Civil Service boys and girls as they are to you—cost the country nearly as much as they bring in."

"What are nuisance taxes?" I asked. "All taxes are nuisances."

"Taxes on theater tickets, automobiles, tires, tubes, jewelry, telegrams, phone calls, commissions, oils, tooth paste, furs, cameras, chewing gum—"

"Well," I interrupted, "if nobody profits by these nuisance taxes—"

"Oh, but I didn't say that!" he exclaimed. "Think of the thousands of men and women who draw salaries for collecting these items, and accounting for them. They have to eat.

"The government has experts studying the tax question, experimenting,

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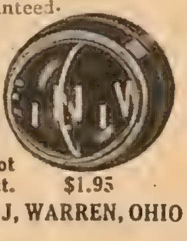

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analyzing, and frequently inventing. Often it sends a bevy of agents abroad to study the latest European methods of taxation."

His face glowed with zeal.

"In the matter of tax-exempt securities we are far behind the rest of the world. Do you realize that individuals and corporations in America have approximately one hundred and fifty billions of dollars—billions, mind you—that pay not a lead dime in taxes? Yes, sir. Some people guess that it comes to one hundred and fifty billion dollars. That may be excessive. But assume for the moment that the figure is correct. The interest on that sum, reckoned at a conservative three per cent, is four and a half billion dollars. Our average annual revenue from taxes is only three and a half to four billions."

"So the interest on tax-exempt securities is about five hundred million dollars more than the government's yearly take," I said. "Well, I paid every nickel I should."

"Of course I don't favor this so-called 'soak the rich' theory of taxation," my visitor said, shrugging away my remarks. "But there are only four million tax returns on file, or thereabouts; so you might say that only three per cent of the people, at the most, file returns.

"Ten per cent of these returns pay about half the income tax. These, of course, represent the big corporations and the wealthier men. Yet in the ninety per cent there are big corporations and rich individuals the bulk of whose buildings is tax-exempt securities.

"These figures, let me say, do not include the hundreds of thousands, perhaps even millions, who are paid by the federal, state, and local governments — and whose salaries are exempt from federal or state taxation, or both. By the way, you are not divorced, I hope."

He sprang the question at me.

"No," I said.

"I'm so glad. You're very fortunate. A divorced man usually has to pay alimony, but he cannot deduct this item from his income. Nor, if he's living apart from his wife and family, can he take advantage of the twenty-five-hundred-dollar exemption. That's the law.

"SUPPOSE—suppose before this man's wife—er—found him out—he had established a trust fund for her and for the children. He cannot touch a penny of that fund; and yet he must pay taxes on every cent of it.

"It's only one of the many crazy laws that govern taxes. Every taxing body has its own laws. Sometimes the laws overlap, encroach upon each other, even conflict."

"I know," I said. "I pay township, village, school, water, state, and federal taxes. I pay for an auto license, a driver's license—"

"And four cents or so on every gallon of gasoline. There you pay both state and federal governments—an illustration of what I mean by encroachment."

"And in New York City," I said, "I pay a two-per-cent sales tax."

"Oh, yes, I was coming to that. The New York sales tax. It was intended to relieve distress. It raised, and raises, about forty-five million a year. Well, there was quite a lot of distress when the law went into effect; but there isn't so much now. But you'll keep on paying it. It's too much of a good thing for the politicians to let go."

At last I found everything I needed. The examiner put on his specs, took my chair, and went to work.

"Look here," he said suddenly—and rather crossly too—"don't you know you can't get away with this? Approximating your annual gasoline consumption! Five hundred gallons, you have here."

"I GET ten miles a gallon," I tried to explain. "My speedometer showed the car had traveled five thousand miles that year. That's five hundred gallons."

"Where are your receipts?" he demanded.

I didn't know what to say.

He bent over my papers again.

"Let's see," he said. "Gifts and loans." He scanned the return critically. "You couldn't deduct them anyway, unless they were strictly business. If you were keeping a relative from being a charge on the government—that's your affair, not ours.

"You or your wife or your children, or all of you, may have been ill, may have incurred staggering doctor bills, but you can't deduct them. If you go to New York in your car every day for business, you can get an adjustment on your tax. But if you use the train, you cannot deduct the fare. If you've incurred losses by fire, flood, theft—and have no insurance—you can deduct the amounts lost."

He talked as he scanned my return and examined my receipts. I opened a bottle of rye and poured myself a drink. I needed it.

"Some important changes have been enacted since this was made out," he said. "You may not get away so easily the next time.

"Dividends for the individual. They are now subject both to normal taxes and surtaxes, whereas previously they paid only a surtax. And the inheritance taxes! Suppose you die this year—I hope you don't—and leave your family fifty million—I hope you do. Well, Uncle Sam would take about seventy per cent of it. Back in 1934 the tax on a gift of one million was something like ninety-two thousand. Now it would be exactly $166,950."

"You didn't see any such items on my return," I said needlessly.

"No, I didn't. Sorry. Some day I may though. At any rate, you've just begun to pay. As I said before, taxes are piling on taxes. For instance, the government, jealous of state and municipal sales taxes, is considering a tax on goods in interstate commerce.

Unmistakable
RELIEF FOR COUGHS

Don't just "hope" you'll get relief from that cough. Take Piso's and get relief that's real. Piso's action begins at once—soothing your throat, relaxing your cough impulse. Piso's works internally, also, to help nature loosen phlegm congestion; clear air passages. For coughs due to colds, take Piso's (pie-so's) In bottles.

PISO'S 35¢ 60¢

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reaches more families per black and white page in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

Acidity Makes Women Look Older
Kidneys Often to Blame

Women, more than men, are the victims of excess Acid in the system, due to poor Kidney functions, which may undermine health and vitality, dry and coarsen the skin or cause Getting Up Nights, Burning and Itching, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Lumbago, Swollen Ankles, Circles Under Eyes, or Rheumatic Pains. Help your Kidneys filter 3 pints of Acids and Wastes from your system each day for just one week with the Doctor's prescription Cystex. $10,000 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, is behind the guarantee that Cystex must fix you up and make you feel and look years younger or money back. See results in 48 hours. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) today.

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This low price includes: de-luxe room (bath) at the 26-story Piccadilly; meals, Hollywood Cabaret, sightseeing, etc.! Reservations necessary! Write L-Travel Dep't., 227 West 45th Street (Times Square), New York City.

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For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.**

It will, ostensibly, be assessed against the merchants. But who will really pay it? Who pays the sales tax?"

"Why can't we have uniform tax laws?" I asked. "Make everybody pay his just share?"

The tax examiner looked stunned. "Impossible!" he cried. "I'll grant you the government would take in heaps more money, but how are you going to do it without the consent of the politicians? Think how many tax collectors, clerks, accountants, officials, and experts would lose their jobs—what patronage the politicians would lose!

"Every time we make a new tax law we have to create a lot of new jobs. Well, the more jobs created, the more taxes are needed to pay salaries. That's why taxes will never be made uniform."

He seemed relieved. He threw down my papers and got up. "Well, I didn't find anything wrong except the gasoline item. Be careful about that. Get a charge account, and get receipts for every gallon. Have you made out your 1936 income?"

"No," I said, reaching for the bottle. "But I've got until March 15."

"The Ides of March," he said.

I raised my glass to him.

"The Ides of March," I said.

"There's a tax of two dollars a gallon on distilled spirits," he said, and looked wistful.

"You know," he confided, "sometimes I wonder what it would be like to pay taxes. I imagine it might be rather jolly, making out a new blank every year. Something exciting. An adventure in figures. A tryst with one's own intimate financial problems. A rendezvous with the tax laws."

I helped him on with his coat.

"No," he said, sighing. "Fate's denied me the right of filing an income-tax return of my own. Well, we can't have everything. Good-by."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 47

1—Minnie Maddern Fiske (1865-1932).

2—The International Column; it comprises two brigades with an enrollment of about 3,500.

3—Ash.

4—Yes, at New Orleans, Louisiana, extending eighteen miles above and below the city.

5—George Wesley Bellows.

6—Both are United States senators; the first from Utah, the second from Oklahoma.

7—The Little Entente.

8—During the months of March, April, and May.

9—Quadruple turbine electrical vessel.

10—Lamech, Genesis 4:23, 24, R. V.—

"And Lamech said unto his wives:
Adah and Zillah, hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech:
For I have slain a man for wounding me,
And a young man for bruising me:
If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold,
Truly Lamech seventy and sevenfold."

11—A penny dreadful.

12—President Warren Gamaliel Harding (1865-1923).

13—Diphtheria.

14—Dorothy Thompson.

15—In Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1914.

16—Ignace Jan Paderewski, as Premier of Poland.

17—Confined spaces.

18—Shep Fields.

19—No—because the coronation will not be held "next month," but in May.

20—

Saml. J. Tilden

You're trusting to Luck..
WHEN YOU BUY THE *unknown*

Why trust to luck when you buy razor blades! At 4 for 10c, Probak Jr. is a double-edge blade of *known* quality. This blade whisks through the densest beard—glides over tender spots without the slightest trace of pull or irritation. Buy Probak Jr.

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Put on your own broadcast with the WALCO MIKE, most entertaining radio device yet produced. Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your radio will produce every sound as though you were miles away at a regular broadcasting station.

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Imitate the big radio stars and crooners. Do a "Ben Bernie" or "Rudy Vallee." No end of pleasure for grown-ups or kiddies. Excellent training in elocution. "Amateur Hour" practice, or broadcast announcing. Special cut-out button allows you to switch from home broadcasting to regular radio reception in an instant. Can not injure your radio in any way.

Send No Money

5 Days' Trial at Our Risk! Merely mail the coupon. On delivery pay postman $1 plus few cents postage. If not delighted return it in 5 days and your $1 refunded at once.

THE WALCO MIKE
In handsome black metal. Long cord. Less than a minute to attach to any radio without tools. Fully guaranteed.
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Send Walco Mike, with complete instructions. Will pay postman $1, plus few cents postage. If not delighted, will return in 5 days for $1 refund.

☐ Check here if ENCLOSING $1—thus saving postage charge. Same refund guarantee applies.

Name ....
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Vox Pop

Why Lynchings?—An Answer from Tacoma

TACOMA, WASH.—If Mr. Irwin wants an answer to his tirade on lynchings, Dixieland excluded, let him turn to Macfadden's editorial in the same issue (January 16) of Liberty.

Corruption, graft, and filth by politicians and governmental agencies, from the federal category down to the small townships! That's the answer!

Our courts are not excepted, either. The Bar Association could clean its house, rid its splendid organization of thieving conniving shysters, and take a major step toward advancement.

Primarily, however, it is the snide politician who ties the courts, officeholders, and enforcement officials to the underworld and the hand of graft.

Our system of parole and pardon is a link of major weakness, and always will be so long as it exists.

Dillinger and his ilk tell the story in human blood. Yet no change is made. Killers connected with the political chain of destruction are freed from prison to cut their swath of ruthlessness through the ranks of decent citizens.

Juries fear to convict because they feel all too well that revenge will fall upon them or their dear ones through the gangster machines.

Maudlin fools by the thousands are found to sympathize with such killers, holding the contemptible belief that such animals in human form can be brought to decency.

Vicious premeditating killers today are serving only jail sentences instead of having been destroyed upon conviction.

Waley and Mahan, kidnapers of the Weyerhaeuser boy, were given only life terms upon conviction. The rope would have been too mild for them, even though the boy was safely returned.

All citizens over twenty-one know where the danger of crime originates and exists in this nation.

If Mr. Irwin wishes to understand how the lynch spirit bursts into flame, let him visit Tacoma.

In this peaceful city of some 120,000 citizens there have been two kidnapings within a few months.

First was the Weyerhaeuser boy.

Second was little Charlie Mattson. When his little bruised and mutilated body was discovered and the news flashed throughout the nation, dignified decent fathers and mothers dropped the thin veneer of civilization that covered them and openly talked of lynching, of torturing the fiend when he runs his course and falls into the hands of the law.

They talk of lynching because they fear it is highly probable that only a prison sentence will be given him. They have small confidence in law enforcement.

There isn't a doubt in my mind that if the fiend is returned to Tacoma there will be an effort made to end the case outside the courtroom. I'm telling you that from what I have heard as a newspaperman, what I have felt and feel in the presence of groups of men of high standing and repute. Their eyes told their thoughts all too well.

It is quite simple to understand why there are lynchings when we face such situations as we have in Tacoma and at the same time understand how weak are our laws of enforcement.—*Elliott Metcalf, Sports Editor, Tacoma Times.*

HENRY VIII DID NOT ESTABLISH ENGLISH CHURCH

MINOT, N. D.—Under the heading, It Was Founded on Divorce! (January 30 Vox Pop), one John Gilbert, M. D., of York, Pennsylvania, writes what mayhap seems a clever little anecdote. But my blood boils at the ridicule expressed in his very first paragraph, which states: "The English Church seems to have forgotten that it was founded on divorce. What hypocrisy!"

Enough, I say.

Years ago some one (not of the English Church) started that little joke about Henry VIII wanting a divorce, so he set about separating the church and the state.

Does the Church of England begin with Henry VIII? *No.* As early as the second century the British Church was fully organized. Thus it is evident that the source of the English Church is independent of Rome. Even St. Augustine did not receive his episcopate from Rome but from Arles.—*Kathleen S. Corbett.*

MRS. HARRIMAN EXPLAINS LOTTERY SITUATION

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The suit brought by the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc., in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, to set aside the order issued by the Post Office Department, resulted in an adverse decision; but the court nevertheless stated that the legal question involved was a very narrow one and not free from doubt in its mind and accordingly granted a temporary injunction pending appeal to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

An appeal has been taken and is being expedited with all possible speed. In all probability it should be heard at the March term. In the meantime—the date of this writing is January 27—a plan is being considered which may result in the award of the prizes prior to the final adjudication of the case. An announcement in that respect should be forthcoming in several weeks. I wish to assure all our friends that everything possible has been done and will be done to bring about a satisfactory solution of the matter.—*Mrs. Oliver Harriman.*

WALLIS SIMPSON'S ONLY CLAIM

HARTFORD, CONN.—I spent twenty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds in reading and rereading Liberty's editorial of January 23 eulogizing Mrs. Simpson's success, to discover nothing except that Mr. Macfadden knows his Goldsmith and has offered a few suggestions for adorning a tale.

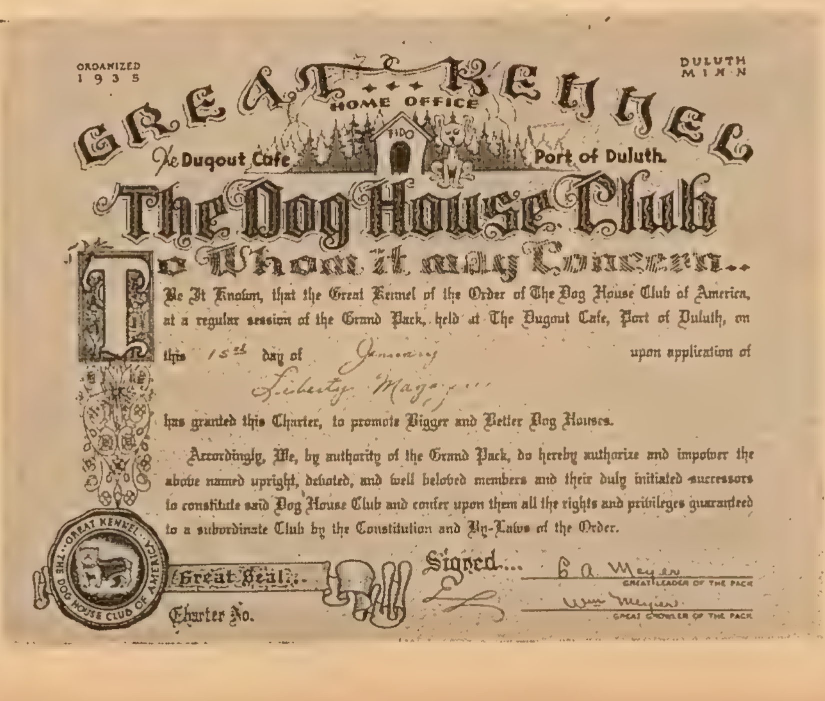
I remain convinced that Mrs. Simpson's only claim to success lies in making history.—*Mary A. McCarthy.*

1,200 MEMBERS IN DOGHOUSE

DULUTH, MINN.—In January 23 Liberty the article Doghouse, Inc., drew our attention and stirred up a little bit of awe at the fact that we have been forgotten.

Under separate cover you will receive our charter on which, if you will notice the upper left-hand corner, we organized our little Dog House Club in 1935. We now have charters in St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Dallas, etc.

In our own local we have at present over 1,200 members. We have had our club in full swing for over two years, and we certainly would like recognition from Mr. Joe Massal, as our club has been in existence longer than the one he wrote of in your 100-percent magazine. We feel that credit is due us.—*C. A. and William Meyer, Mgrs.*



ORGANIZED 1935

GREAT KENNEL

HOME OFFICE

DULUTH MINN

Ye Dugout Cafe

Port of Duluth.

The Dog House Club

To Whom it may Concern..

Be It Known, that the Great Kennel of the Order of The Dog House Club of America, at a regular session of the Grand Pack, held at The Dugout Cafe, Port of Duluth, on this 15th day of January upon application of Liberty Magazine has granted this Charter, to promote Bigger and Better Dog Houses.

Accordingly, We, by authority of the Grand Pack, do hereby authorize and impower the above named upright, devoted, and well beloved members and their duly initiated successors to constitute said Dog House Club and confer upon them all the rights and privileges guaranteed to a subordinate Club by the Constitution and By-Laws of the Order.

Great Seal

Charter No.

Signed... C. A. Meyer
GREAT LEADER OF THE PACK

Wm Meyer
GREAT GROWLER OF THE PACK

WHO IS GREATEST LOVER?

SHELL LAKE, WIS.—To carry the honor of being the World's Greatest Lover, I nominate, first, King Solomon, and, second, Brigham Young.—*C. A. Doner.*

SIMPLE FOR DUNKLE

ROANOKE, VA.—I can't see why a humorist like Mr. Strickland Gillilan (January 2 Vox Pop) should allow his self-restraint to become plumb petered over Mr. Dunkle's "proneness" in the pond with his abdomen serving as a rock target.

My conception of "prone" is face down. Other parts of the torso may be upside down, downside up, sidewise, crosswise, or otherwise.

Why shouldn't such contortion as face down and stomach up be simple for that guy Dunkle? Maybe he's one of dem rubberneck fellers.—*Mrs. J. W. Rees.*

"READING TIME • TWO YEARS"

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I read Liberty for more than two years before I ever paid any attention to Vox Pop. I thought it was just another "one of those things" (no offense). Now, I'm happy to say, I never miss it. It is very interesting and true to human nature. I've had many a laugh out of some of those letters, and probably some one will laugh at me; but I don't care, because I want you to know that I enjoy Vox Pop immensely.—*X. Y. Z.*

NARCOTICS IN THE SOUTHWEST

TULSA, OKLA.—In reply to wires from us, Mr. H. J. Anslinger of Washington, the gentleman quoted in the article Untold Tales of the Secret Service (January 16 Liberty), stated that his remark that Tulsa is the second largest dope-distributing point in the United States had been misrepresented, and that in speaking of Tulsa he meant the narcotic district that Tulsa is in. Mr. Anslinger's explanation is nothing short of amazing, since federal authorities here assure us that the headquarters of "the district Tulsa is in" is Kansas City.

The enclosed wire story from our last edition may also interest you:

Dallas, Texas, Jan. 9—(AP)—Federal narcotic officers and members of the United States marshal's office here reported today they seized more than $100,000 worth of narcotics and arrested eight men, six in Dallas and two in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

J. J. Biggins, supervisor of the narcotic bureaus in Louisiana and Texas, headed the raiders under direction of the national director in Washington.

Biggins described the ring as the largest in the United States, and said Dallas for the past year had been the distributing point for narcotics in the Southwest.

—Jenkin Lloyd Jones,
Managing Editor, Tulsa Tribune.

SAYS WHAT OTHERS THINK

SCOTTDALE, PA.—Congratulations for Mr. Macfadden's swell editorials. We admire his courage in saying exactly what other publishers think but are afraid to express.—*A. S. Tyler.*

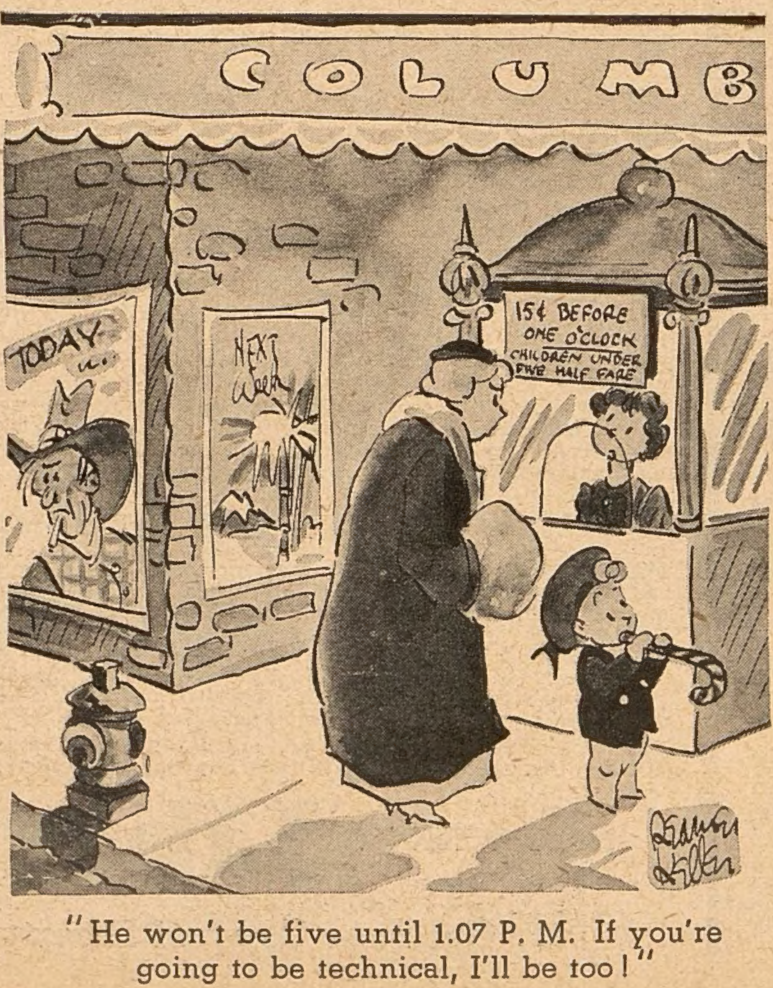
A MAN FROM MISSOURI ASKS TO BE SHOWN

BRUNSWICK, MO.—Mr. Frederick L. Collins in his article America Was Like This in 1936 (January 2 Liberty) slipped several states and added a new town to the Postal Guide when he assigned Mrs. Adeline Speichinger to the town of Mendora, California. There is no such town.

Of more concern to the writer, however, is the fact that Mrs. Speichinger, who gave birth to sextuplets, lives near Mendon, Missouri, county of Chariton. This county is noted for its fertility and fecundity.

And now to have Mr. Collins accord this honor, justly due us, to already over-advertised California is more than we can stand.—*A. J. Clayton.*

"HARDTACK"


COLUMB
TODAY
NEXT WEEK
15¢ BEFORE ONE O'CLOCK CHILDREN UNDER FIVE HALF FARE

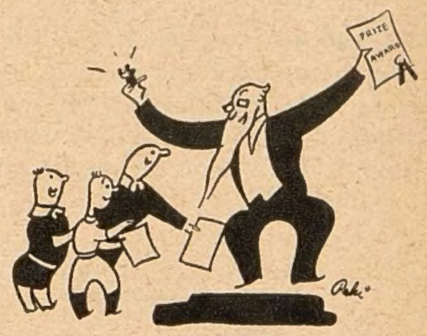
"He won't be five until 1.07 P. M. If you're going to be technical, I'll be too!"

THERE'S A LIFETIME OF FUN IN CONTESTS!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Once there was a young man who worked diligently on a Liberty contest.

Thirty years later he was notified—and was he excited!—that he had won seventeenth prize.

Thirteen years later he received a Mickey Mouse pencil sharpener, which he proudly exhibited to his three grandsons who were diligently working on a Liberty contest.—*Bill Wiley.*



GROANS AND GRUNTS

PORTLAND, ORE.—Norton B. Jackson's article (December 19 Liberty) on wrestling seems to have stirred up a feeling of animosity among some of the artists and the lesser lights of the groan-and-grunt profession, especially Enrico Marchi and Spike O'Brien (January 30 Vox Pop). Perhaps if these two lesser lights of the grunt profession would do a little more groaning on the mat than on the pages of Vox Pop they might obtain a little more success as professional matmen.

The recent general election aired the people's feeling concerning professional politics. Also as patrons of wrestling contests the public is not deceived after one or more exhibitions. Most of us enjoy these dramas of muscular contortionists, so why squabble because some member of the profession tells tales out of the classroom?—*Adolph Odeen.*

DO VOX POPPERS "HOWL"?

WEISER, IDA.—Some of the animals that howl in Vox Pop put me in a state of mind like that of my small niece.

"Small Sister" liked the farm, but did not like ants—the kind that bite. One day she ran screaming to grandma, who had to remove all the youngster's clothes to get rid of the ants.

After quiet was restored, something seemed to be on Small Sister's mind. Finally she asked, "Grandma, did God make everything?"

"Yes, dear," said grandma.

A pause. Then, "Grandma, did God make ants?"

"Yes, dear. God made everything."

"Well," said Small Sister emphatically, "I think God might have found something better to do."—*Myron A. Patch.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ENGLAND—The following notice appeared outside a parish church: "Wednesday, Evensong, 6.30; the Vicar will preach. Subject: 'Prepare for the Worst.' The choir will sing."

WABASH, IND.—A suspected man found by police pacing back and forth in front of a house here, explained: "My wife's entertaining a bunch of girls at a bridge party and I don't want to go in until they've gone."

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—A woman saved pennies in a glass jar to pay for her $10.25 automobile license and sent them in, jar and all, to the State Motor Vehicle Commission.

Clerks delayed counting the hoard and left the jar on a desk. But they hurried it to a bank when they found more pennies constantly were being added by passers-by, who thought it some sort of charity collection.

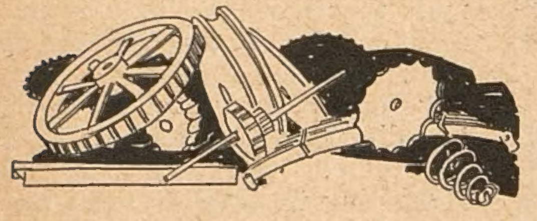
HOW THIS BOLSHEVISM WORKS

They say—

That their use of machinery is masterly not only in industry but upon the land as well. Much Soviet Russian publicity matter has made these claims.

But—

"We have broken quite a few machines." Stalin, quoted in For Industrialization, December 29, 1934. That official organ stated early in that year that of tractors, trucks, lorries, and automobiles, 44 per cent were in repair shops.



"Machinery in the U. S. S. R. is treated barbarously. For instance, a piece may be taken out of a new machine to repair an old one. Thus 75 per cent of the new tractors have been put out of commission before they were ever put into use." From Moscow Pravda, June 26, 1935.

"This explains why 86,000 tractors bought abroad in 1929-31 are out of use." From Izvestia, March 9, 1935.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

WHAT QUEEN ELIZABETH IS REALLY LIKE

Only since her marriage to the former Duke of York has Great Britain's present Queen been much in the public eye. Of her girlhood, spent in the beautiful and historic Glamis Castle, with its secret staircases, its stone-vaulted hall where Macbeth is said to have murdered Duncan, or her courting by England's present ruler, but little is known.

Princess Catherine Radziwill, who several times has been a guest at Glamis, reveals next week in Liberty many intriguing and interesting details of the Queen's private life.

HOLLYWOOD'S INCOME-TAX JITTERS

When you read in the newspapers—as you have in the last month or two—the dreamlike salaries of two, three, and even four hundred thousand dollars a year paid to Hollywood stars, do you sigh with envy?

Would it be any news to you that some of the highest-paid stars do well to save one eighth of the princely salaries they receive? Do you know that the movie headliners as a class are "on the spot" as regards taxes? That much of the ordinary outlay they make for keeping up with the film parade can't be charged off? And the little that can be, only after unwinding yards and yards of red tape?

Just about this time of the year you're digging down deep to hand over your yearly contribution to Uncle Sam. Probably it will make you feel quite a bit better if you get your copy of Liberty next Wednesday and read just what the movie stars have to put up with.

HENRIETTA'S BIG NIGHT

When a pretty girl in pajamas enters her mother's bedroom and finds a strange man in the bed; when the girl's pompous father breaks in on this tableau; and when it is discovered that "mother" has disappeared, leaving ALL her clothes behind her, you have all the ludicrous elements needed to make a sparkling hilarious short novel. We think that when you read the first installment in Liberty next week you'll agree that Edwin Balmer has written one!

And there will be other stories and articles by John Erskine, D. Thomas Curtin, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Clem McCarthy, Helen Dore Boylston, and others.

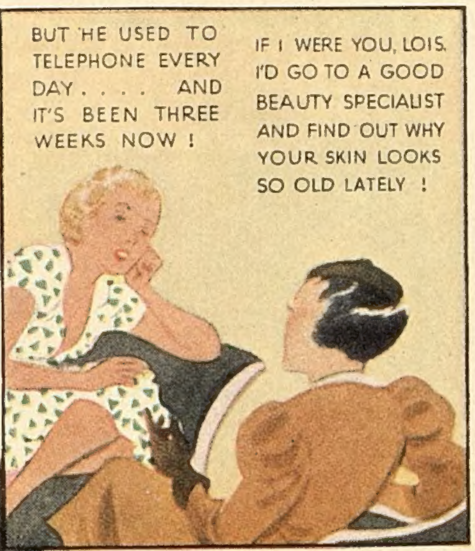
NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE MARCH 10

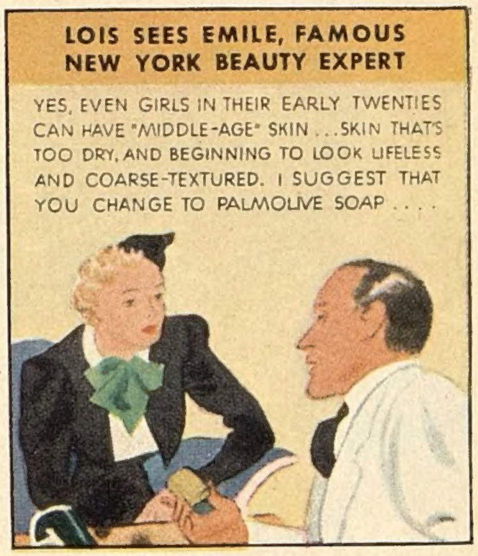
Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

LOVE Came back to Lois

WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

(Yes! It threatens even girls in their twenties!)


BUT HE USED TO TELEPHONE EVERY DAY . . . . AND IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS NOW !
IF I WERE YOU, LOIS, I'D GO TO A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST AND FIND OUT WHY YOUR SKIN LOOKS SO OLD LATELY !


LOIS SEES EMILE, FAMOUS NEW YORK BEAUTY EXPERT
YES, EVEN GIRLS IN THEIR EARLY TWENTIES CAN HAVE "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN . . . SKIN THAT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK LIFELESS AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP . . . .

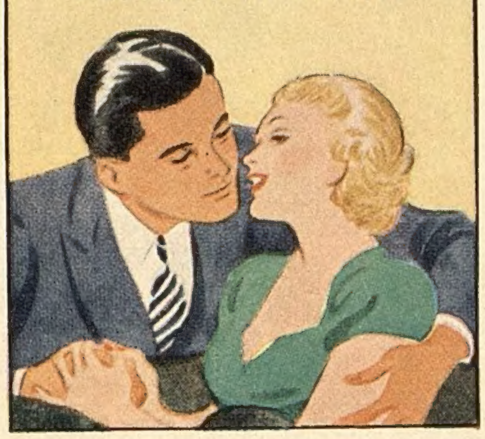
WHY EMILE RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And its Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emile

21 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

4 WEEKS LATER—SWEETHEARTS AGAIN THANKS TO PALMOLIVE!



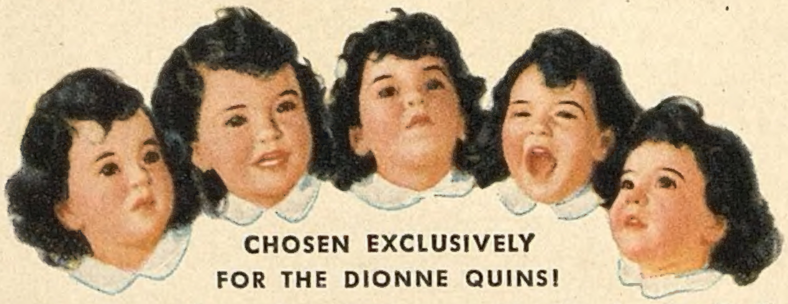
How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DON'T think you're safe from "Middle-Age" Skin just because you are young! For beauty experts warn that this ugly condition threatens even girls in their twenties. So be on your guard against the first sign of dryness, coarse-texture . . . the symptoms of "Middle-Age" Skin!

Use Palmolive regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your complexion soft, smooth and *young*

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids . . . a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

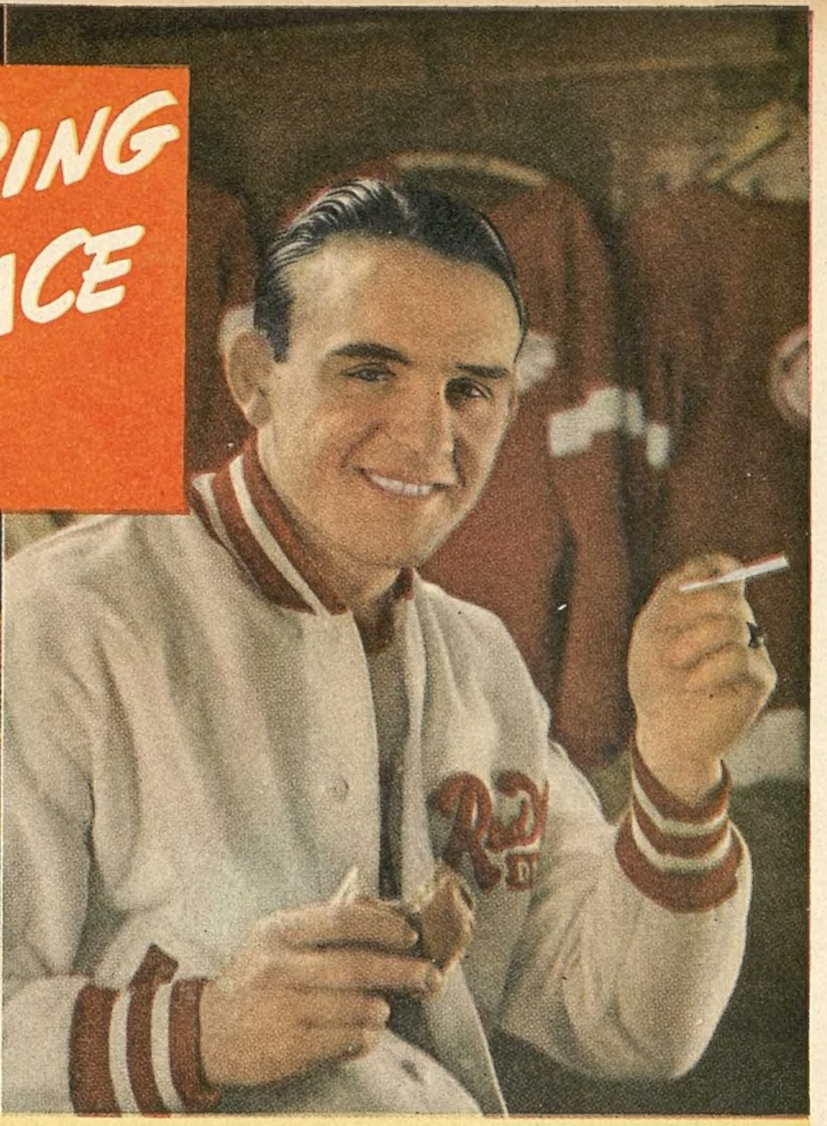


CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

HIGH-SCORING HOCKEY ACE



Herb Lewis of the Detroit Red Wings says: "I go for Camels in a big way!"

THE lightning-quick camera eye caught *Herb Lewis* (*above, left*) in this slashing set-to before the goal. Next split-second he scored! After the game (*right*), Herb said: "You bet I enjoy eating. And I'll give Camels credit for helping me enjoy my food. Smoking Camels with my meals and afterwards eases tension. Camels set me right!"

Camel smokers enjoy smoking to the full. It's Camels for a "lift." It's Camels again "for digestion's sake." Thanks to Camel's aid, the flow of the important digestive fluids —*alkaline* digestive fluids—speeds up. A sense of well-being follows. So make it Camels—the live-long day.

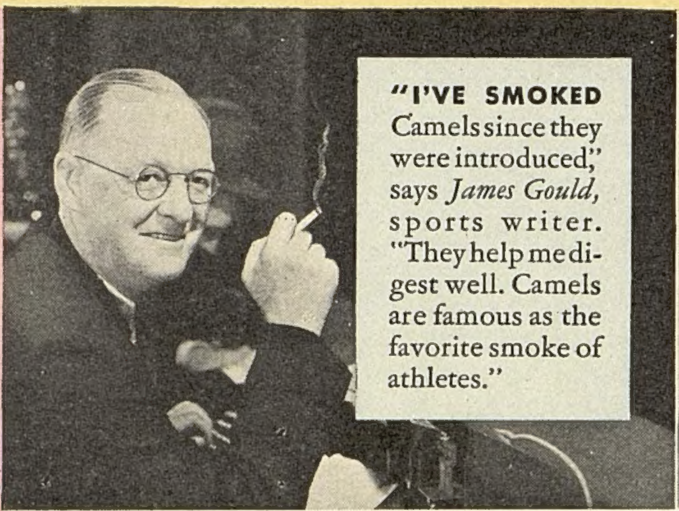
Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

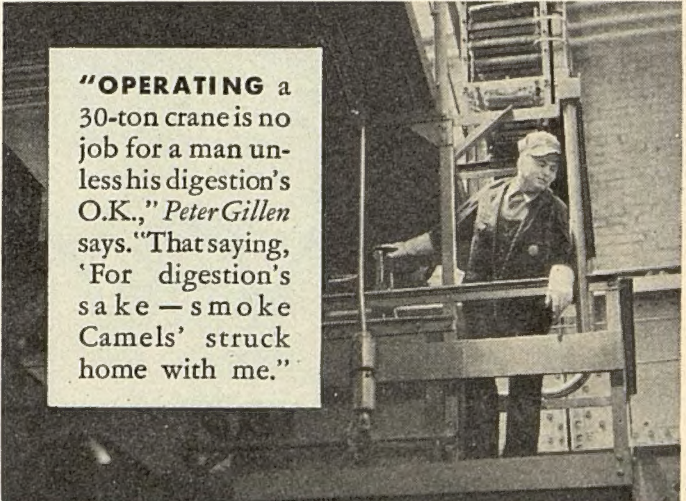
TUNE IN—Hear "Jack Oakie's College!" Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band! George Stoll's Concert Orchestra! Hollywood stars! Special college talent! Tuesdays—9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-CBS.



"I'VE SMOKED Camels since they were introduced," says *James Gould*, sports writer. "They help me digest well. Camels are famous as the favorite smoke of athletes."

"MY DIGESTION keeps on an even keel," says sea-going Chief Engineer, *George Buckingham*. "Smoking Camels at mealtime and after helps me enjoy my chow."

GLIDER record-holder, *Dorothy Holderman*, says: "Gliding is nerve-shattering at times. But Camels help keep my digestion running smoothly."



"OPERATING a 30-ton crane is no job for a man unless his digestion's O.K.," *Peter Gillen* says. "That saying, 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' struck home with me."

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!